Dracula

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Dracula

BOOK 1

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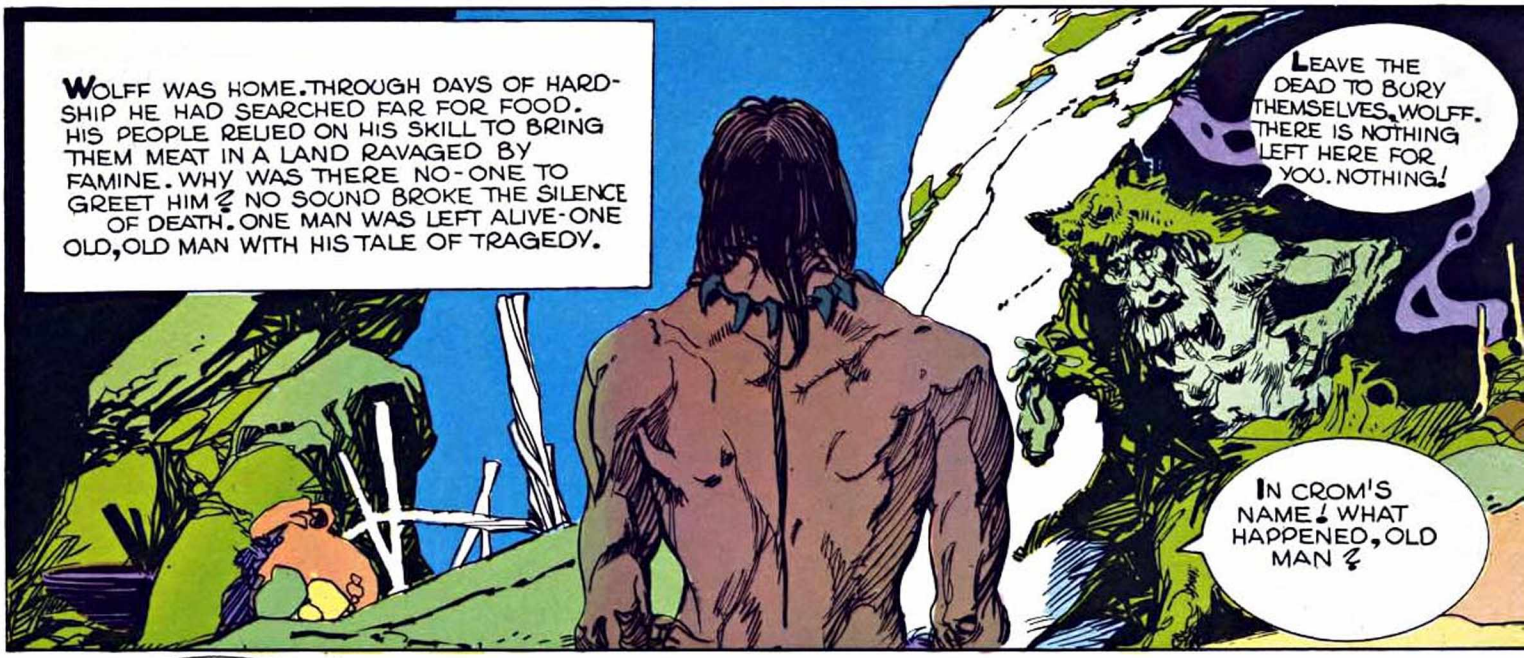
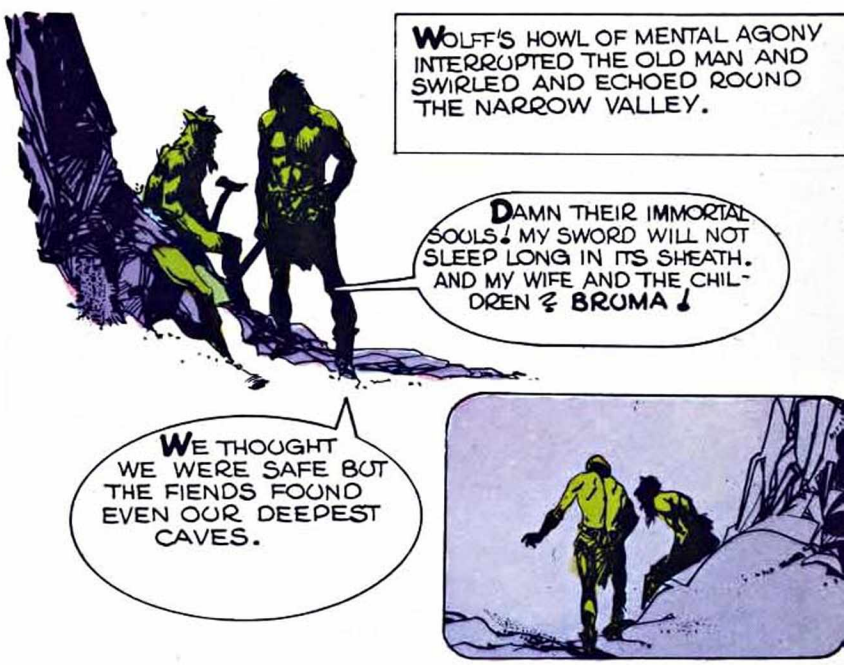
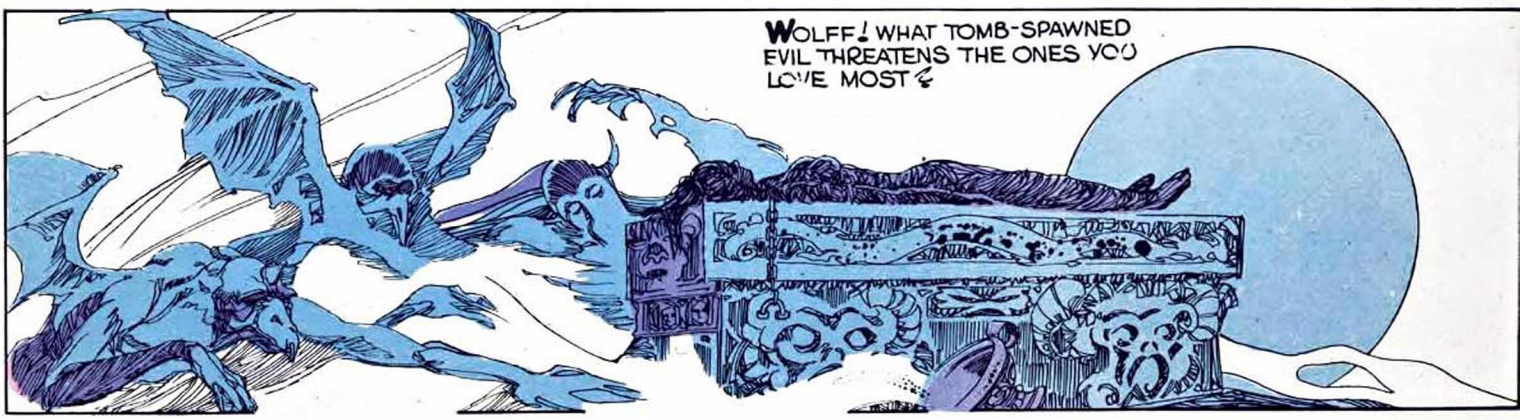
WOLFF
The Path of the Dead
AFTER THE "DAY OF DOOM" MANKIND CAME TO A NEW ERA. YESTERDAY'S WORLD HAD DESTROYED ITSELF WITH APATHY. THOSE FEW LEFT ALIVE WERE TOUGH-THEY HAD TO BE. THE CHANGE HAD BEEN SO TOTAL THAT A WHOLE NEW RANGE OF EVILS HAD TO BE FACED. MAGIC, SORCERY AND NECROMANTIC EVIL WERE ROUTINE HORRORS. MYTH BECAME INCARNATE AND REALITY BROKE THE BOUNDS OF THE MOST FEVERED MIND. WOLFF WAS ONE OF THE CHILDREN WHO HAD SURVIVED THAT "DAY" AND WHO SURVIVED THE NIGHTMARE ETHOS TO BECOME A LEADER OF MEN. THE NEW WORLD HAD NEW HORRORS. -BUT IT ALSO HAD UNEXPECTED PLEASURES. HE LOVED WITH WOMEN OF UNNATURAL BEAUTY AND HE FOUGHT IN A THOUSAND BLOODY AND SAVAGE BATTLES TO PROVE HIS RIGHT TO LIFE. IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW, THERE WAS NO MAN, OR WOMAN, WHO COULD MATCH WOLFF FOR STRENGTH AND CUNNING.


WOLFF WAS HOME. THROUGH DAYS OF HARDSHIP HE HAD SEARCHED FAR FOR FOOD. HIS PEOPLE RELIED ON HIS SKILL TO BRING THEM MEAT IN A LAND RAVAGED BY FAMINE. WHY WAS THERE NO-ONE TO GREET HIM? NO SOUND BROKE THE SILENCE OF DEATH. ONE MAN WAS LEFT ALIVE-ONE OLD, OLD MAN WITH HIS TALE OF TRAGEDY.
LEAVE THE DEAD TO BURY THEMSELVES, WOLFF. THERE IS NOTHING LEFT HERE FOR YOU. NOTHING!
IN CROM'S NAME! WHAT HAPPENED, OLD MAN?

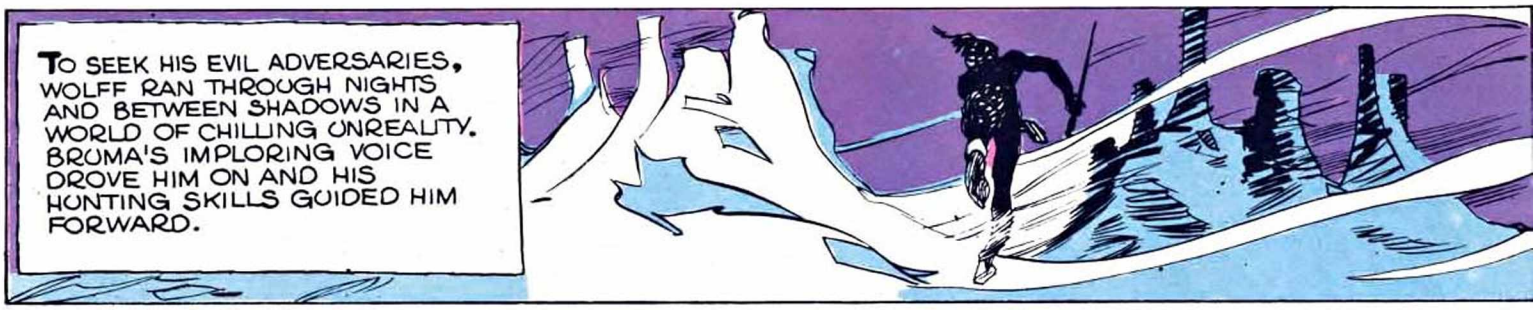
FOUR NIGHTS SINCE, THE WITCHES CAME, BRINGING DEATH TO OUR VALLEY. THEY SOUGHT NEW BLOOD AND THEY TOOK ONLY THE YOUNGEST AND THE MOST FAIR. WOLFF, I-I GAZED INTO THE VERY MAW OF HELL ITSELF. THEY ARE GONE -ALL GONE.


WOLFF'S HOWL OF MENTAL AGONY INTERRUPTED THE OLD MAN AND SWIRLED AND ECHOED ROUND THE NARROW VALLEY.
DAMN THEIR IMMORTAL SOULS! MY SWORD WILL NOT SLEEP LONG IN ITS SHEATH. AND MY WIFE AND THE CHILDREN? BRUMA!
WE THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE BUT THE FIENDS FOUND EVEN OUR DEEPEST CAVES.

THE OLD MAN SAT AND WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE GIANT WARRIOR'S GRIEF TO TEAR ITSELF DOWN. THEN HE WENT ON...
IT WAS THEIR SORCEROUS SKILLS THAT BEAT US. YOUR WARRIORS FOUGHT BUT THEIR STEEL WAS NO DEFENCE FOR THE WITCHES' ARTS. THEY FELL, WOLFF, ALL FELL! THE WOMEN AND, AND BRUMA... THEY TOOK THEM ALL, WOLFF. BRUMA WENT WITH THE OTHERS. THEY HAD NO CHANCE.


WOLFF! WHAT TOMB-SPAWNED EVIL THREATENS THE ONES YOU LOVE MOST?

FLEE THIS CHARNEL-HOUSE BEFORE THE SPELL OF DEATH FALLS ON YOU. IF YOU STAY THEY WILL MAKE YOU A SLAVE THROUGH ETERNITY. FLEE!
A SOFT VOICE TUGGED AT THE EDGES OF WOLFF'S MIND. A GENTLE, MUSICAL, SENSUAL VOICE. A VOICE FROM HIS PAST. A LAMENT, A CRY FOR HELP. A PLEA FOR AID, EVEN BEYOND THE GRAVE.
WOLFF...
WOLFF
IT'S NOT BRUMA, WOLFF! LISTEN FOR THE SAKE OF CROM! IT'S NOT YOUR WIFE. FLEE...
NO! YOU BLIND OLD FOOL! YOU DON'T KNOW. YOU CAN'T SEE LIKE I CAN. IT'S HER. IT'S MY BELOVED BRUMA. SHE'S ALIVE! ALIVE!
IT'S NO ILLUSION. I MUST... I MUST FIND HER.
I SAW HER DIE. SHE FELL DEAD. IT'S NOT HER CALLING YOU, WOLFF. IT'S A CREATION OF THOSE FIENDS WHO PLOT YOUR DOWNFALL AND DEATH.
I, WOLFF, SWEAR THAT I WILL TEAR DOWN YOUR MAGIC POWERS AND REND YOUR BODIES. WITH THESE HANDS I WILL DESTROY YOUR BODIES AND SOULS UNTIL YOUR SUBSTANCE NO LONGER POLLUTES THIS EARTH!
THE SKY ABOVE HEARD THE TERRIBLE OATH THAT WOLFF SCREAMED, AND IT TORE INTO THUNDERING FRAGMENTS OF CHAOS.
ESTEBAN MAROTO


TO SEEK HIS EVIL ADVERSARIES, WOLFF RAN THROUGH NIGHTS AND BETWEEN SHADOWS IN A WORLD OF CHILLING UNREALITY. BRUMA'S IMPLORING VOICE DROVE HIM ON AND HIS HUNTING SKILLS GUIDED HIM FORWARD.

IN THE MIDST OF A DECAYING DESERT, THERE WAS THE COLOSSAL WRECK OF A MONSTROUS IDOL.

HOLDING HIS BREATH AGAINST THE CHARNEL STENCH, WOLFF ENTERED THE ANCIENT TEMPLE.

SUDDENLY, HE SENSED A FRIGHTFUL FIEND TREADING SOFTLY BEHIND HIM.

THE KEEN SWORD HISSED THROUGH THE RANK AIR AND, AT THE LAST MOMENT, SLICED THE MONSTER'S HEAD CLEAN FROM ITS SHOULDERS. TO WOLFF'S HORROR, THE HEAD LIVED ON, POSSESSED OF A FEARFUL DEMONIC LIFE OF ITS OWN.
A SINISTER SOFT LAUGH TREMBLED AROUND HIM AND DARK SHADOWS HEMMED HIM ROUND.
WOLFF
WOLFF...
WOLFF
HORRORS OF THE DAMNED! THE HEAD OF THE DEMON BEGAN TO CHANGE INTO THE FACE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. THEN, AND ONLY THEN, DID WOLFF COMPREHEND THE FULL POWER OF HIS ENEMIES. WHAT CHANCE DID HE HAVE AGAINST THE SHADES OF DEATH?

MAN MAY WALK ON THE FACE OF THE MOON YET THERE ARE STILL DARK SHADOWS AT THE EDGE OF REASON WHERE HE MAY FEAR TO TREAD. IMAGINE HOW GREAT WERE THESE REGIONS OF NIGHT IN THE LAST CENTURY WHEN SCIENCE WAS YOUNG AND ONLY FAITH KEPT MAN FROM THE POWERS OF EVIL!

TO CHALLENGE THE UNKNOWN, ENGLAND PRODUCED A RACE OF EXPLORERS AND SCIENTISTS WHO WOULD WRESTLE WITH THE DEVIL AND CONSIDER THE GAME WELL LOST IF KNOWLEDGE ADVANCED BY JUST A FEW STEPS. SUCH A MAN WAS SIR LEO WOOLDRICH, HEIR OF A NOBLE FAMILY WHO REJECTED SOCIAL POSITION AND MILITARY HONOURS TO DEDICATE HIMSELF TO CHALLENGING THE MYSTERIES OF THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN WORLD. AS THE CENTURY NEARED ITS END, HE TRAVELLED THE GLOBE SEEKING OUT THE BIZARRE AND THE UNEXPLAINED.

Sir Leo

The Thing from the Lake

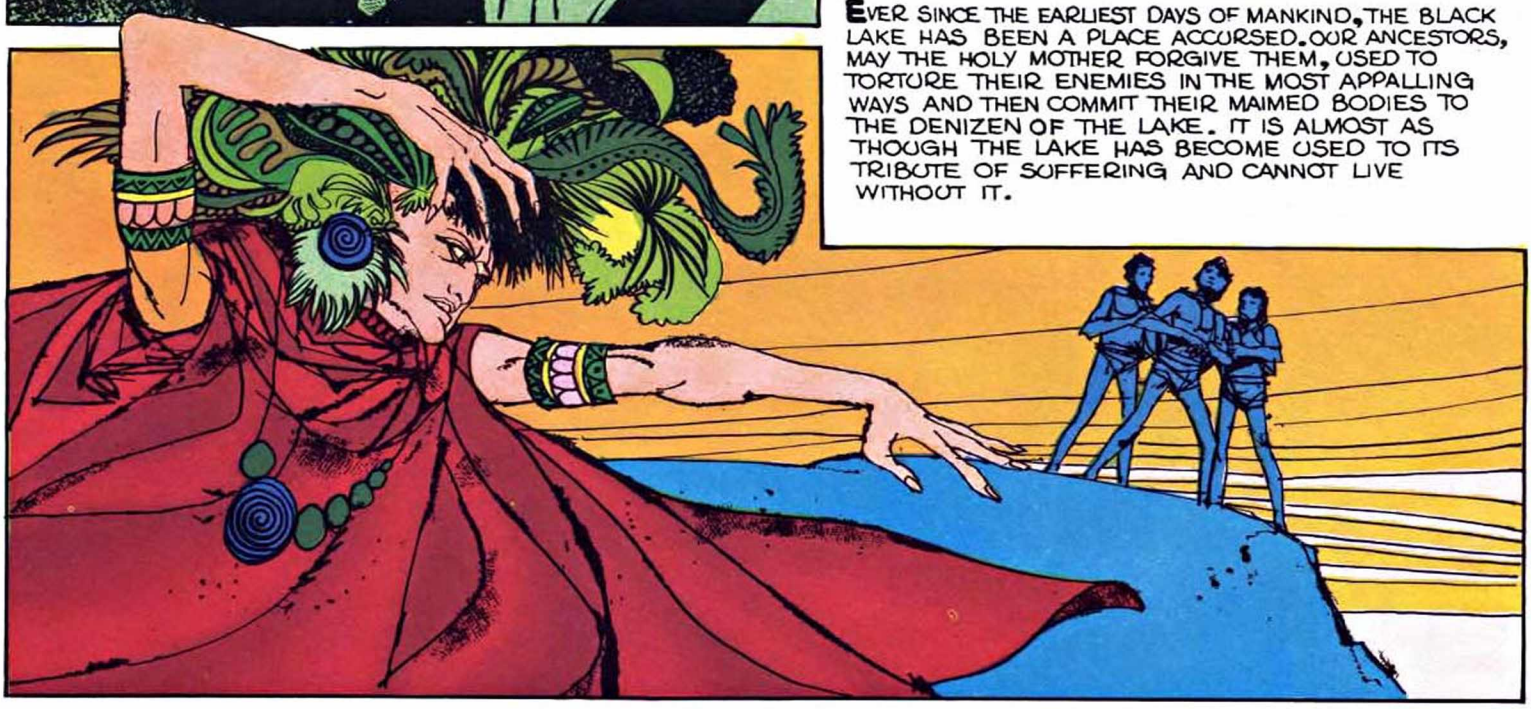
HAS YOUR HONOUR COME TO VISIT US TO SEE OUR FAMOUS BLACK LAKE? THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL COME FOR.

OBVIOUSLY. BUT TELL ME, WHY IS IT THAT THE VERY NAME OF THE LOUGH INSPIRES SUCH TERROR HEREABOUTS? WAS IT THAT ACCIDENT THE OTHER DAY?

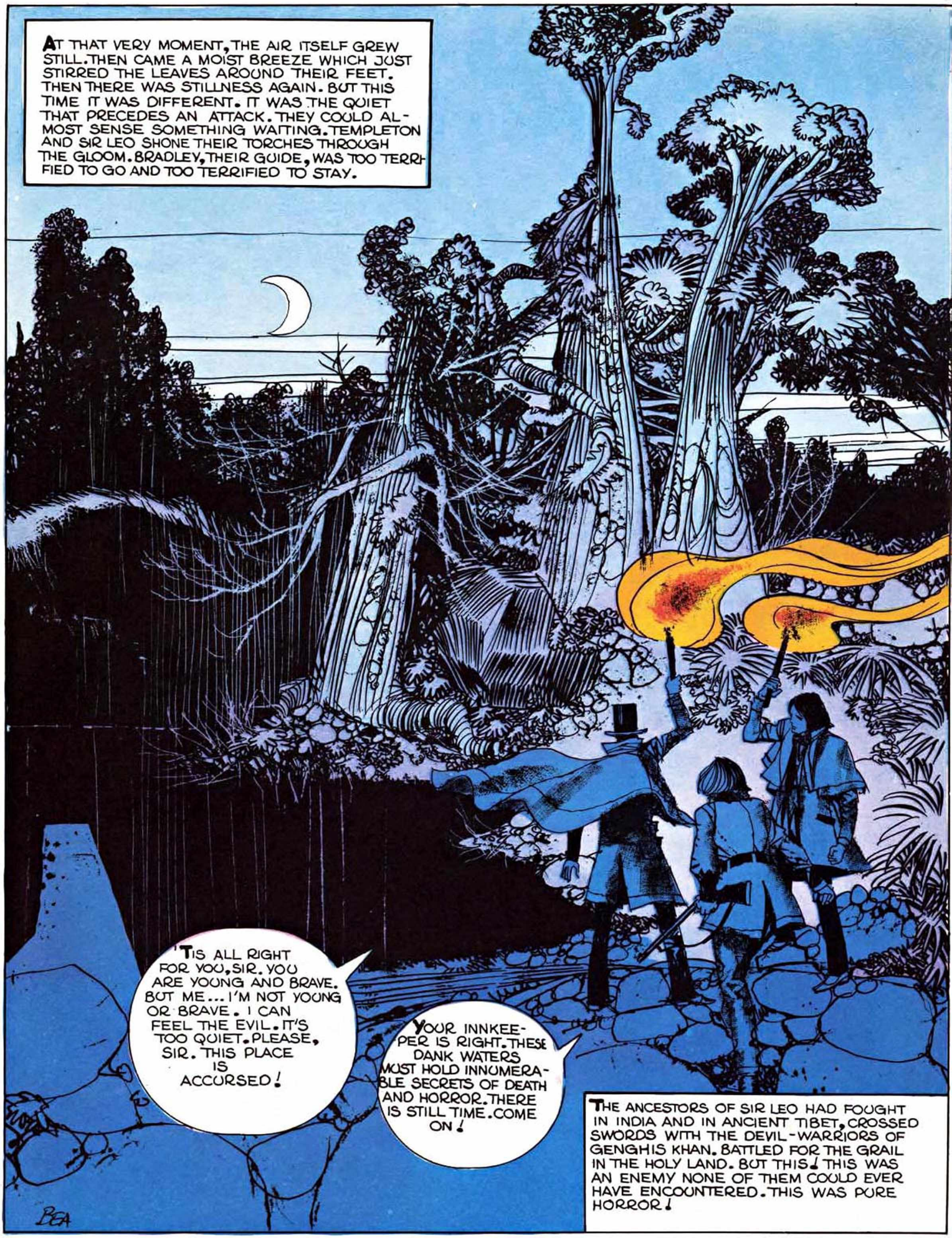
IT'S HARD EVEN TO IDENTIFY THE REMAINS. IT'S SO MUTILATED IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH SOME BEAST FROM THE DARKEST CIRCLE OF HELL HAD COME TO RAVAGE AND KILL. IT CAN ONLY BE THE WORK OF SOME MADMAN. THE MOON MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM INCREDIBLE STRENGTH

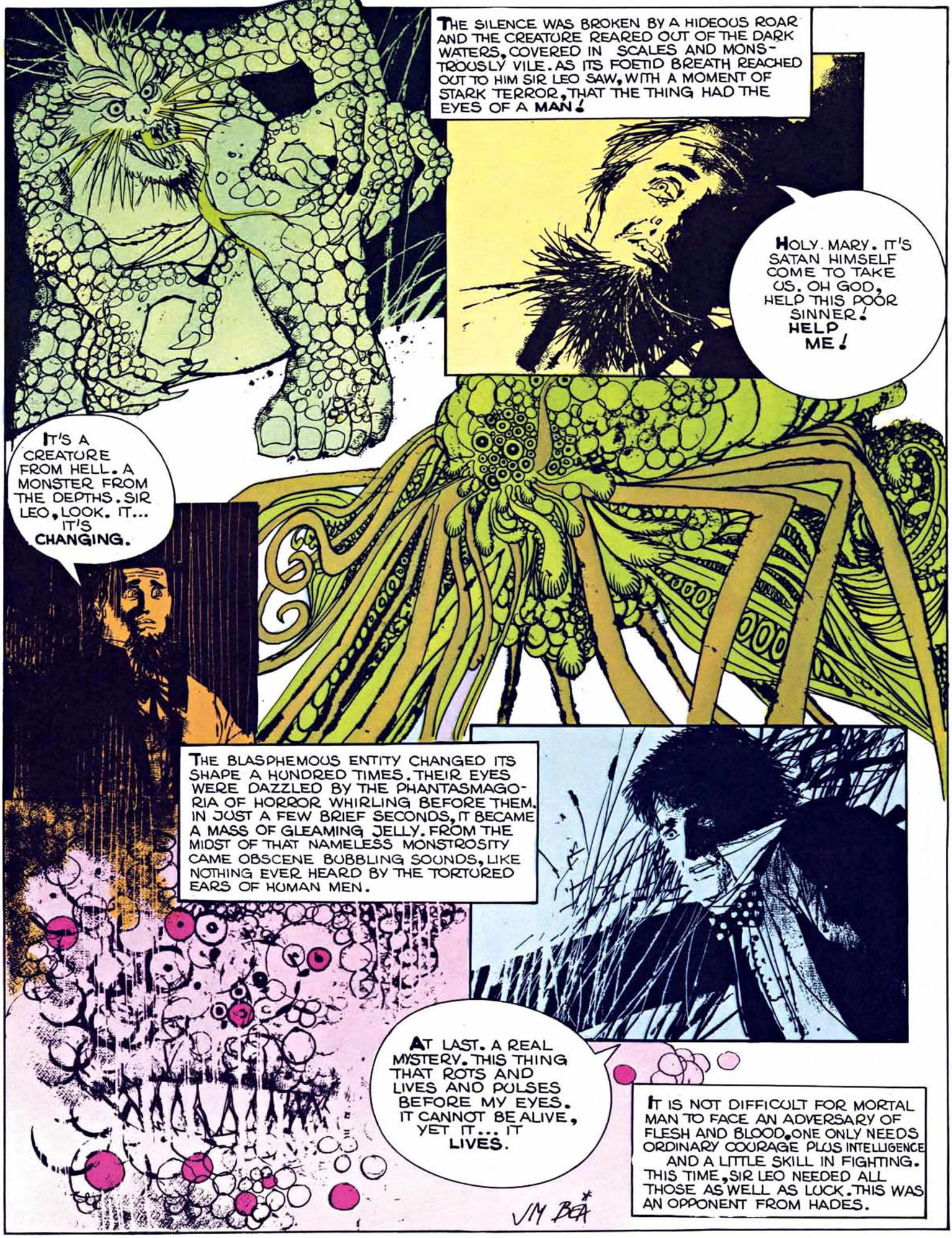
IT'S POOR OLD PATRICK! I CAN RECOGNISE HIM BY HIS BOOTS. THAT'S ALL. HE MUST HAVE GOT DRUNK LAST NIGHT AND PLUNGED DOWN HERE ONTO THESE ROCKS.

I CAN ASSURE YOU, SIR LEO, THAT IT WAS NO ACCIDENT. THERE WERE TRACES ON THE SHORE OF A MOST FEARFUL STRUGGLE. AND, BESIDES, THERE HAVE BEEN TOO MANY DEATHS, ALL FOLLOWING THE SAME DREADFUL PATTERN. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING, SOME THING. IT'S NOT A CREATURE OF THE GOOD LORD SO IT CAN ONLY BE A CREATION OF THE DEVIL. PERHAPS YOU...
GO ON, TEMPLETON. GO ON. I CONFESS THAT YOU ARE BEGINNING TO INTEREST ME MORE THAN SOMEWHAT. TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR PRECIOUS LAKE AND ITS STRANGE INHABITANT.


EVER SINCE THE EARLIEST DAYS OF MANKIND, THE BLACK LAKE HAS BEEN A PLACE ACCURSED. OUR ANCESTORS, MAY THE HOLY MOTHER FORGIVE THEM, USED TO TORTURE THEIR ENEMIES IN THE MOST APPALLING WAYS AND THEN COMMIT THEIR MAIMED BODIES TO THE DENIZEN OF THE LAKE. IT IS ALMOST AS THOUGH THE LAKE HAS BECOME USED TO ITS TRIBUTE OF SUFFERING AND CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT IT.

BLESSED SAINTS, SIR LEO! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET YOU PERSUADE ME TO MAKE THIS HARE-BRAINED VISIT TO THE LAKE. IT'S AT ITS MOST DANGEROUS AT THIS TIME WHEN THAT MIASMIC HAZE CREEPS FROM ITS SURFACE. IT'S TOO QUIET. BRADLEY, WHAT WAS THAT?
I CAN'T SEE A DAMNED THING. MY TORCH DOESN'T SEEM TO MAKE ANY IMPRESSION ON THIS MIST. WHAT THE...? WHAT WAS THAT? LET'S GO BACK NOW WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME. WHAT EVER IS ASLEEP DOWN THERE: I DON'T WANT TO BE THE ONE TO WAKE IT.

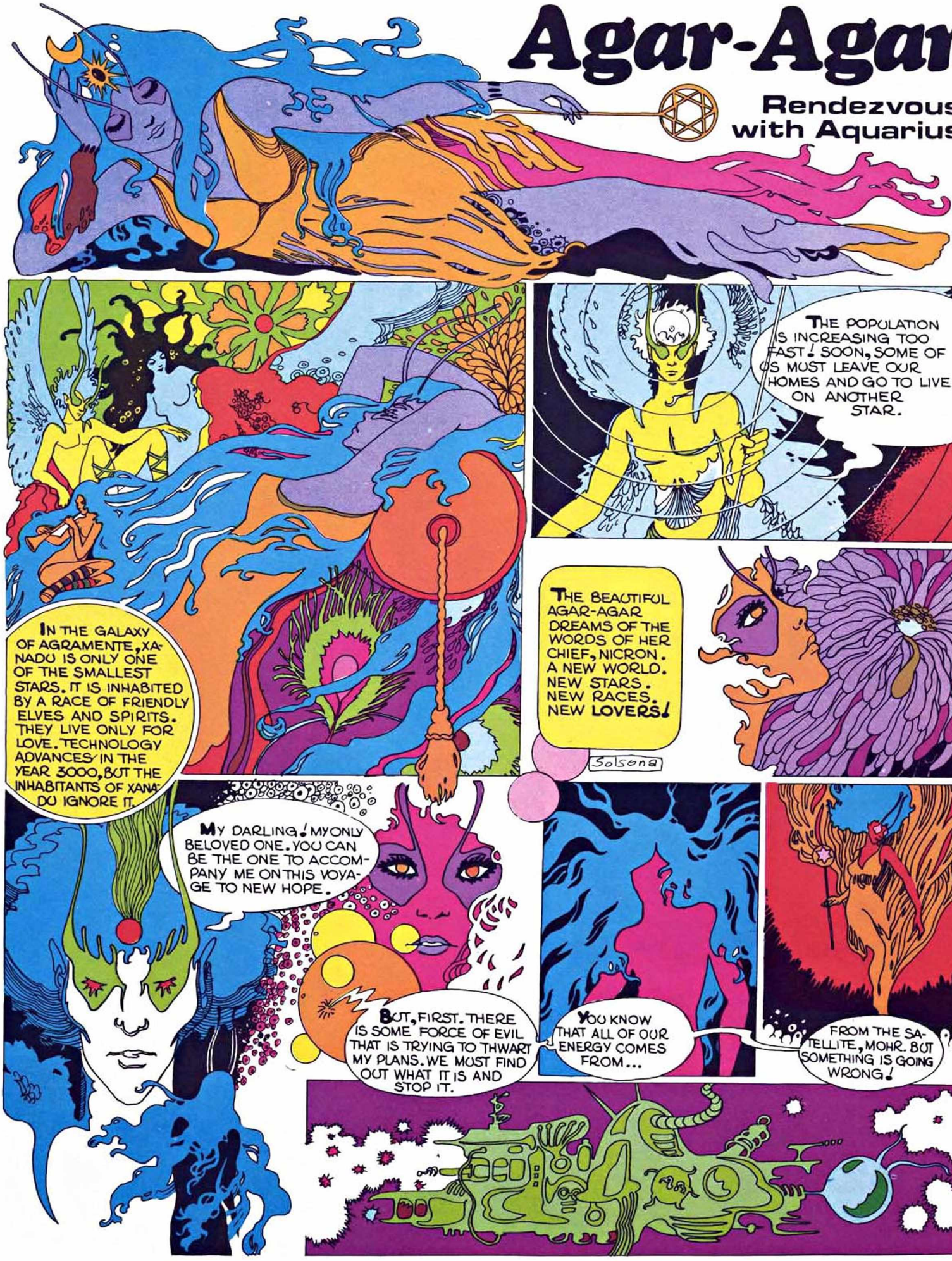

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE AIR ITSELF GREW STILL. THEN CAME A MOIST BREEZE WHICH JUST STIRRED THE LEAVES AROUND THEIR FEET. THEN THERE WAS STILLNESS AGAIN. BUT THIS TIME IT WAS DIFFERENT. IT WAS THE QUIET THAT PRECEDES AN ATTACK. THEY COULD ALMOST SENSE SOMETHING WAITING. TEMPLETON AND SIR LEO SHONE THEIR TORCHES THROUGH THE GLOOM. BRADLEY, THEIR GUIDE, WAS TOO TERRIFIED TO GO AND TOO TERRIFIED TO STAY.
'TIS ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, SIR. YOU ARE YOUNG AND BRAVE. BUT ME... I'M NOT YOUNG OR BRAVE. I CAN FEEL THE EVIL. IT'S TOO QUIET. PLEASE, SIR. THIS PLACE IS ACCURSED!
YOUR INNKEEPER IS RIGHT. THESE DANK WATERS MUST HOLD INNUMERABLE SECRETS OF DEATH AND HORROR. THERE IS STILL TIME. COME ON!
THE ANCESTORS OF SIR LEO HAD FOUGHT IN INDIA AND IN ANCIENT TIBET, CROSSED SWORDS WITH THE DEVIL-WARRIORS OF GENGHIS KHAN. BATTLED FOR THE GRAIL IN THE HOLY LAND. BUT THIS! THIS WAS AN ENEMY NONE OF THEM COULD EVER HAVE ENCOUNTERED. THIS WAS PURE HORROR!
BEA


THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY A HIDEOUS ROAR AND THE CREATURE REARED OUT OF THE DARK WATERS, COVERED IN SCALES AND MONSTROUSLY VILE. AS ITS FOETID BREATH REACHED OUT TO HIM SIR LEO SAW, WITH A MOMENT OF STARK TERROR, THAT THE THING HAD THE EYES OF A MAN!
HOLY. MARY. IT'S SATAN HIMSELF COME TO TAKE US. OH GOD, HELP THIS POOR SINNER! HELP ME!
IT'S A CREATURE FROM HELL. A MONSTER FROM THE DEPTHS. SIR LEO, LOOK. IT... IT'S CHANGING.
THE BLASPHEMOUS ENTITY CHANGED ITS SHAPE A HUNDRED TIMES. THEIR EYES WERE DAZZLED BY THE PHANTASMAGORIA OF HORROR WHIRLING BEFORE THEM. IN JUST A FEW BRIEF SECONDS, IT BECAME A MASS OF GLEAMING JELLY. FROM THE MIDST OF THAT NAMELESS MONSTROSITY CAME OBSCENE BUBBLING SOUNDS, LIKE NOTHING EVER HEARD BY THE TORTURED EARS OF HUMAN MEN.
AT LAST. A REAL MYSTERY. THIS THING THAT ROTS AND LIVES AND PULSES BEFORE MY EYES. IT CANNOT BE ALIVE, YET IT... IT LIVES.
IT IS NOT DIFFICULT FOR MORTAL MAN TO FACE AN ADVERSARY OF FLESH AND BLOOD. ONE ONLY NEEDS ORDINARY COURAGE PLUS INTELLIGENCE AND A LITTLE SKILL IN FIGHTING. THIS TIME, SIR LEO NEEDED ALL THOSE AS WELL AS LUCK. THIS WAS AN OPPONENT FROM HADES.
JIM BEA

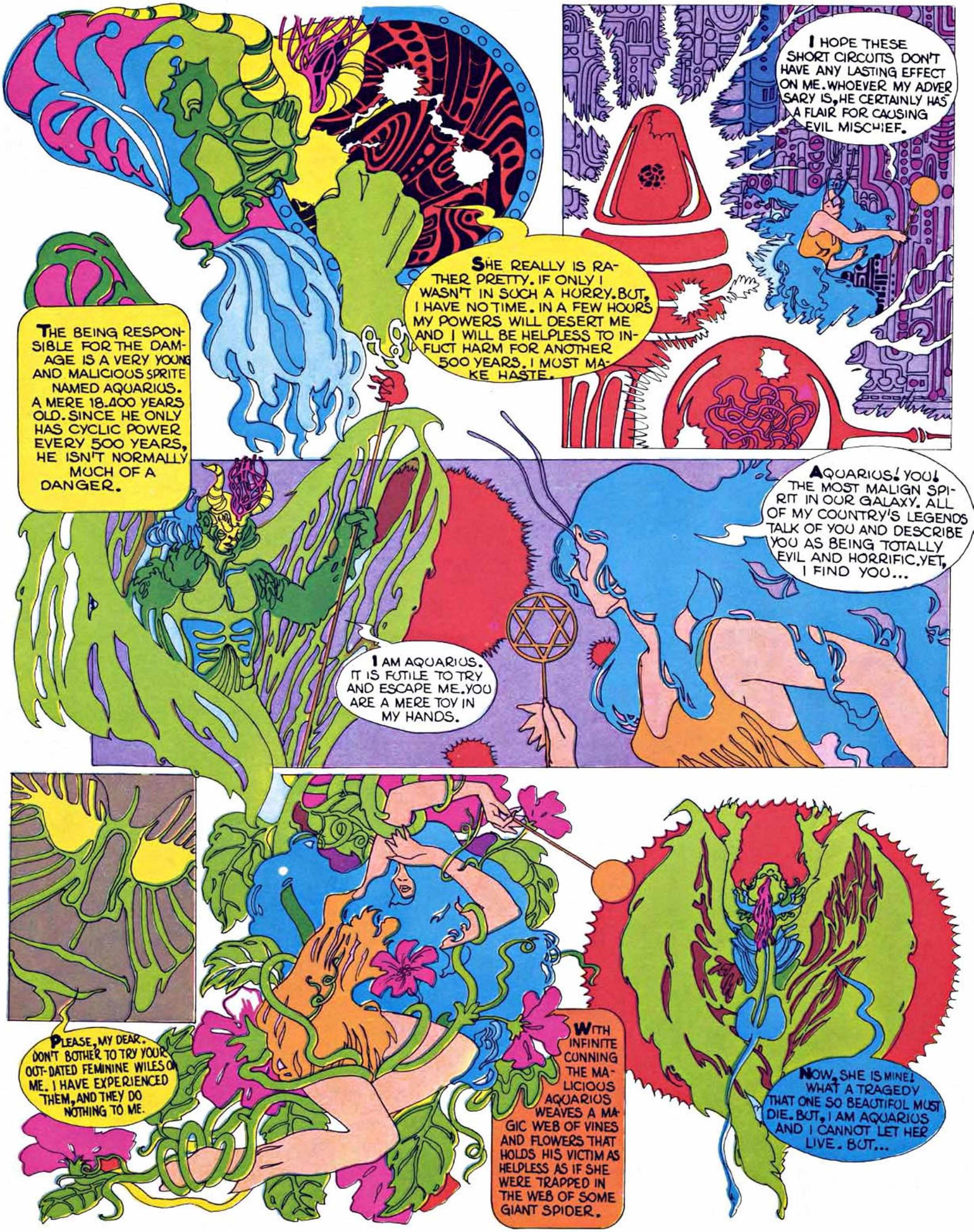
THE THING FROM THE LAKE CONTINUED ITS INEXORABLE, SLOBBERING APPROACH TOWARDS THEM.
COWARDLY DOGS! STAY WHERE YOU ARE. WE MUST STOP IT NOW WHILE WE HAVE A CHANCE.
TALK SENSE. HOW CAN WE STOP IT? OUR WEAPONS ARE PUNY TOYS AGAINST THAT, THAT CREATURE. IF WE STAY, WE MUST SURELY PERISH. THINK OF OUR IMMORTAL SOULS, SIR.
IN GOD'S NAME, MAN. FORGET YOUR DAMNED CURIOSITY AND LET'S SAVE OURSELVES. THAT BEAST IS FROM THE JAWS OF HELL. NOTHING CAN STAND AGAINST IT. WE WILL ALL PERISH!
ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE DEFEND US. WE ARE DAMNED! THE THING IS COMING CLOSER. CLOSER. CLOSER! SAVE US!! SAVE US!!!
GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU DAMNED FOOL! MOVE! THIS GUN WILL KILL ANY THING THAT LIVES. WHEN THESE BULLETS HIT THAT MONSTER WE'LL BE SAFE. NOW!
BLAM
AGAINST THIS VISION OF MADNESS, THIS CREATURE FROM BEYOND TIME AND SPACE, SIR LEO WOOLDRICH STOOD ALONE, ARMED ONLY WITH A HAND GUN. A SPLENDID PIECE OF NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGINEERING THAT HE KNEW SHOULD STOP ANY CREATURE LIVING. YET HIS SHOTS HIT NOTHING. WAS IT REALLY POSSIBLE? COULD A LEAD BULLET DESTROY A LEGEND OF THE PAST?

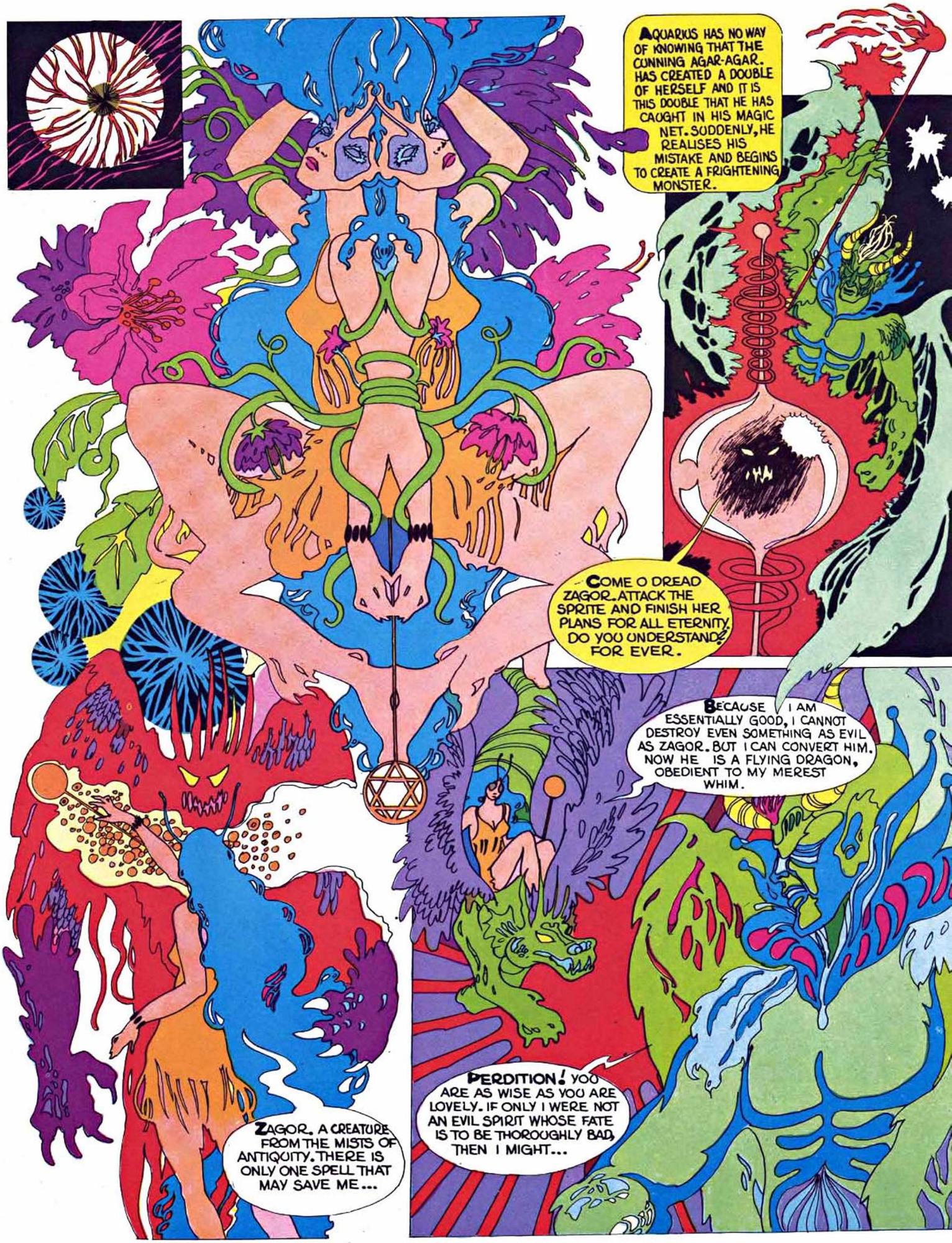
Agar-Agar

Rendezvous with Aquarius



FROM THE ENERGY GENERATED BY MOHR, EVERY INHABITANT OF XANADU HAS BEEN ABLE TO KEEP HIS MAGIC POWERS THROUGH THE EONS. POWERS WHICH CAN BE TRANSMITTED THROUGH MAGIC STAFFS.
OUR IMPERIAL CHIEF, NICRON, HAS GIVEN ME INSTRUCTIONS TO SEEK OUT THE CAUSE OF THE ENERGY DISTURBANCE ON MOHR.
SOMETHING HAS UPSET THE DELICATE BALANCE OF THE GENERATING BRAIN. WAIT! I CAN FEEL SOMETHING. SOME KIND OF MAGIC FORCE THAT IS OPPOSING ME.
THAT SPRITE IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS NOISY! HER PATHETIC POWERS WILL BE OF SCANT USE AGAINST THE MIGHT OF AQUARIUS.
I CAN FEEL THE PRESENCE OF A SUPERIOR BEING! I CAN ALMOST FEEL THE WARMTH OF HIS BREATH AGAINST MY CHEEK.
I WAS RIGHT. THERE IS A SPELL LAID AGAINST THE BRAIN OF OUR GENERATOR. WITH THE RIGHT SPELL AND THE USE OF MY WAND I SHOULD BE ABLE TO COUNTER IT.

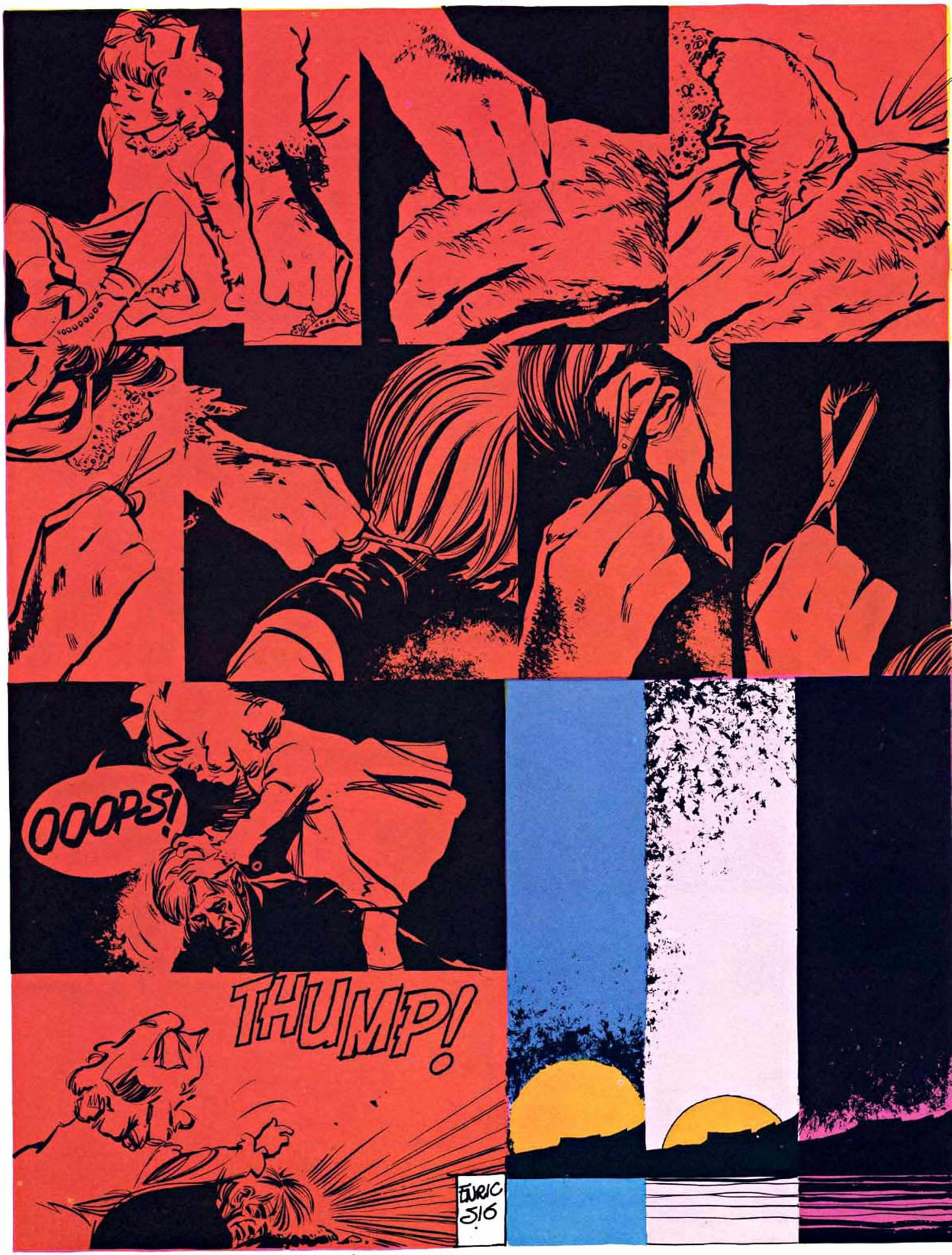

I HOPE THESE SHORT CIRCUITS DON'T HAVE ANY LASTING EFFECT ON ME. WHOEVER MY ADVERSARY IS, HE CERTAINLY HAS A FLAIR FOR CAUSING EVIL MISCHIEF.
SHE REALLY IS RATHER PRETTY. IF ONLY I WASN'T IN SUCH A HURRY. BUT, I HAVE NO TIME. IN A FEW HOURS MY POWERS WILL DESERT ME AND I WILL BE HELPLESS TO INFLICT HARM FOR ANOTHER 500 YEARS. I MUST MAKE HASTE.
THE BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DAMAGE IS A VERY YOUNG AND MALICIOUS SPRITE NAMED AQUARIUS. A MERE 18,400 YEARS OLD. SINCE HE ONLY HAS CYCLIC POWER EVERY 500 YEARS, HE ISN'T NORMALLY MUCH OF A DANGER.
AQUARIUS! YOU! THE MOST MALIGN SPIRIT IN OUR GALAXY. ALL OF MY COUNTRY'S LEGENDS TALK OF YOU AND DESCRIBE YOU AS BEING TOTALLY EVIL AND HORRIFIC. YET, I FIND YOU...
I AM AQUARIUS. IT IS FUTILE TO TRY AND ESCAPE ME. YOU ARE A MERE TOY IN MY HANDS.
PLEASE, MY DEAR. DON'T BOTHER TO TRY YOUR OUT-DATED FEMININE WILES ON ME. I HAVE EXPERIENCED THEM, AND THEY DO NOTHING TO ME.
WITH INFINITE CUNNING THE MALICIOUS AQUARIUS WEAVES A MAGIC WEB OF VINES AND FLOWERS THAT HOLDS HIS VICTIM AS HELPLESS AS IF SHE WERE TRAPPED IN THE WEB OF SOME GIANT SPIDER.
NOW, SHE IS MINE! WHAT A TRAGEDY THAT ONE SO BEAUTIFUL MUST DIE. BUT, I AM AQUARIUS AND I CANNOT LET HER LIVE. BUT...


AQUARIUS HAS NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT THE CUNNING AGAR-AGAR. HAS CREATED A DOUBLE OF HERSELF AND IT IS THIS DOUBLE THAT HE HAS CAUGHT IN HIS MAGIC NET. SUDDENLY, HE REALISES HIS MISTAKE AND BEGINS TO CREATE A FRIGHTENING MONSTER.
COME O DREAD ZAGOR. ATTACK THE SPRITE AND FINISH HER PLANS FOR ALL ETERNITY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? FOR EVER.
BECAUSE I AM ESSENTIALLY GOOD, I CANNOT DESTROY EVEN SOMETHING AS EVIL AS ZAGOR. BUT I CAN CONVERT HIM. NOW HE IS A FLYING DRAGON, OBEDIENT TO MY MEREST WHIM.
PERDITION! YOU ARE AS WISE AS YOU ARE LOVELY. IF ONLY I WERE NOT AN EVIL SPIRIT WHOSE FATE IS TO BE THOROUGHLY BAD, THEN I MIGHT...
ZAGOR. A CREATURE FROM THE MISTS OF ANTIQUITY. THERE IS ONLY ONE SPELL THAT MAY SAVE ME...

AGAR-AGAR REALISES THAT SHE CAN POSSIBLY USE HER BENEVOLENT MAGIC TO AID THE TORTURED SPIRIT. AS SHE BEGINS THE SPELL, SHE WATCHES THE MALIGN FACE SOFTEN AND BECOME MORE GENTLE.
AQUARIUS! SEE, YOU'VE CHANGED. COME WITH ME. HELP ME IN MY QUEST. THEN, IF YOU WANT... THERE IS NOTHING THAT I WOULD NOT LET YOU DO!!
MAY MY LOVE AND NECROMANTIC SKILL CHANGE NOT ONLY YOUR FACE BUT ALSO YOUR HEART AND SOUL. BELIEVE ME THAT THERE IS NOT ONLY HATRED IN THE UNIVERSE- THERE IS LOVE AS WELL.
NOW AQUARIUS CAN TRULY FULFILL A NEW DESTINY. HEALING INSTEAD OF DESTROYING. LOVING AND BEING LOVED INSTEAD OF SPREADING HATRED THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.
THIS IS A NEW FEELING. A FEELING OF FREEDOM. LIGHT, LAUGHTER AND SECURITY IN THE ARMS OF AQUARIUS. THOUGH HE WAS LOST, HE IS NOW FOUND. HE WILL BEAR ME TO NEW ADVENTURES AND TO NEW SENSATIONS. NOT JUST WITHIN XANADU- BUT THROUGHOUT SPACE. THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS MINE!

ENRIC SIÓ
eleonor

EDRIC SIO.

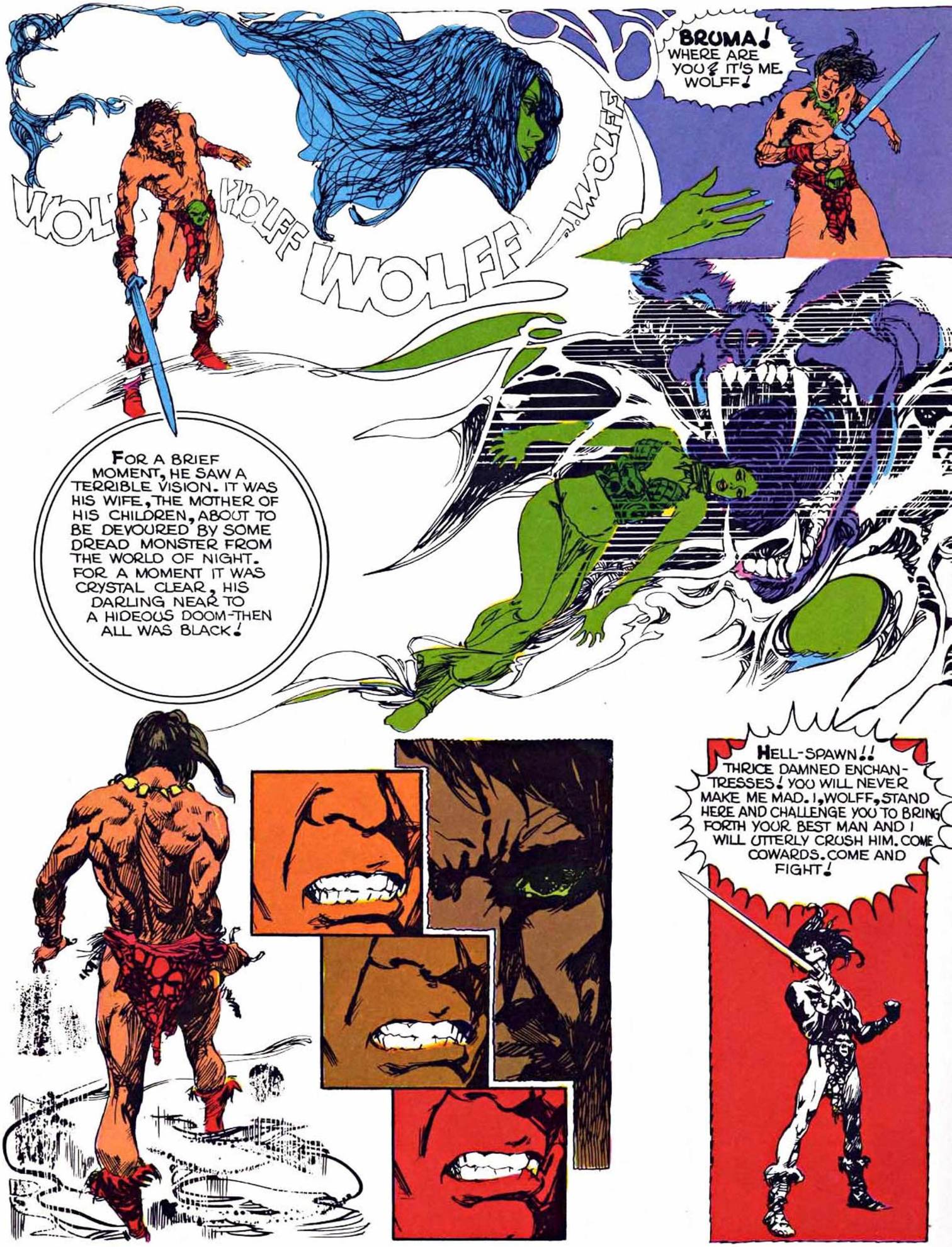

OOOPS!
THUMP!
FURIC
5/16

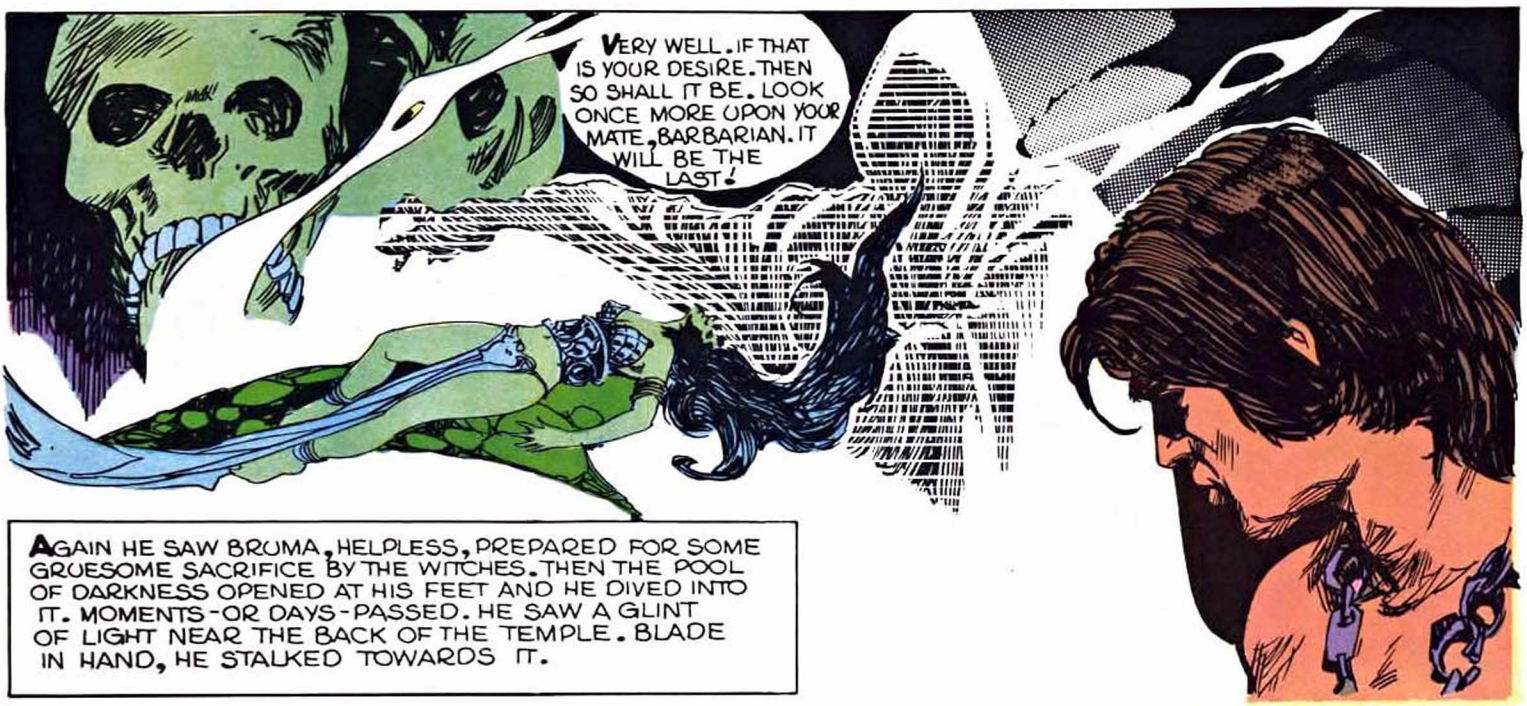
PUNT!
WHOOP!

FURIC
S16
SWISHH...
AAAAAH!

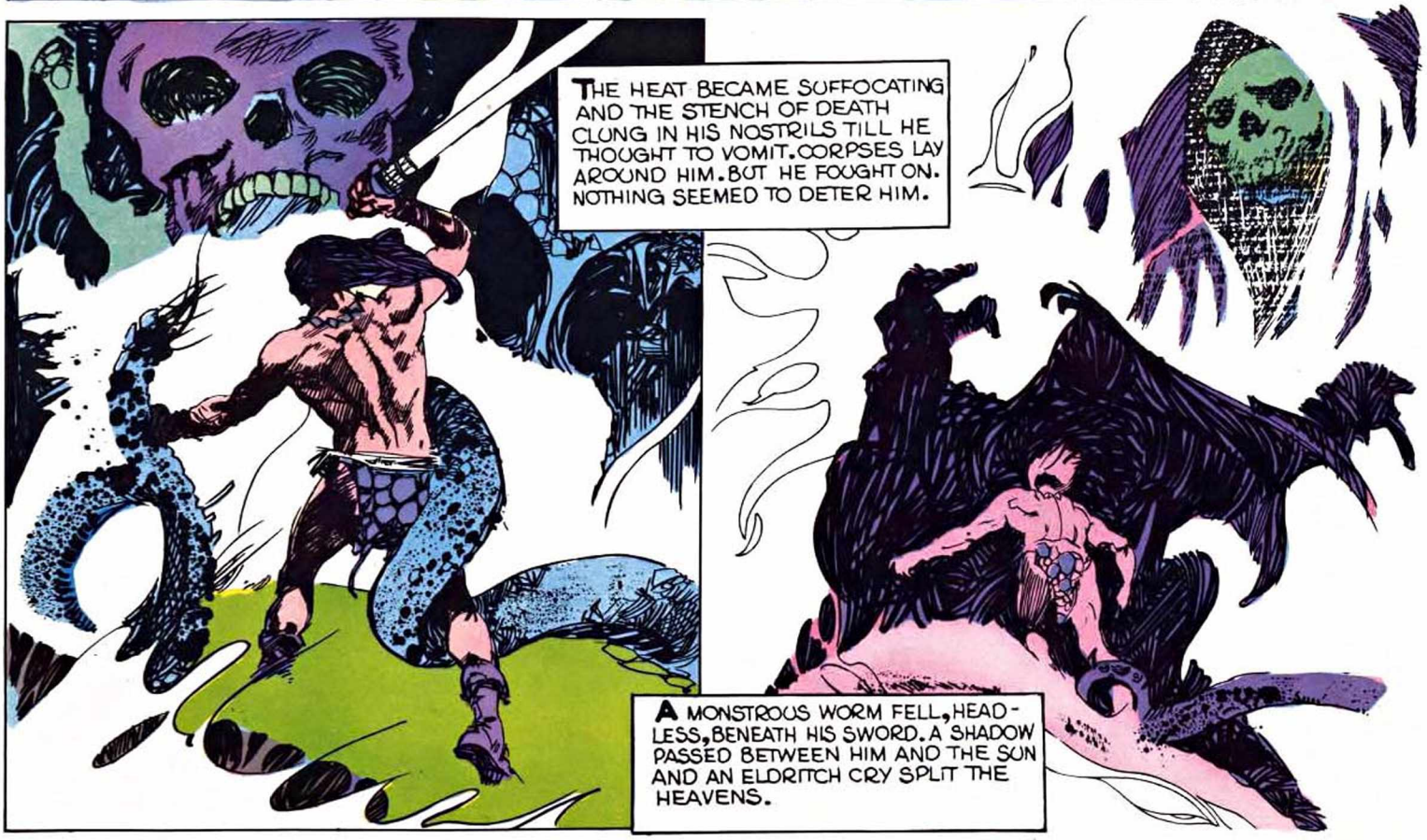
WOLFF

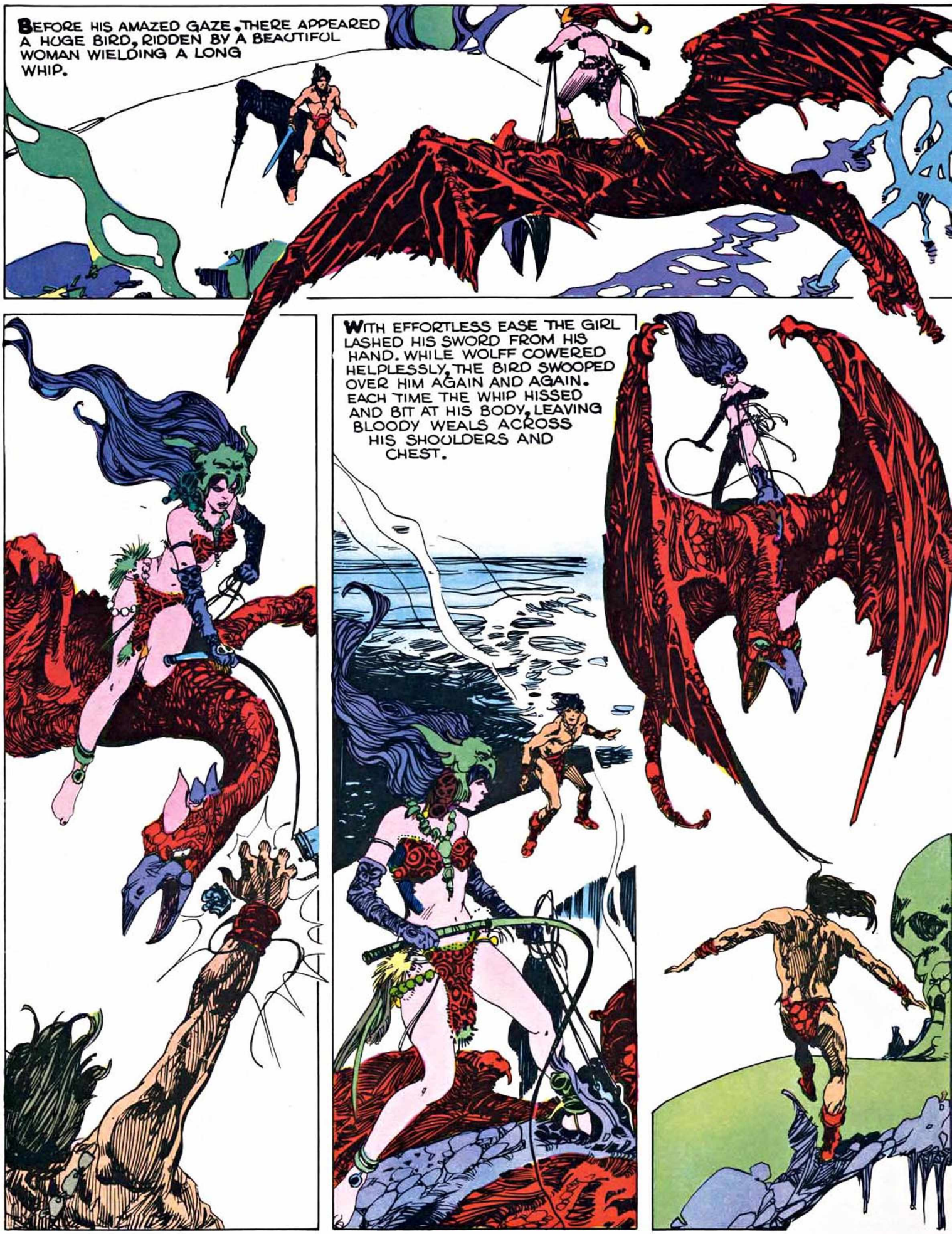
The World of the Witches


WOLFF WOLFF WOLFF WOLFF
BRUMA! WHERE ARE YOU? IT'S ME, WOLFF!
FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, HE SAW A TERRIBLE VISION. IT WAS HIS WIFE, THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN, ABOUT TO BE DEVOURED BY SOME DREAD MONSTER FROM THE WORLD OF NIGHT. FOR A MOMENT IT WAS CRYSTAL CLEAR, HIS DARLING NEAR TO A HIDEOUS DOOM-THEN ALL WAS BLACK!
HELL-SPAWN!! THRICE DAMNED ENCHANTRESSES! YOU WILL NEVER MAKE ME MAD. I, WOLFF, STAND HERE AND CHALLENGE YOU TO BRING FORTH YOUR BEST MAN AND I WILL UTTERLY CRUSH HIM. COME COWARDS. COME AND FIGHT!



AGAIN HE SAW BRUMA, HELPLESS, PREPARED FOR SOME GRUESOME SACRIFICE BY THE WITCHES. THEN THE POOL OF DARKNESS OPENED AT HIS FEET AND HE DIVED INTO IT. MOMENTS - OR DAYS - PASSED. HE SAW A GLINT OF LIGHT NEAR THE BACK OF THE TEMPLE. BLADE IN HAND, HE STALKED TOWARDS IT.




BEFORE HIS AMAZED GAZE, THERE APPEARED A HUGE BIRD, RIDDEN BY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WIELDING A LONG WHIP.
WITH EFFORTLESS EASE THE GIRL LASHED HIS SWORD FROM HIS HAND. WHILE WOLFF COWERED HELPLESSLY, THE BIRD SWOOPED OVER HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN. EACH TIME THE WHIP HISSED AND BIT AT HIS BODY, LEAVING BLOODY WEALS ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS AND CHEST.

A RED FOG SWAM ABOUT HIS EYES AND THE AIR PUMPED MORE SLOWLY IN HIS TORTURED LUNGS. HE PLUNGED FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AND FELT HIMSELF FALLING, FALLING. THEN, STRANGELY, FLOATING AND RISING!!!

THE LOVELY SADYA, MISTRESS OF THE LASH AND TENDER ADMINISTRATOR OF A THOUSAND UNIMAGINABLE TORTURES, HAS LOST HER VICTIM TO ANOTHER. BUT WHO CAN IT BE?

WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE PAIN! TEARING, RIPPING AT MY FLESH! NOW I CAN BREATHE AGAIN AND I... I AM FLOATING UPWARDS, AWAY FROM THIS WORLD OF EVIL. THE PAIN IS GOING. MY WOUNDS ARE HEALING.

IT IS I WHO WOULD SAVE YOU, WOLFF. I AM THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST. I HAVE NEED OF A MAN TO FIGHT FOR ME AND WHEN I SAW YOU BATTLING THAT SHE-DEVIL, I KNEW THAT YOU COULD BE THE MAN FOR ME. SO I AM BRINGING YOU TO MY DOMAIN. COME TO ME, WARRIOR!

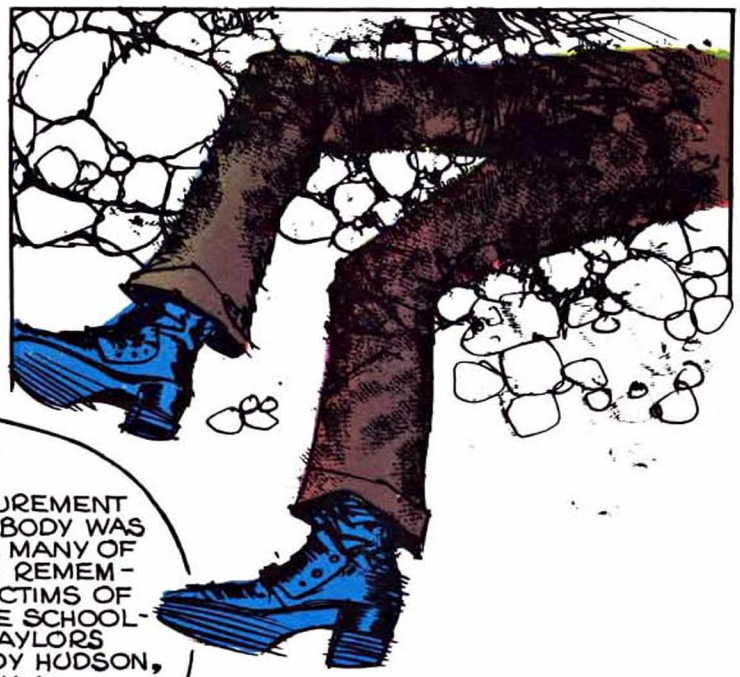
I MUST BE DREAMING. OR, PERHAPS I AM DEAD. ARE YOU A SHIELDMAIDEN, COME TO ESCORT ME TO THE BANQUET OF HEROES? WHOEVER YOU ARE: I FEEL YOUR PRESENCE COMING NEARER.

THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST! HER BEAUTY HAD LURED MEN TO AN AGONISING AND LONELY DEATH FOR COUNTLESS AGES. THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST! NOW THE POWER OF HER TERRIBLE LOVE HAD ATTRACTED WOLFF AND SAVED HIM FROM A VILE DEATH BY THE WHIP AND NOW DRAGGED HIM TOWARDS HER FOR HER OWN SATANIC PASSION.

Sir Leo

The End of a Legend

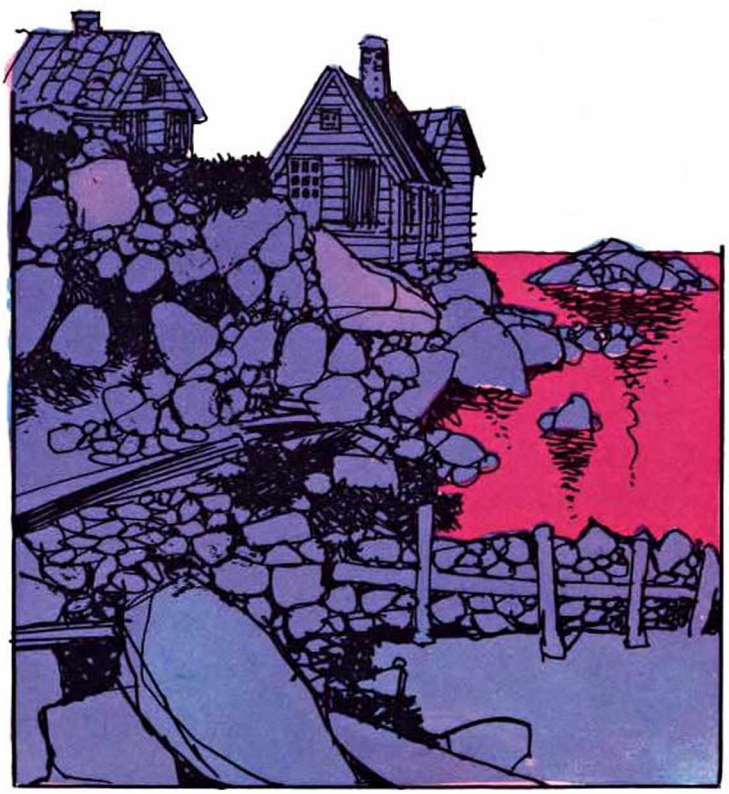
BY THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN THE THREE MEN WERE SAFE BACK IN THE TOWN. IT WAS BARELY AN HOUR LATER THAT A GROUP OF WORKMEN FOUND A NEW AND HIDEOUSLY-DISFIGURED CORPSE BY THE BLACK LAKE.

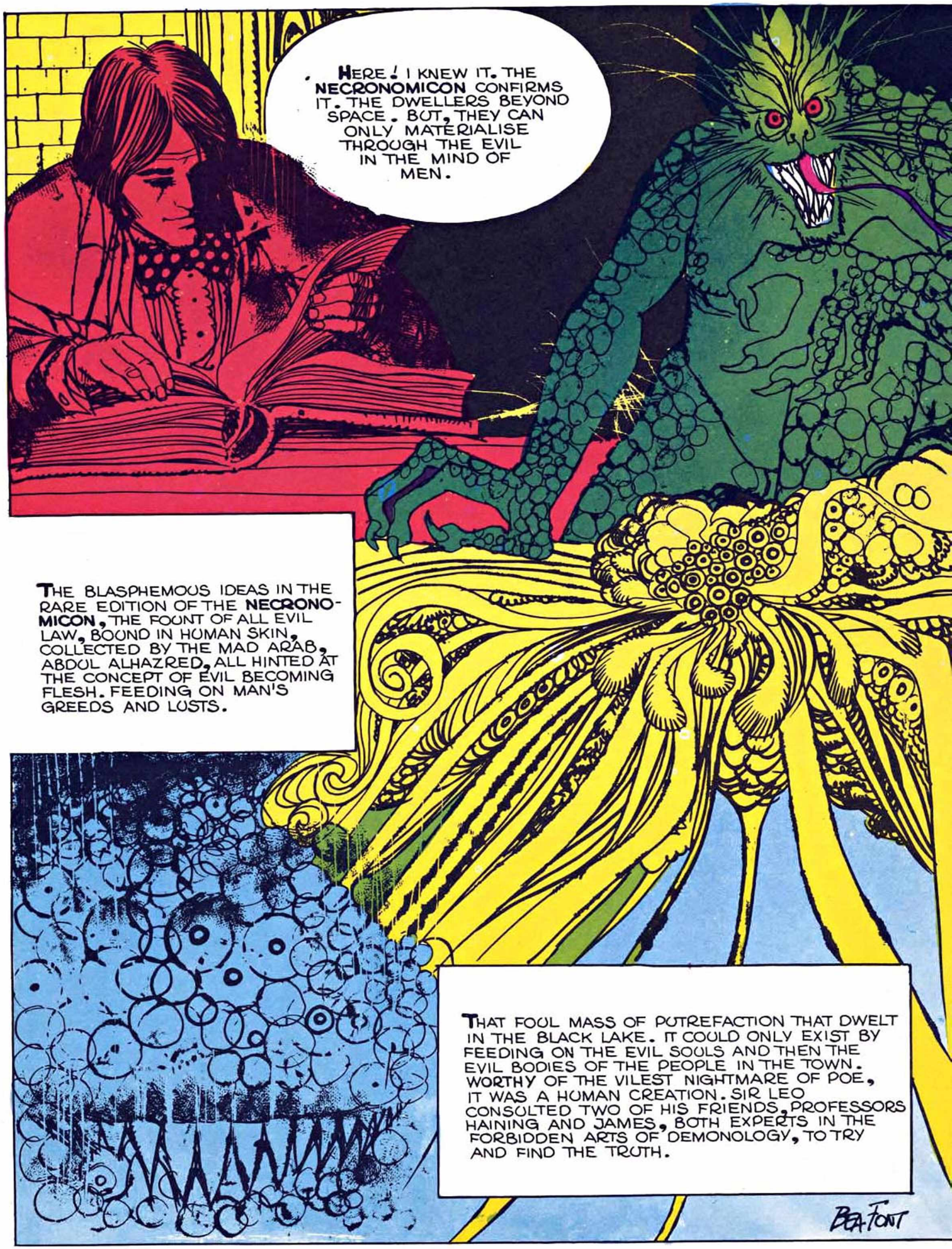


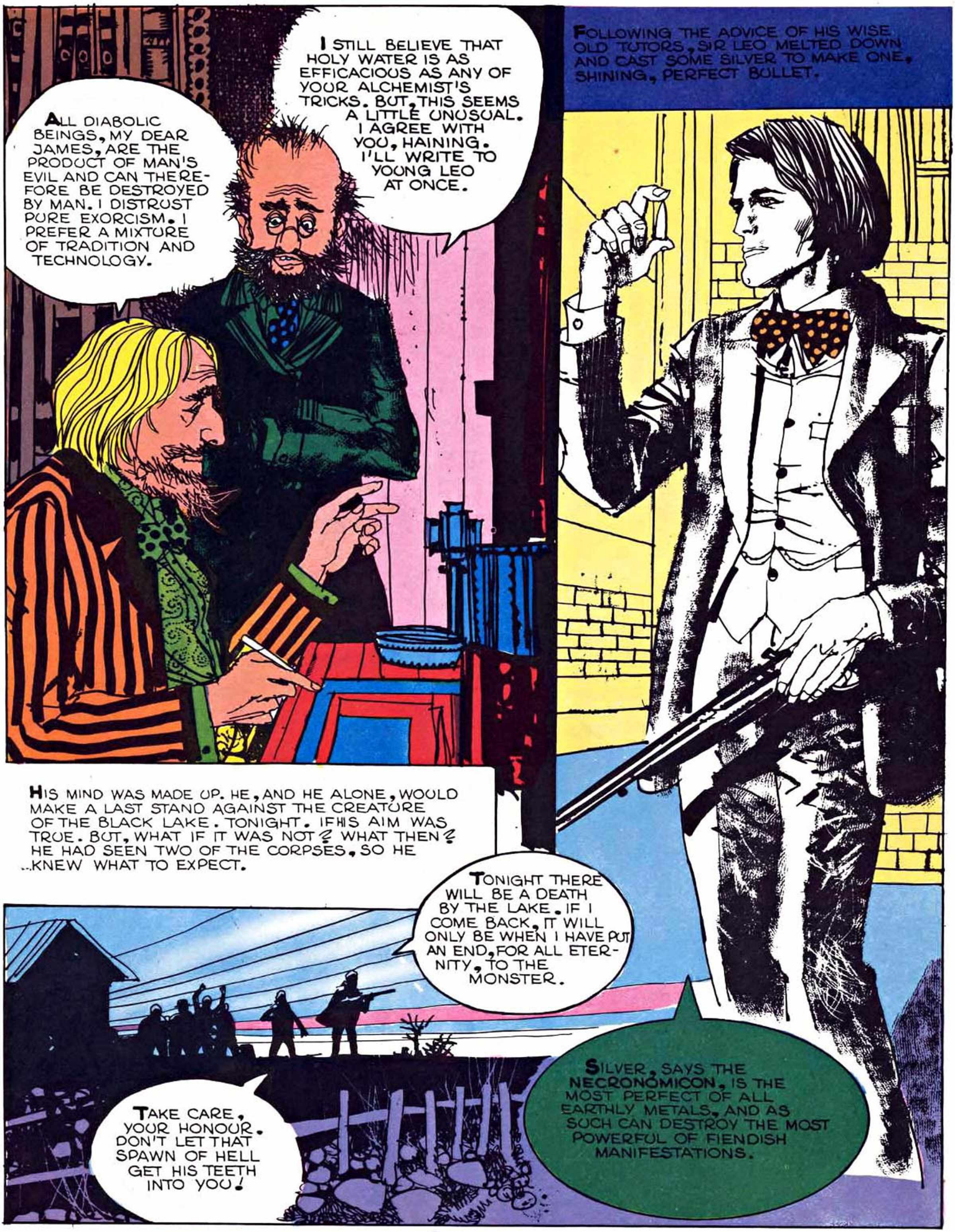
THE DISFIGUREMENT OF THE NEW BODY WAS TRULY AWFUL. MANY OF THE TOWNSFOLK REMEMBERED OTHER VICTIMS OF THE TERROR. THE SCHOOLTEACHER; THE TAYLORS LITTLE BOY; PADDY HUDSON, WHO WAS NEARLY A HUNDRED; PATRICK WHO LOVED THE FRENCHWOMAN. ALL DEAD...

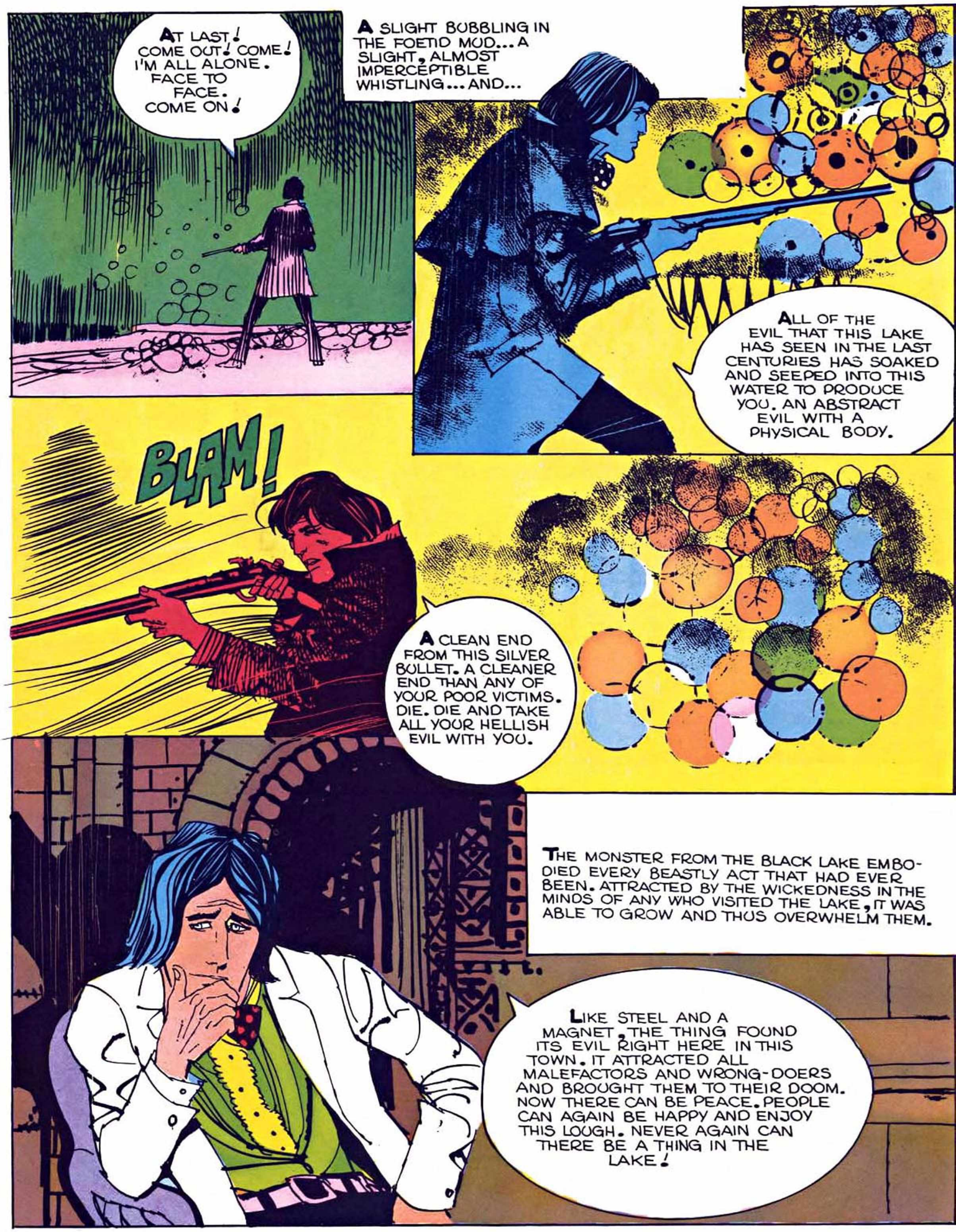
...ALL OF THEM WERE EVIL IN SOME WAY. EVEN THE LITTLE BOY WHOSE GREAT PLEASURE WAS TO TORTURE THOSE WEAKER AND SMALLER THAN HIMSELF. AND THE OTHERS! ABNORMAL, PERVERTED MEN AND WOMEN. PEOPLE WHO SHUNNED GOD'S GOOD SUNLIGHT AND WENT ABOUT THEIR LIVES BEHIND DRAWN CURTAINS. NOW, THE THING HAD CLAIMED THE INN-KEEPER, TEMPLETON. THE MAN OF FEAR!

AS EVENING SLUNK INTO THE TOWN THE PEOPLE BEGAN TO BAR AND LOCK THEIR HOUSES. AS NIGHT DARKENED, THE PLACE WAS UNDER A SIEGE. BUT WHAT WAS THE BESIEGER?



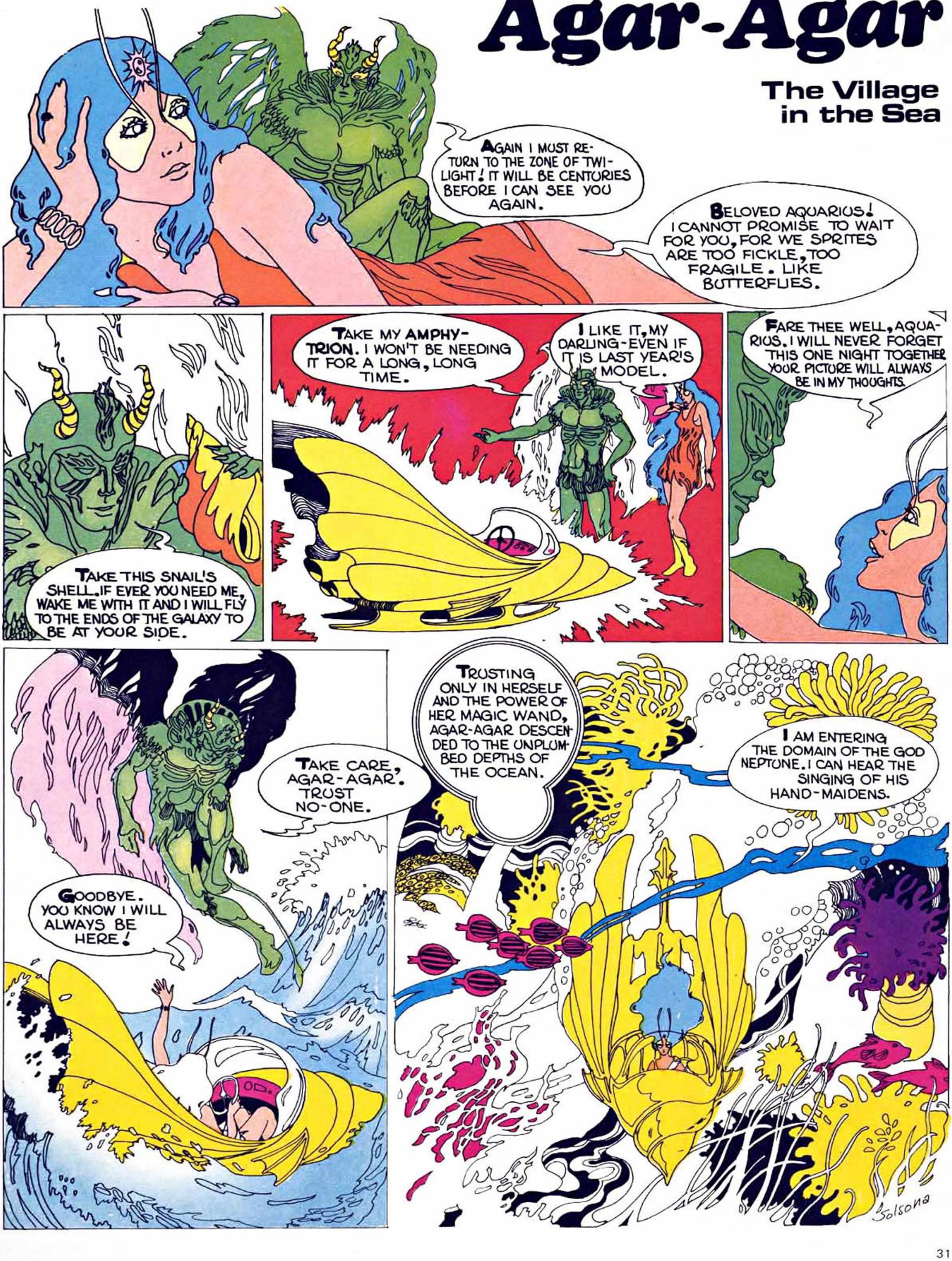

HERE! I KNEW IT. THE NECRONOMICON CONFIRMS IT. THE DWELLERS BEYOND SPACE. BUT, THEY CAN ONLY MATERIALISE THROUGH THE EVIL IN THE MIND OF MEN.
THE BLASPHEMOUS IDEAS IN THE RARE EDITION OF THE NECRONOMICON, THE FOUNT OF ALL EVIL LAW, BOUND IN HUMAN SKIN, COLLECTED BY THE MAD ARAB, ABDUL ALHAZRED, ALL HINTED AT THE CONCEPT OF EVIL BECOMING FLESH. FEEDING ON MAN'S GREEDS AND LUSTS.
THAT FOUL MASS OF PUTREFACTION THAT DWELT IN THE BLACK LAKE. IT COULD ONLY EXIST BY FEEDING ON THE EVIL SOULS AND THEN THE EVIL BODIES OF THE PEOPLE IN THE TOWN. WORTHY OF THE VILEST NIGHTMARE OF POE, IT WAS A HUMAN CREATION. SIR LEO CONSULTED TWO OF HIS FRIENDS, PROFESSORS HAINING AND JAMES, BOTH EXPERTS IN THE FORBIDDEN ARTS OF DEMONOLOGY, TO TRY AND FIND THE TRUTH.
BEAFONT

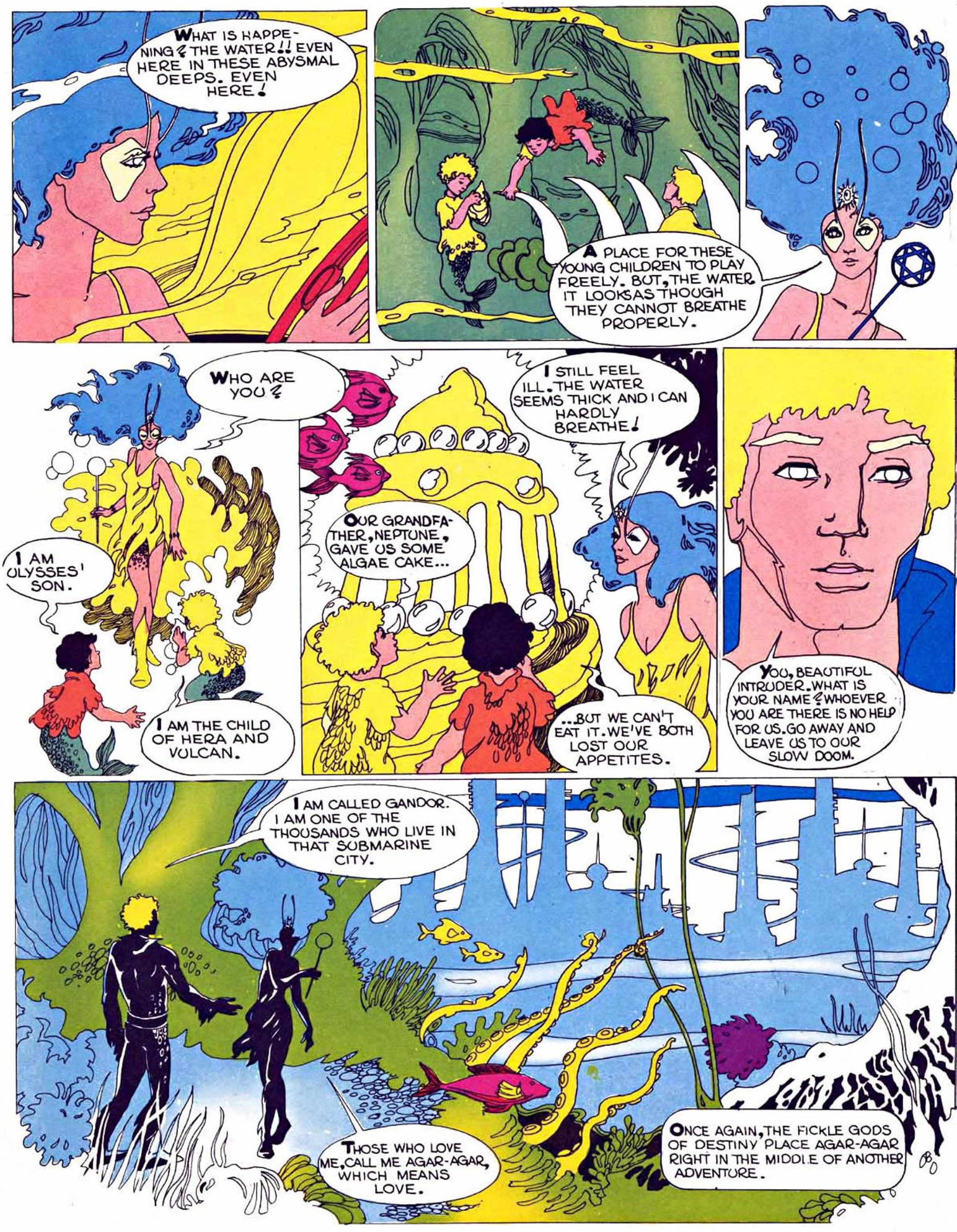

ALL DIABOLIC BEINGS, MY DEAR JAMES, ARE THE PRODUCT OF MAN'S EVIL AND CAN THEREFORE BE DESTROYED BY MAN. I DISTRUST PURE EXORCISM. I PREFER A MIXTURE OF TRADITION AND TECHNOLOGY.
I STILL BELIEVE THAT HOLY WATER IS AS EFFICACIOUS AS ANY OF YOUR ALCHEMIST'S TRICKS. BUT, THIS SEEMS A LITTLE UNUSUAL. I AGREE WITH YOU, HAINING. I'LL WRITE TO YOUNG LEO AT ONCE.
FOLLOWING THE ADVICE OF HIS WISE OLD TUTORS, SIR LEO MELTED DOWN AND CAST SOME SILVER TO MAKE ONE, SHINING, PERFECT BULLET.
HIS MIND WAS MADE UP. HE, AND HE ALONE, WOULD MAKE A LAST STAND AGAINST THE CREATURE OF THE BLACK LAKE. TONIGHT. IF HIS AIM WAS TRUE. BUT, WHAT IF IT WAS NOT? WHAT THEN? HE HAD SEEN TWO OF THE CORPSES, SO HE ...KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT.
TONIGHT THERE WILL BE A DEATH BY THE LAKE. IF I COME BACK, IT WILL ONLY BE WHEN I HAVE PUT AN END, FOR ALL ETERNITY, TO THE MONSTER.
SILVER, SAYS THE NECRONOMICON, IS THE MOST PERFECT OF ALL EARTHLY METALS, AND AS SUCH CAN DESTROY THE MOST POWERFUL OF FIENDISH MANIFESTATIONS.
TAKE CARE, YOUR HONOUR. DON'T LET THAT SPAWN OF HELL GET HIS TEETH INTO YOU!

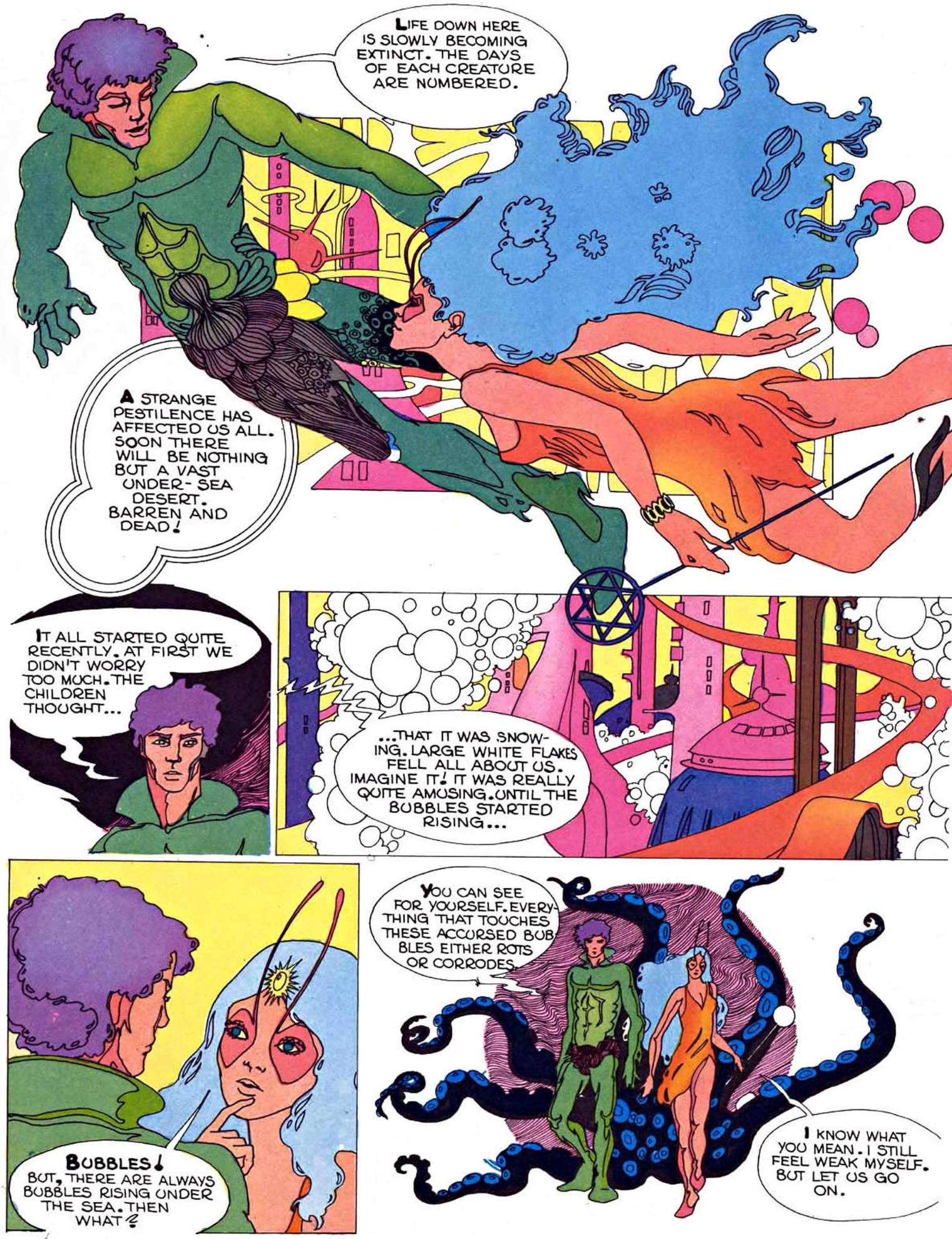

AT LAST! COME OUT! COME! I'M ALL ALONE. FACE TO FACE. COME ON!
A SLIGHT BUBBLING IN THE FOETID MUD... A SLIGHT, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE WHISTLING... AND...
ALL OF THE EVIL THAT THIS LAKE HAS SEEN IN THE LAST CENTURIES HAS SOAKED AND SEEPED INTO THIS WATER TO PRODUCE YOU. AN ABSTRACT EVIL WITH A PHYSICAL BODY.
BLAM!
A CLEAN END FROM THIS SILVER BULLET. A CLEANER END THAN ANY OF YOUR POOR VICTIMS. DIE. DIE AND TAKE ALL YOUR HELLISH EVIL WITH YOU.
THE MONSTER FROM THE BLACK LAKE EMBODIED EVERY BEASTLY ACT THAT HAD EVER BEEN. ATTRACTED BY THE WICKEDNESS IN THE MINDS OF ANY WHO VISITED THE LAKE, IT WAS ABLE TO GROW AND THUS OVERWHELM THEM.
LIKE STEEL AND A MAGNET, THE THING FOUND ITS EVIL RIGHT HERE IN THIS TOWN. IT ATTRACTED ALL MALEFACTORS AND WRONG-DOERS AND BROUGHT THEM TO THEIR DOOM. NOW THERE CAN BE PEACE. PEOPLE CAN AGAIN BE HAPPY AND ENJOY THIS LOUGH. NEVER AGAIN CAN THERE BE A THING IN THE LAKE!

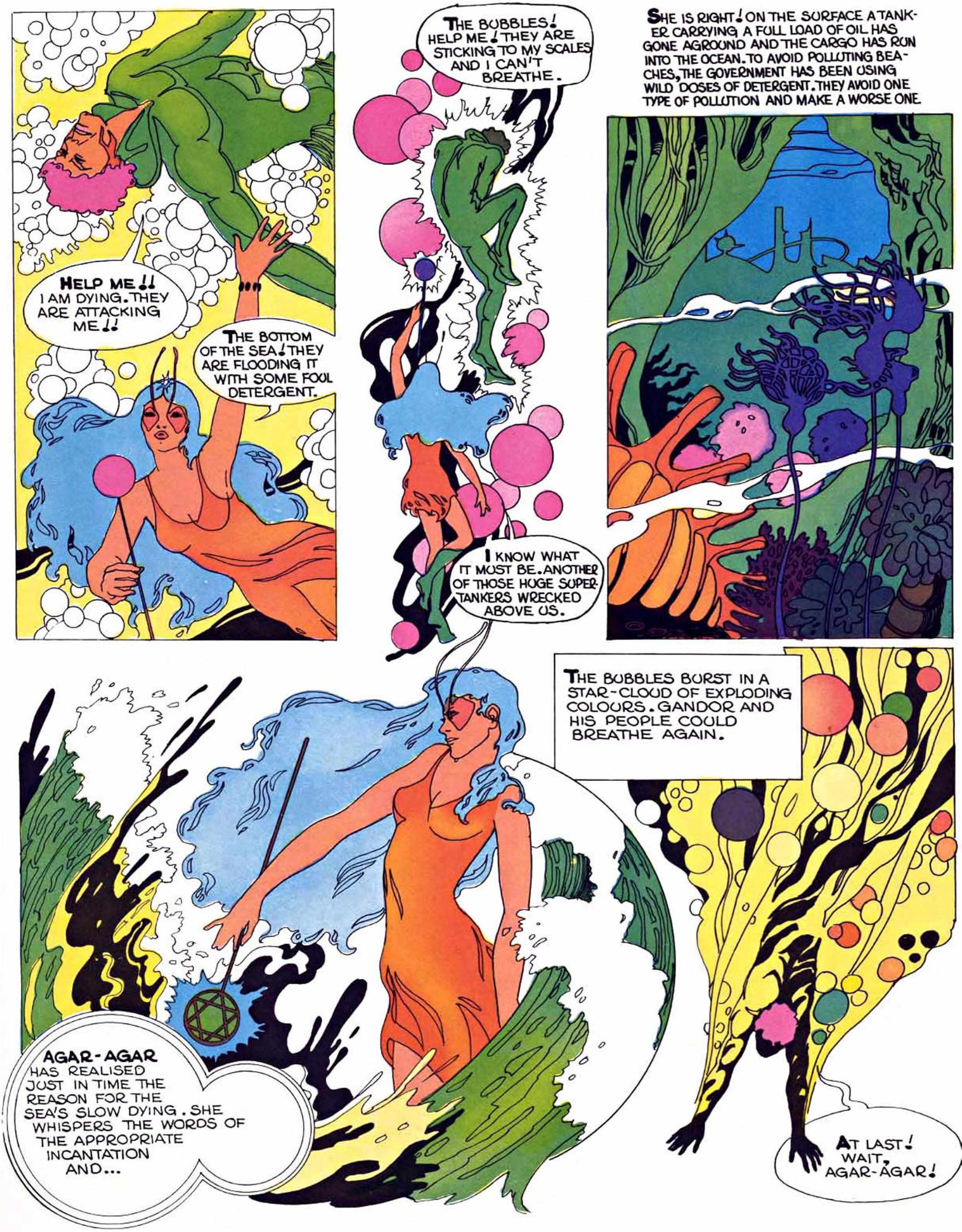
Agar-Agar

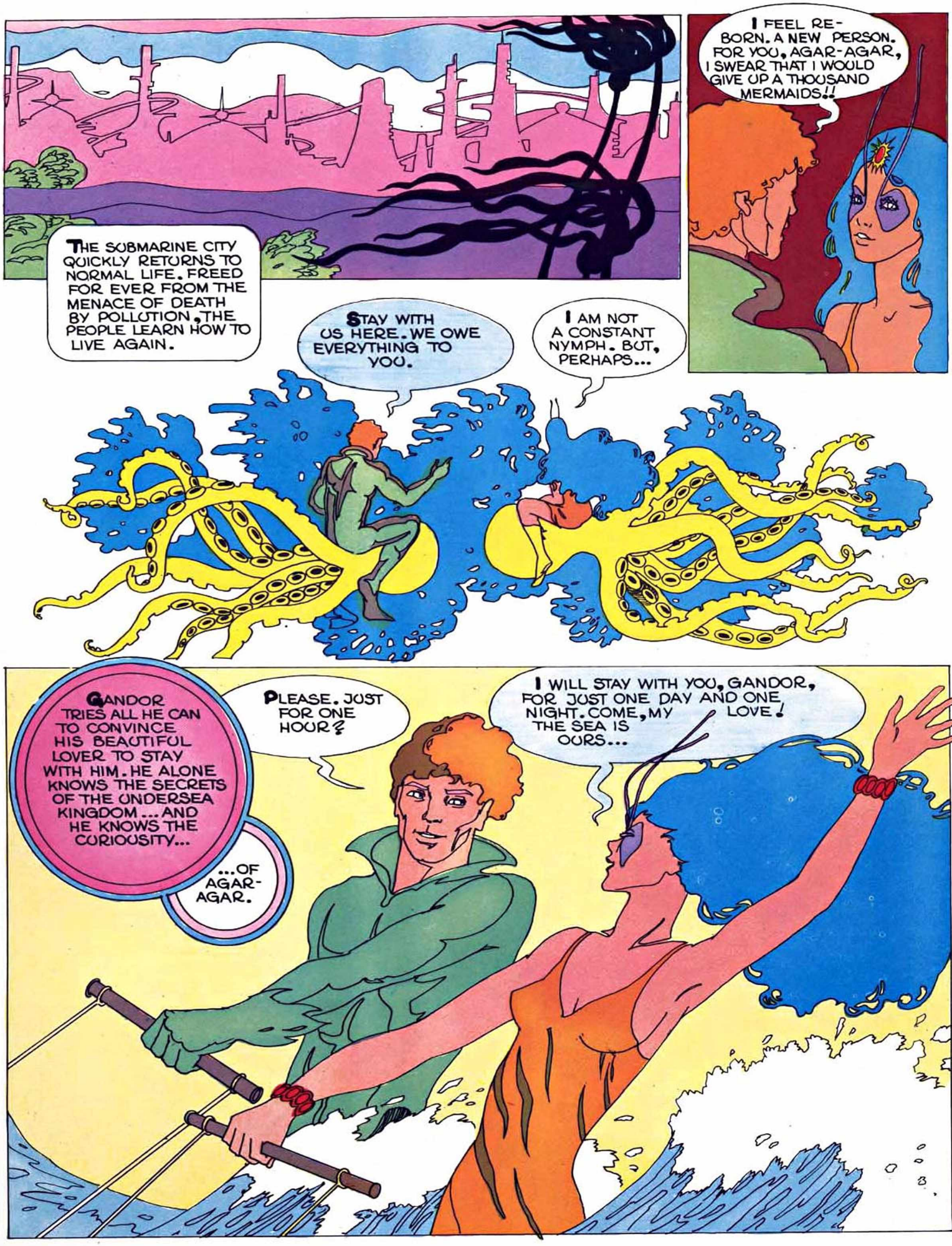
The Village in the Sea




WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE WATER!! EVEN HERE IN THESE ABYSMAL DEEPS. EVEN HERE!
A PLACE FOR THESE YOUNG CHILDREN TO PLAY FREELY. BUT, THE WATER. IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY CANNOT BREATHE PROPERLY.
WHO ARE YOU?
I AM ULYSSES' SON.
I AM THE CHILD OF HERA AND VULCAN.
I STILL FEEL ILL. THE WATER SEEMS THICK AND I CAN HARDLY BREATHE!
OUR GRANDFATHER, NEPTUNE, GAVE US SOME ALGAE CAKE...
...BUT WE CAN'T EAT IT. WE'VE BOTH LOST OUR APPETITES.
YOU, BEAUTIFUL INTRUDER. WHAT IS YOUR NAME? WHOEVER YOU ARE THERE IS NO HELP FOR US. GO AWAY AND LEAVE US TO OUR SLOW DOOM.
I AM CALLED GANDOR. I AM ONE OF THE THOUSANDS WHO LIVE IN THAT SUBMARINE CITY.
THOSE WHO LOVE ME, CALL ME AGAR-AGAR, WHICH MEANS LOVE.
ONCE AGAIN, THE FICKLE GODS OF DESTINY PLACE AGAR-AGAR RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ANOTHER ADVENTURE.

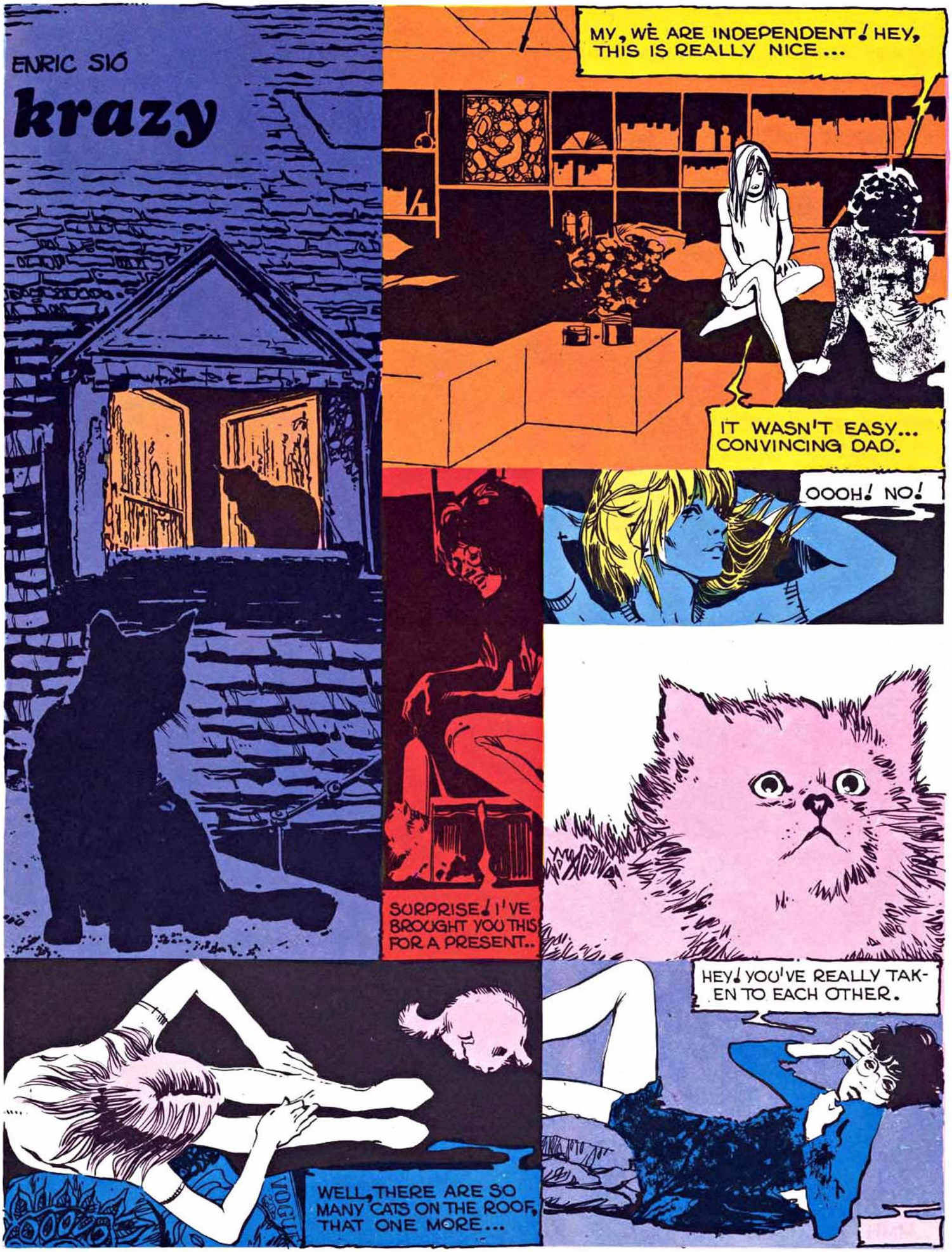

LIFE DOWN HERE IS SLOWLY BECOMING EXTINCT. THE DAYS OF EACH CREATURE ARE NUMBERED.
A STRANGE PESTILENCE HAS AFFECTED US ALL. SOON THERE WILL BE NOTHING BUT A VAST UNDER-SEA DESERT. BARREN AND DEAD!
IT ALL STARTED QUITE RECENTLY. AT FIRST WE DIDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH. THE CHILDREN THOUGHT...
...THAT IT WAS SNOWING. LARGE WHITE FLAKES FELL ALL ABOUT US. IMAGINE IT! IT WAS REALLY QUITE AMUSING. UNTIL THE BUBBLES STARTED RISING...
BUBBLES! BUT, THERE ARE ALWAYS BUBBLES RISING UNDER THE SEA. THEN WHAT?
YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF. EVERYTHING THAT TOUCHES THESE ACCURSED BUBBLES EITHER ROTS OR CORRODES.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. I STILL FEEL WEAK MYSELF. BUT LET US GO ON.


HELP ME!! I AM DYING. THEY ARE ATTACKING ME!!
THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA! THEY ARE FLOODING IT WITH SOME FOUL DETERGENT.
THE BUBBLES! HELP ME! THEY ARE STICKING TO MY SCALES AND I CAN'T BREATHE.
I KNOW WHAT IT MUST BE. ANOTHER OF THOSE HUGE SUPER-TANKERS WRECKED ABOVE US.
SHE IS RIGHT! ON THE SURFACE A TANKER CARRYING A FULL LOAD OF OIL HAS GONE AGROUND AND THE CARGO HAS RUN INTO THE OCEAN. TO AVOID POLLUTING BEACHES, THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN USING WILD DOSES OF DETERGENT. THEY AVOID ONE TYPE OF POLLUTION AND MAKE A WORSE ONE.
AGAR-AGAR HAS REALISED JUST IN TIME THE REASON FOR THE SEA'S SLOW DYING. SHE WHISPERS THE WORDS OF THE APPROPRIATE INCANTATION AND...
THE BUBBLES BURST IN A STAR-CLOUD OF EXPLODING COLOURS. GANDOR AND HIS PEOPLE COULD BREATHE AGAIN.
AT LAST! WAIT, AGAR-AGAR!

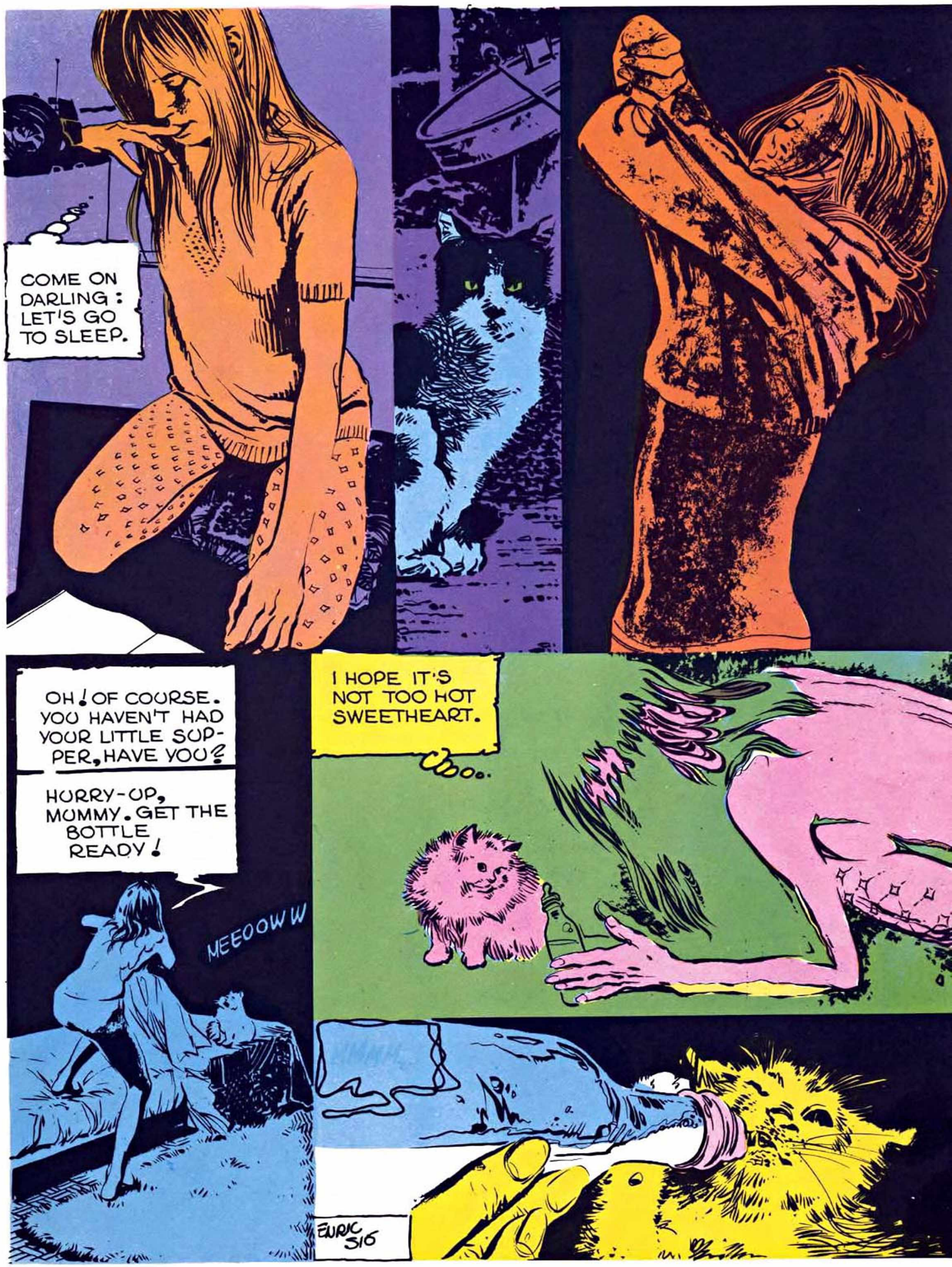

THE SUBMARINE CITY QUICKLY RETURNS TO NORMAL LIFE. FREED FOR EVER FROM THE MENACE OF DEATH BY POLLUTION, THE PEOPLE LEARN HOW TO LIVE AGAIN.
I FEEL RE-BORN. A NEW PERSON. FOR YOU, AGAR-AGAR, I SWEAR THAT I WOULD GIVE UP A THOUSAND MERMAIDS!!
STAY WITH US HERE. WE OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU.
I AM NOT A CONSTANT NYMPH. BUT, PERHAPS...
GANDOR TRIES ALL HE CAN TO CONVINCE HIS BEAUTIFUL LOVER TO STAY WITH HIM. HE ALONE KNOWS THE SECRETS OF THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM ... AND HE KNOWS THE CURIOUSITY...
...OF AGAR-AGAR.
PLEASE. JUST FOR ONE HOUR?
I WILL STAY WITH YOU, GANDOR, FOR JUST ONE DAY AND ONE NIGHT. COME, MY LOVE! THE SEA IS OURS...

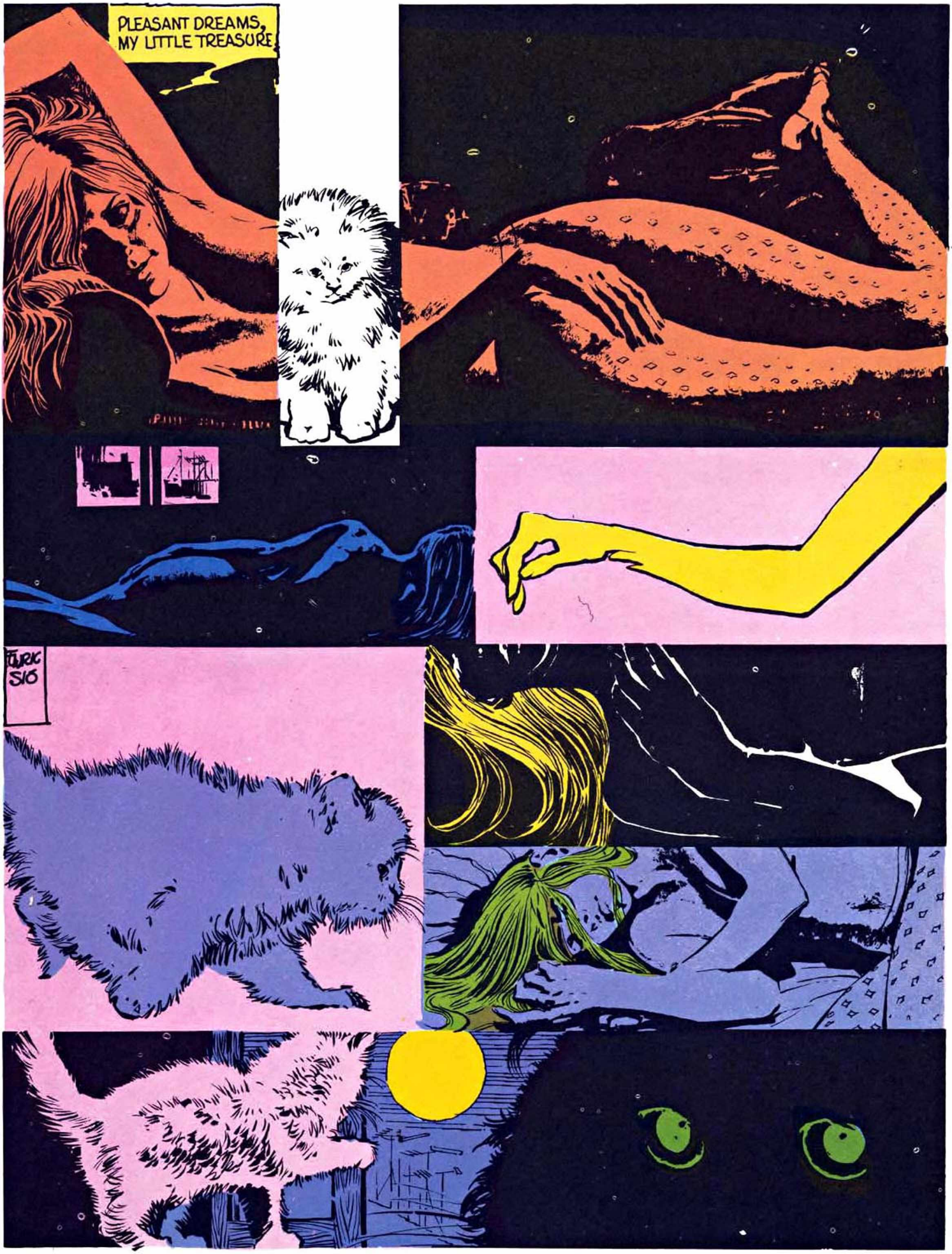
ENRIC SIÓ

krazy



I MUST SAY. I REALLY DON'T QUITE SEE THIS THING YOU HAVE FOR CATS.
ELRIC SIB
MAYBE... I DON'T KNOW ...BUT THIS ONE IS BEAUTIFUL.
MMM. AND THEY REALLY ARE FAITHFUL
AREN'T YOU OVERDOING IT A BIT?
WELL, LOVE. I MUST GO. I'LL PICK YOU UP TOMORROW AT ABOUT ELEVEN.
MORE SO THAN MEN, ANYWAY.


COME ON DARLING : LET'S GO TO SLEEP.
OH ! OF COURSE. YOU HAVEN'T HAD YOUR LITTLE SUPPER, HAVE YOU?
HURRY-UP, MUMMY. GET THE BOTTLE READY !
MEEOOWW
I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO HOT SWEETHEART.
Boo.
ENRIC SIO


PLEASANT DREAMS, MY LITTLE TREASURE
TURIC SIO

WAKE UP, BEAUTIFUL! YOU'RE NOT...
NOoooooo....
ENRIC SIO

WOLFF
The Sorceress of the red Mist
WOLFF FOUND HIMSELF BEFORE THE GATES OF A DESERTED CITY, RAVAGED BY WIND AND SAND. HE MOUNTED THE HORSE HE FOUND WAITING FOR HIM.
ESTEBAN MAROTO

ALONE IN THE ANTIQUE LAND OF HIS ENEMIES, WOLFF COULD ONLY GO FORWARD.

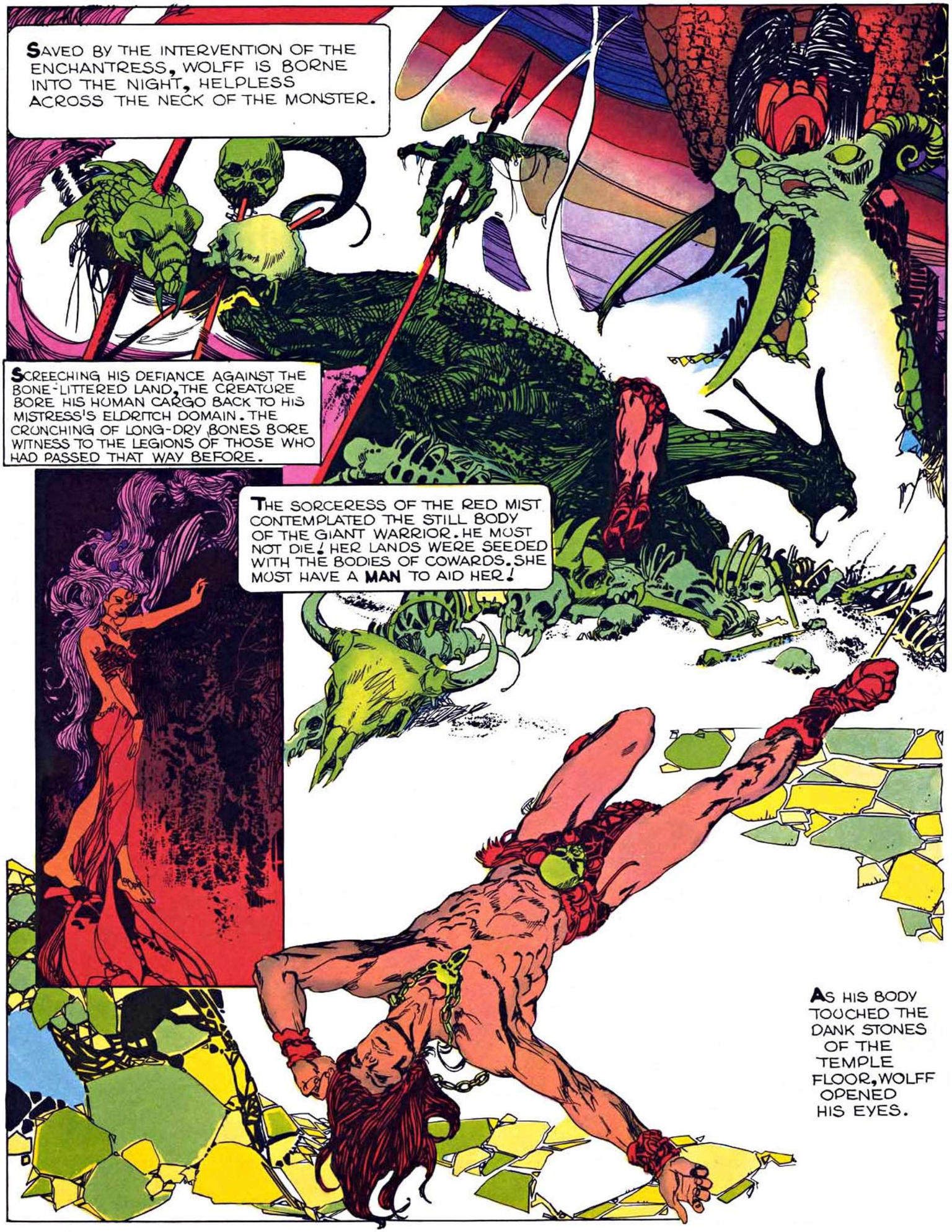
AS HE DISAPPEARED OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL, THERE WAS A STIRRING IN THE VEGETATION. CHANGING ITS COLOUR TO AVOID BEING SEEN, THE NAMELESS CREATURE BEGAN TO CREEP AFTER THE UPRIGHT FIGURE OF THE FEARLESS BARBARIAN.

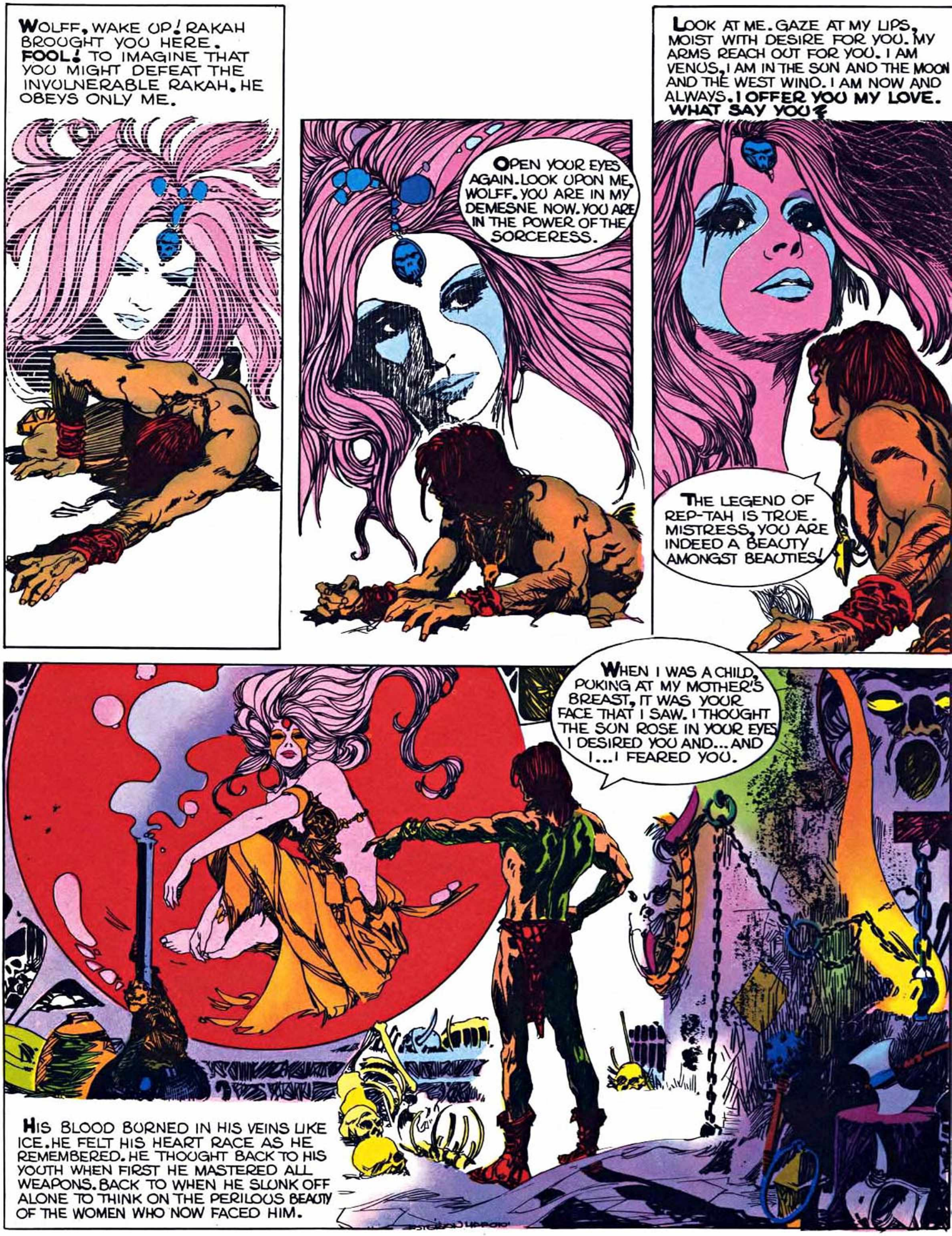
YAAAHHH!

A POWER FROM THE CLOSED ROOMS OF RACE MEMORY, THE MONSTER LOCKED WOLFF'S NECK IN ITS POWERFUL TAIL AND SHOOK HIM AS A TERRIER SHAKES A RAT.

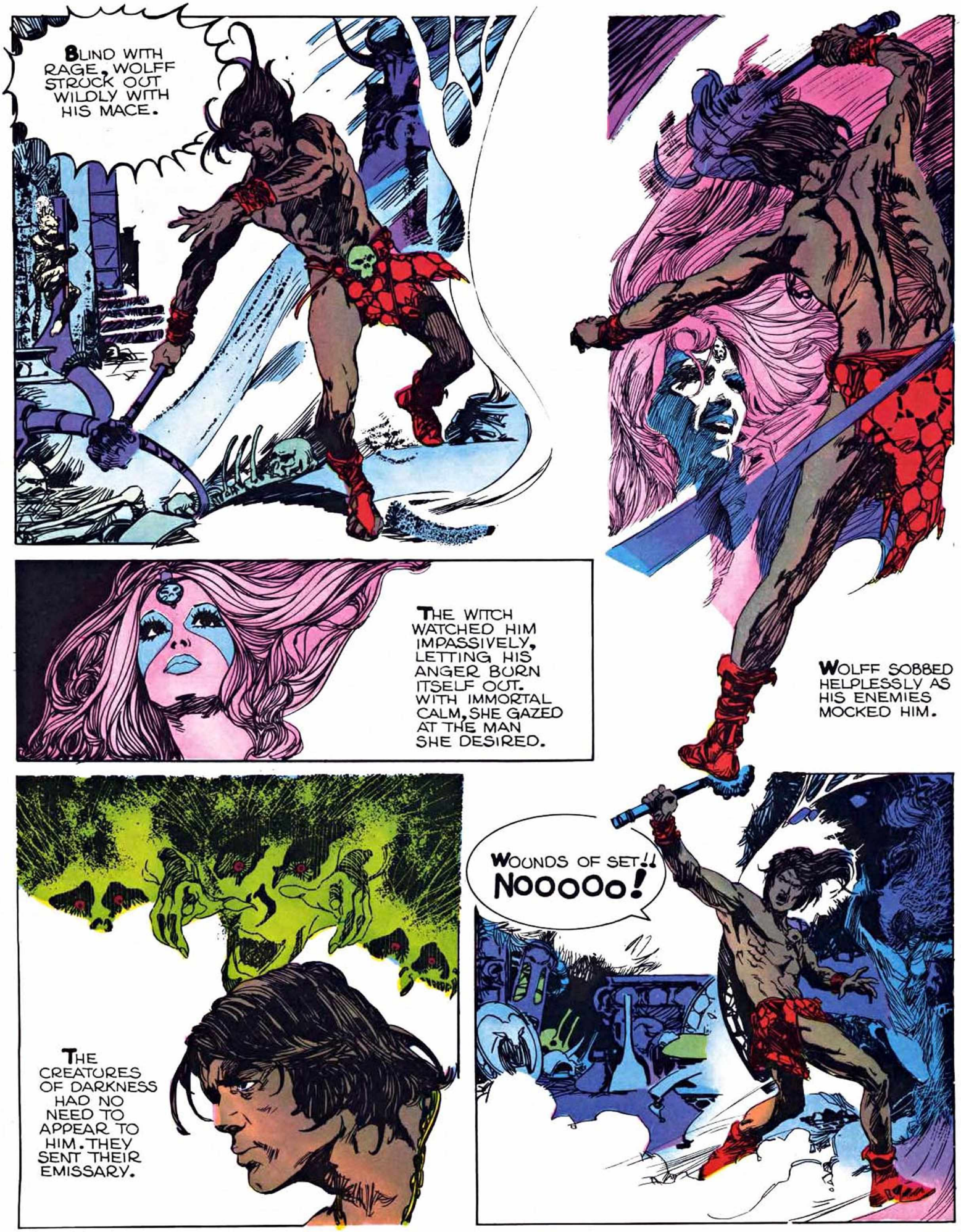
AS THE GRIP TIGHTENED AND THE BLOOD AND OXYGEN WERE CUT OFF FROM HIS BRAIN, WOLFF'S MIND BEGAN TO SLIP AWAY FROM HIM. A DREADFUL WEARINESS SPREAD THROUGH HIM AND HE SANK INTO DARKNESS. A VOICE MURMURED IN HIS EARS - THE SOFT VOICE OF THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST.

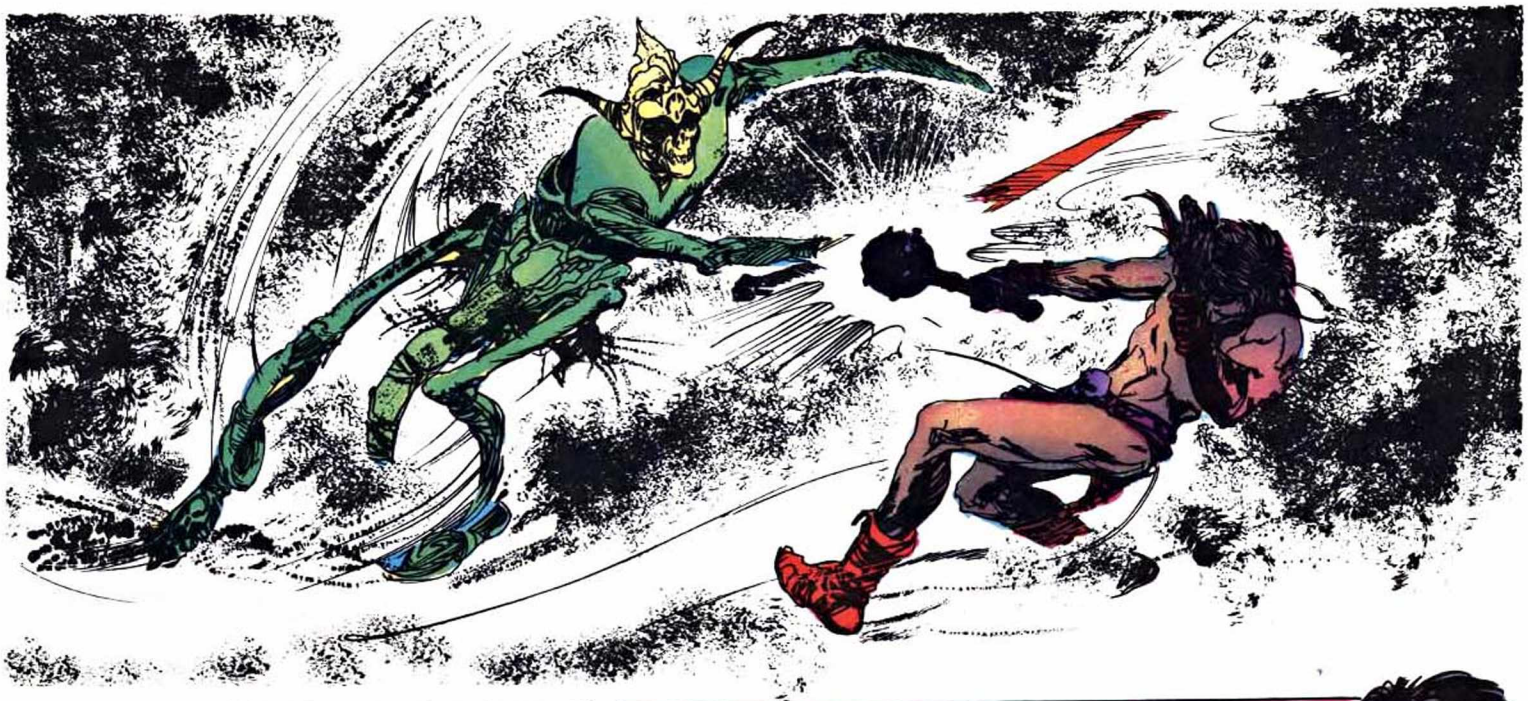
WOLFF! MY DARLING! DON'T DIE. LIVE FOR EVER IN MY ARMS.


SAVED BY THE INTERVENTION OF THE ENCHANTRESS, WOLFF IS BORNE INTO THE NIGHT, HELPLESS ACROSS THE NECK OF THE MONSTER.
SCREECHING HIS DEFIANCE AGAINST THE BONE-LITTERED LAND, THE CREATURE BORE HIS HUMAN CARGO BACK TO HIS MISTRESS'S ELDRITCH DOMAIN. THE CRUNCHING OF LONG-DRY BONES BORE WITNESS TO THE LEGIONS OF THOSE WHO HAD PASSED THAT WAY BEFORE.
THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST CONTEMPLATED THE STILL BODY OF THE GIANT WARRIOR. HE MUST NOT DIE! HER LANDS WERE SEEDED WITH THE BODIES OF COWARDS. SHE MUST HAVE A MAN TO AID HER!
AS HIS BODY TOUCHED THE DANK STONES OF THE TEMPLE FLOOR, WOLFF OPENED HIS EYES.

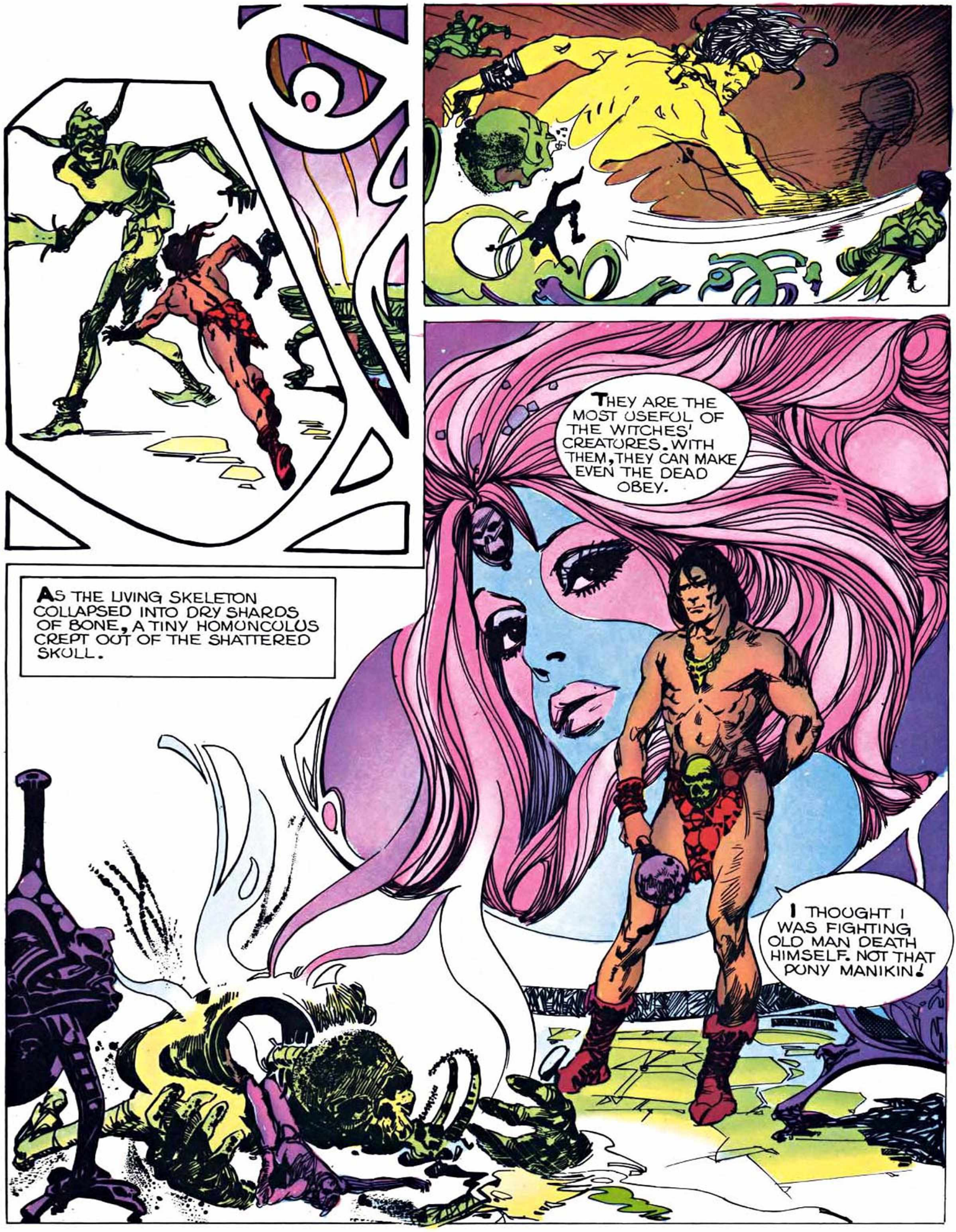

WOLFF, WAKE UP! RAKAH BROUGHT YOU HERE. FOOL! TO IMAGINE THAT YOU MIGHT DEFEAT THE INVULNERABLE RAKAH. HE OBEYS ONLY ME.
OPEN YOUR EYES AGAIN. LOOK UPON ME, WOLFF. YOU ARE IN MY DEMESNE NOW. YOU ARE IN THE POWER OF THE SORCERESS.
LOOK AT ME. GAZE AT MY LIPS, MOIST WITH DESIRE FOR YOU. MY ARMS REACH OUT FOR YOU. I AM VENUS. I AM IN THE SUN AND THE MOON AND THE WEST WIND. I AM NOW AND ALWAYS. I OFFER YOU MY LOVE. WHAT SAY YOU?
THE LEGEND OF REP-TAH IS TRUE. MISTRESS, YOU ARE INDEED A BEAUTY AMONGST BEAUTIES!
WHEN I WAS A CHILD, PUKING AT MY MOTHER'S BREAST, IT WAS YOUR FACE THAT I SAW. I THOUGHT THE SUN ROSE IN YOUR EYES. I DESIRED YOU AND... AND I... I FEARED YOU.
HIS BLOOD BURNED IN HIS VEINS LIKE ICE. HE FELT HIS HEART RACE AS HE REMEMBERED. HE THOUGHT BACK TO HIS YOUTH WHEN FIRST HE MASTERED ALL WEAPONS. BACK TO WHEN HE SLUNK OFF ALONE TO THINK ON THE PERILOUS BEAUTY OF THE WOMEN WHO NOW FACED HIM.

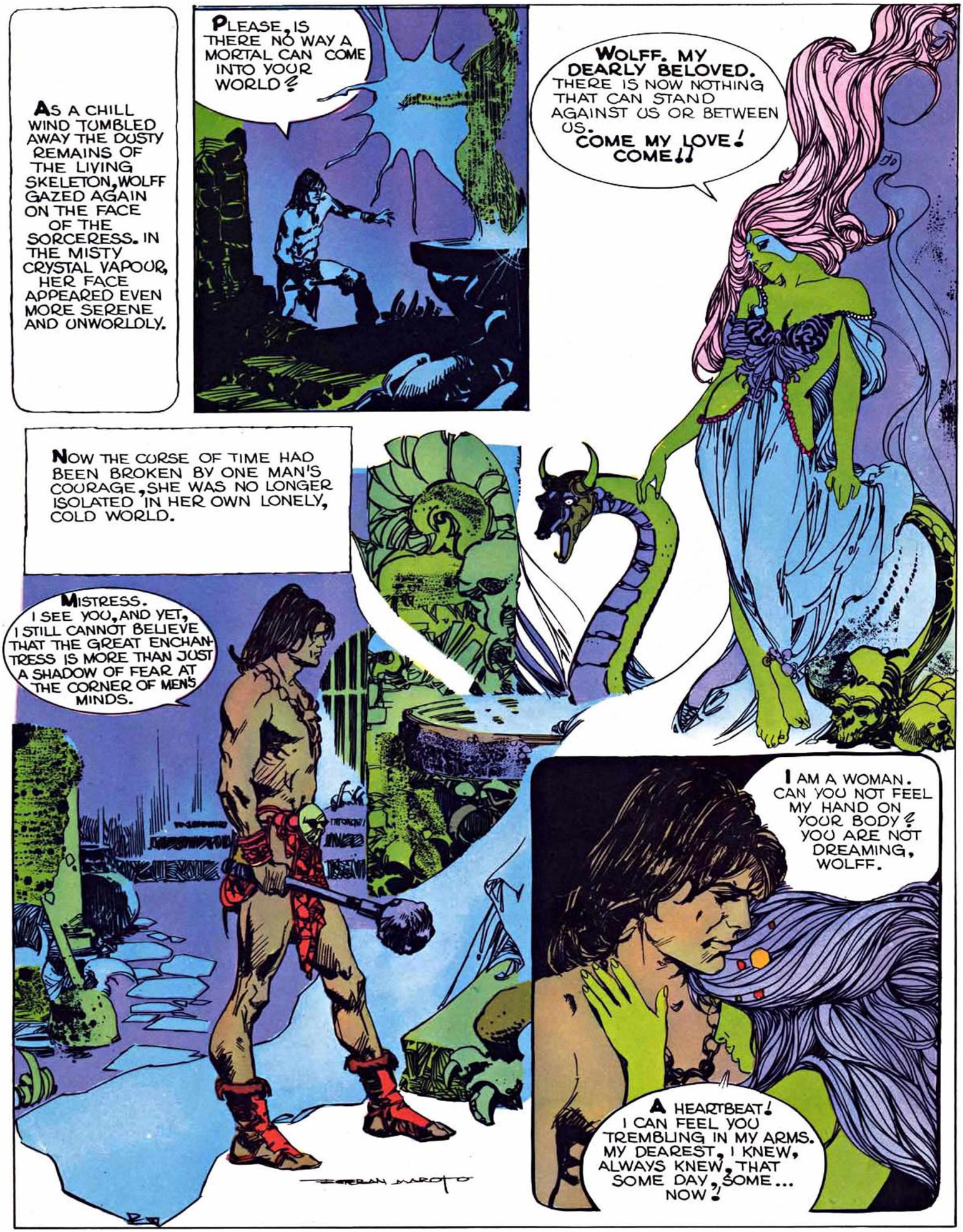
NOW SHE WAS THERE. HIS DREAM MADE FLESH. MORE WONDROUS AND MORE FEARFUL THAN IN ANY OF HIS WILDEST DREAMS. SO PERFECT!
IF YOU TRULY KNOW EVERYTHING, TELL ME WHETHER MY QUEST WILL BE SUCCESSFUL.
WILL I FIND MY PEOPLE?
WILL I EVER AGAIN SEE MY DEAR WIFE, BRUMA?
A MAN ALONE IS NOTHING. A MAN ALONE HAS NO VALUE. WOLFF HAD BEEN ALONE FOR TOO LONG.
FOR A MOMENT, THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST ALLOWED HIM TO SEE HIS TRIBE. WOLFF COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE THE NIGHTMARE HE SAW.
WOUNDS OF CROM! THE COAST OF DEATH! THEY ARE IN THE SWAMPS OF GINZA!

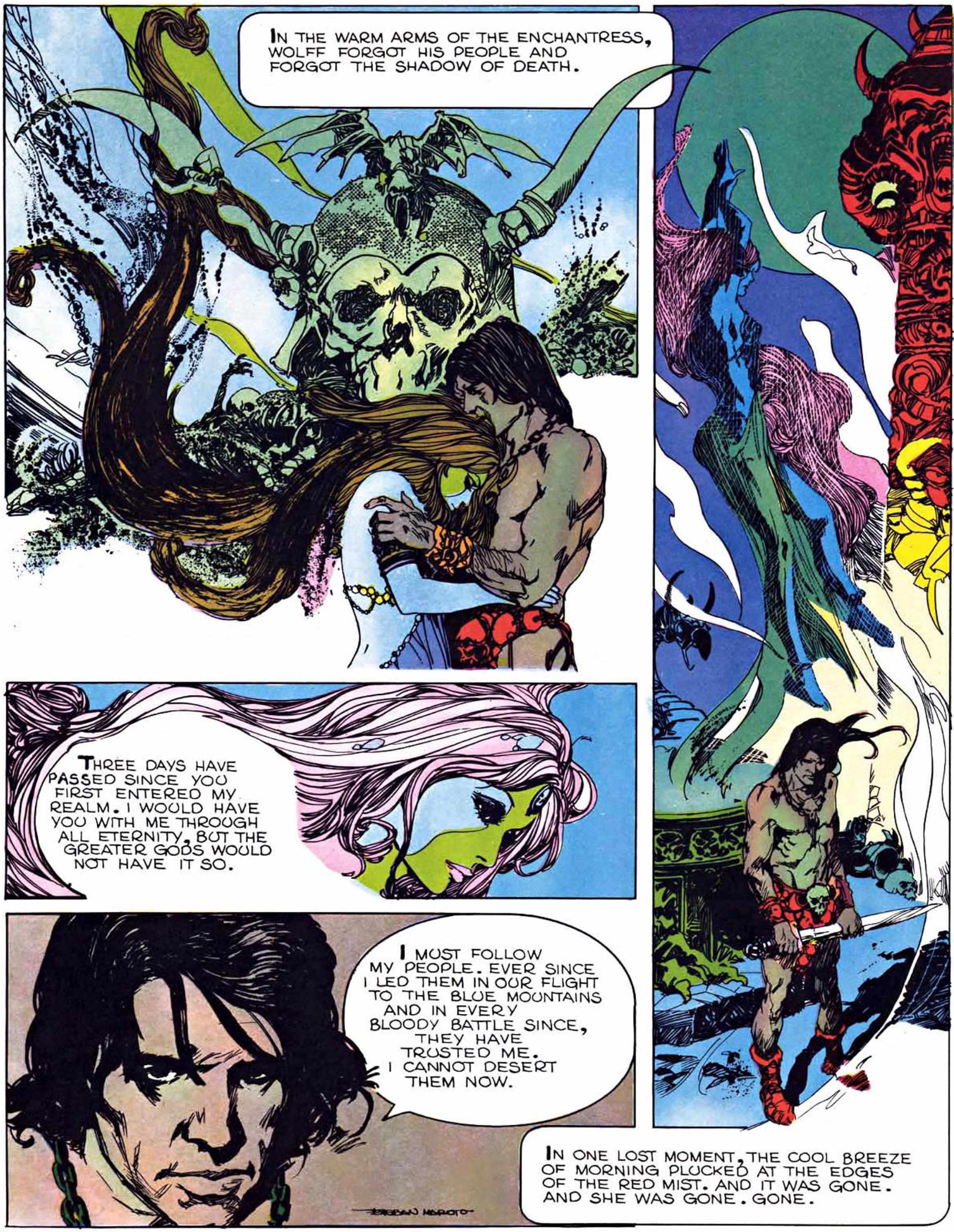

BLIND WITH RAGE, WOLFF STROCK OUT WILDLY WITH HIS MACE.
WOLFF SOBBED HELPLESSLY AS HIS ENEMIES MOCKED HIM.
THE WITCH WATCHED HIM IMPASSIVELY, LETTING HIS ANGER BURN ITSELF OUT. WITH IMMORTAL CALM, SHE GAZED AT THE MAN SHE DESIRED.
WOUNDS OF SET!! NOOOOO!
THE CREATURES OF DARKNESS HAD NO NEED TO APPEAR TO HIM. THEY SENT THEIR EMISSARY.



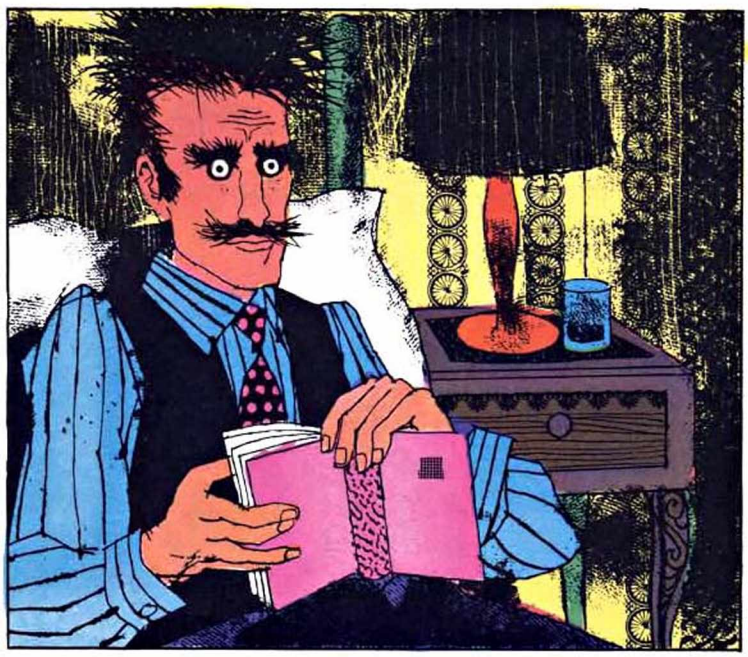
A CREATURE OF BONE AND A SWORD OF LIVING FIRE!
WHATEVER IT MIGHT BE, LIVING, DEAD OR... NEITHER, AT LEAST IT WAS VISIBLE. AT LEAST IT MOVED AND COULD BE STRUCK. WOLFF ATTACKED FIERCELY, PANTING AND GROWLING DEEP IN HIS THROAT.
I HAD EXPECTED YOU IN SOMARRA. BUT, NOT HERE. AND, NOT YET!
AT THE BACK OF THE NECK, WOLFF. IT'S THE ONLY PLACE. NOW!!

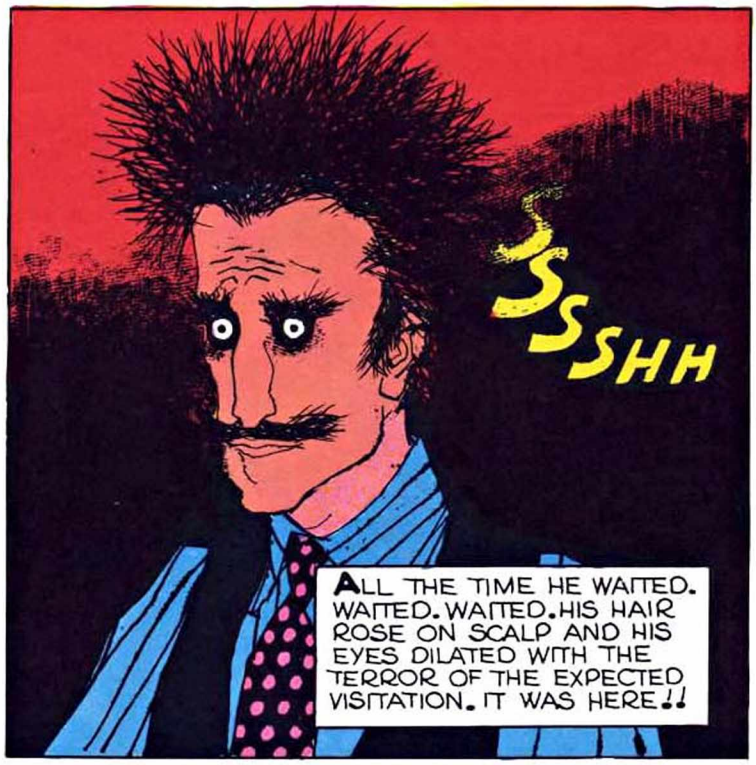

AS THE LIVING SKELETON COLLAPSED INTO DRY SHARDS OF BONE, A TINY HOMONCULUS CREPT OUT OF THE SHATTERED SKULL.
THEY ARE THE MOST USEFUL OF THE WITCHES' CREATURES. WITH THEM, THEY CAN MAKE EVEN THE DEAD OBEY.
I THOUGHT I WAS FIGHTING OLD MAN DEATH HIMSELF. NOT THAT PONY MANIKIN!


AS A CHILL WIND TUMBLED AWAY THE DUSTY REMAINS OF THE LIVING SKELETON, WOLFF GAZED AGAIN ON THE FACE OF THE SORCERESS. IN THE MISTY CRYSTAL VAPOUR, HER FACE APPEARED EVEN MORE SERENE AND UNWORLDLY.
PLEASE, IS THERE NO WAY A MORTAL CAN COME INTO YOUR WORLD?
WOLFF. MY DEARLY BELOVED. THERE IS NOW NOTHING THAT CAN STAND AGAINST US OR BETWEEN US. COME MY LOVE! COME!!
NOW THE CURSE OF TIME HAD BEEN BROKEN BY ONE MAN'S COURAGE, SHE WAS NO LONGER ISOLATED IN HER OWN LONELY, COLD WORLD.
MISTRESS. I SEE YOU, AND YET, I STILL CANNOT BELIEVE THAT THE GREAT ENCHANTRESS IS MORE THAN JUST A SHADOW OF FEAR AT THE CORNER OF MEN'S MINDS.
I AM A WOMAN. CAN YOU NOT FEEL MY HAND ON YOUR BODY? YOU ARE NOT DREAMING, WOLFF.
A HEARTBEAT! I CAN FEEL YOU TREMBLING IN MY ARMS. MY DEAREST, I KNEW, ALWAYS KNEW, THAT SOME DAY, SOME... NOW!
ESTEBAN MAROTO


IN THE WARM ARMS OF THE ENCHANTRESS, WOLFF FORGOT HIS PEOPLE AND FORGOT THE SHADOW OF DEATH.
THREE DAYS HAVE PASSED SINCE YOU FIRST ENTERED MY REALM. I WOULD HAVE YOU WITH ME THROUGH ALL ETERNITY, BUT THE GREATER GODS WOULD NOT HAVE IT SO.
I MUST FOLLOW MY PEOPLE. EVER SINCE I LED THEM IN OUR FLIGHT TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS AND IN EVERY BLOODY BATTLE SINCE, THEY HAVE TRUSTED ME. I CANNOT DESERT THEM NOW.
IN ONE LOST MOMENT, THE COOL BREEZE OF MORNING PLUCKED AT THE EDGES OF THE RED MIST. AND IT WAS GONE. AND SHE WAS GONE. GONE.

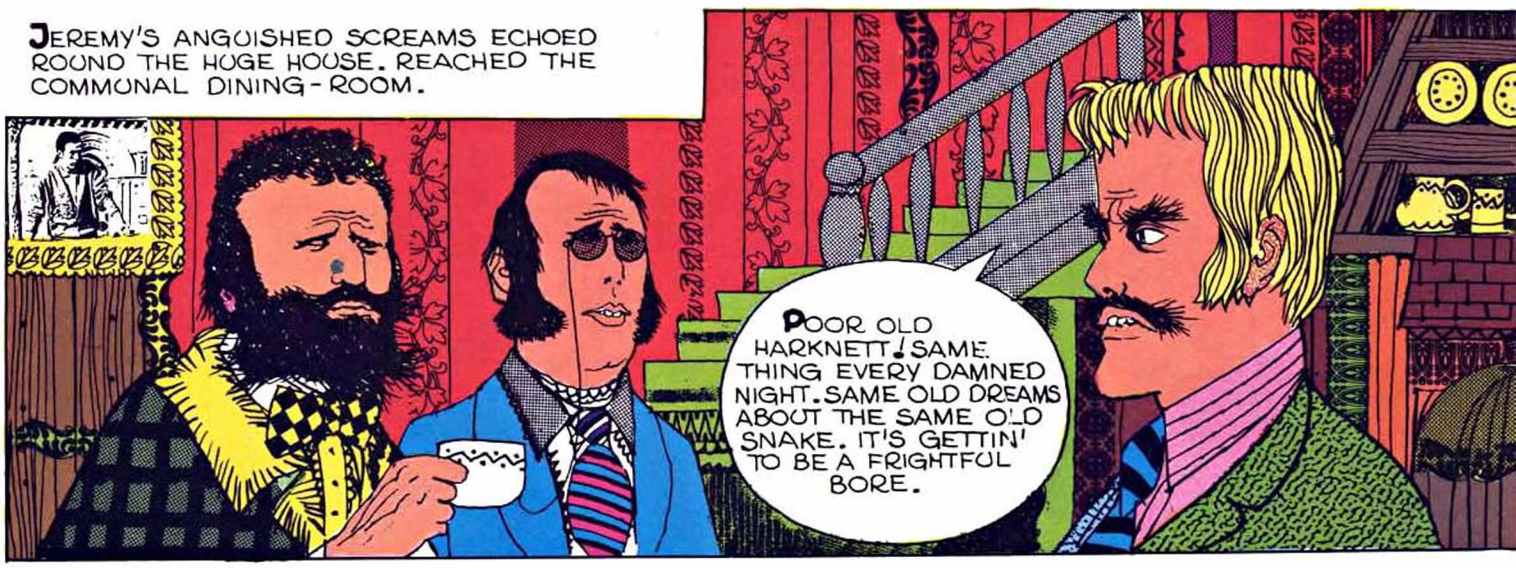
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, AS PART OF AN UNALTERABLE ROUTINE, JEREMY HARKNETT WOULD READ JUST FOUR PAGES OF A BOOK, BEFORE RETIRING TO HIS BED. ANY BOOK.





THE SNAKE

JEREMY'S ANGUISHED SCREAMS ECHOED ROUND THE HUGE HOUSE. REACHED THE COMMONAL DINING-ROOM.



THE NIGHT ISN'T EVEN OVER WHEN HIS FRIENDS RETURN AGAIN TO TRY AND QUIETEN HIM.

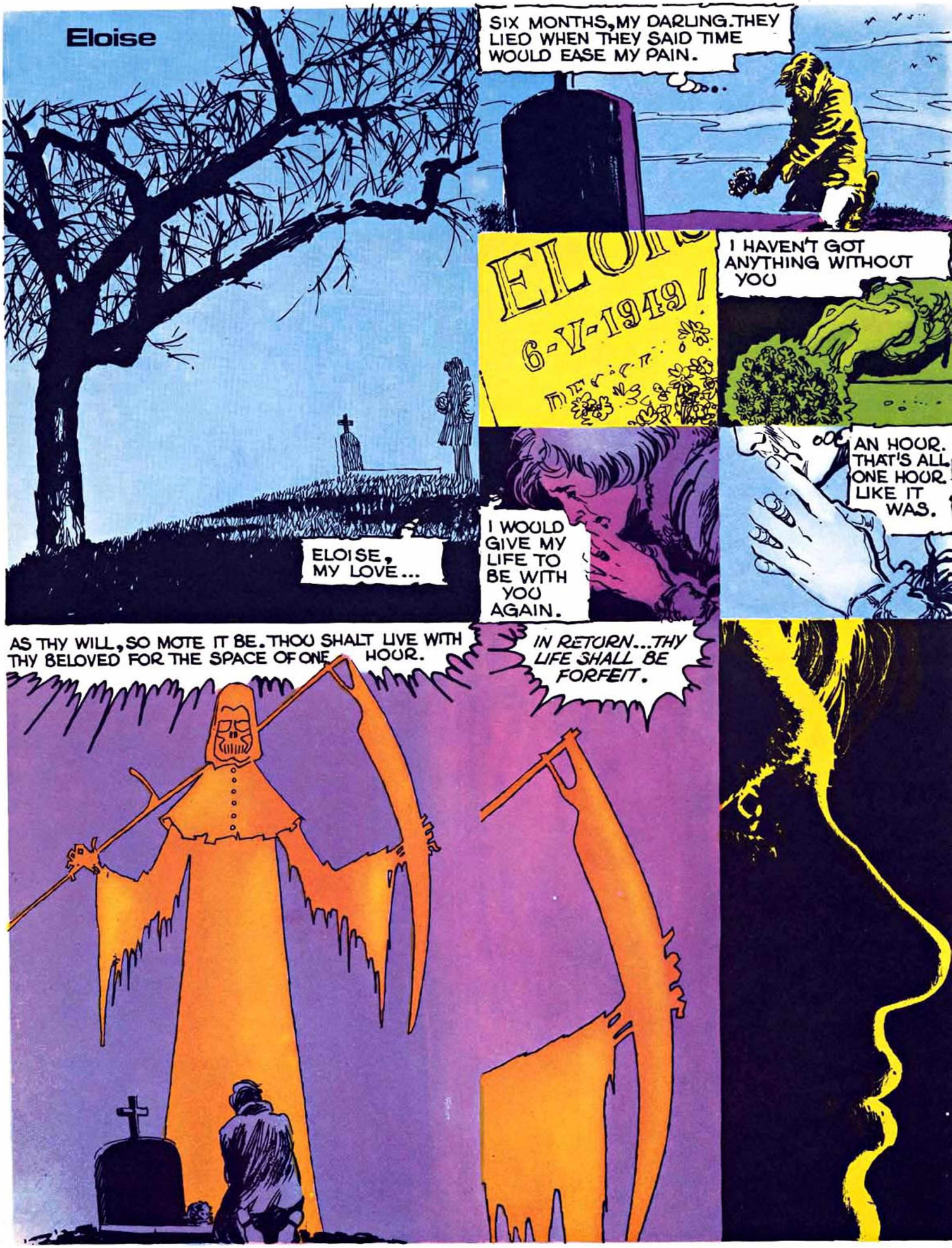
THEY DON'T BELIEVE ME. BUT I'VE SEEN IT. GOD, I'VE FELT IT! IT WON'T GO AWAY. IT'LL BE BACK! SOON.

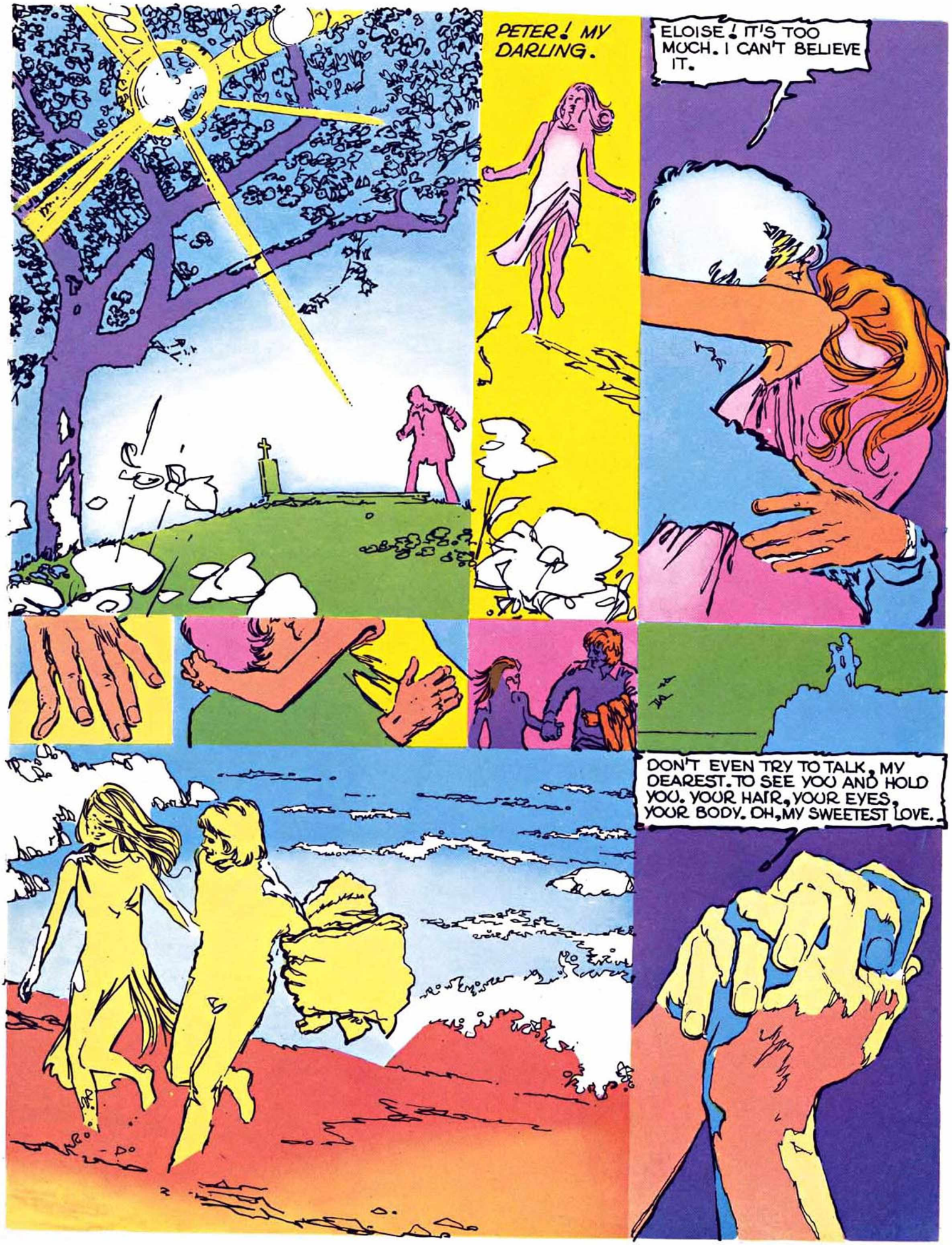
WHEN HE FINALLY TURNED OUT HIS LIGHT. THERE WAS A RUSTLING AND THE FAINTEST OF HISSES.
SSSHHH

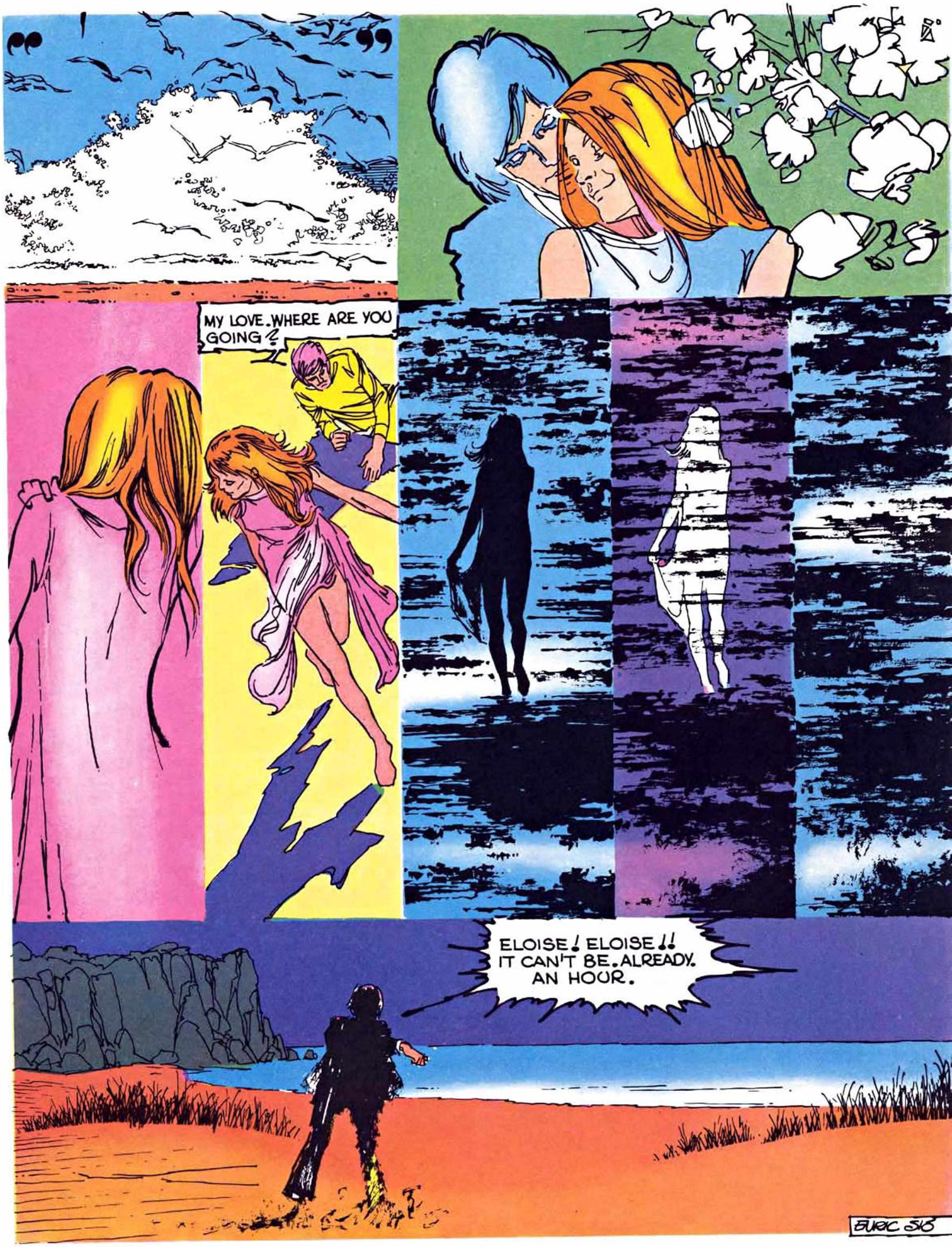
THIS TIME, HIS CRIES DID NOT DISTURB HIS FRIENDS. HE COULD NO LONGER CRY OUT. HE COULD NO LONGER EVEN **BREATHE.**

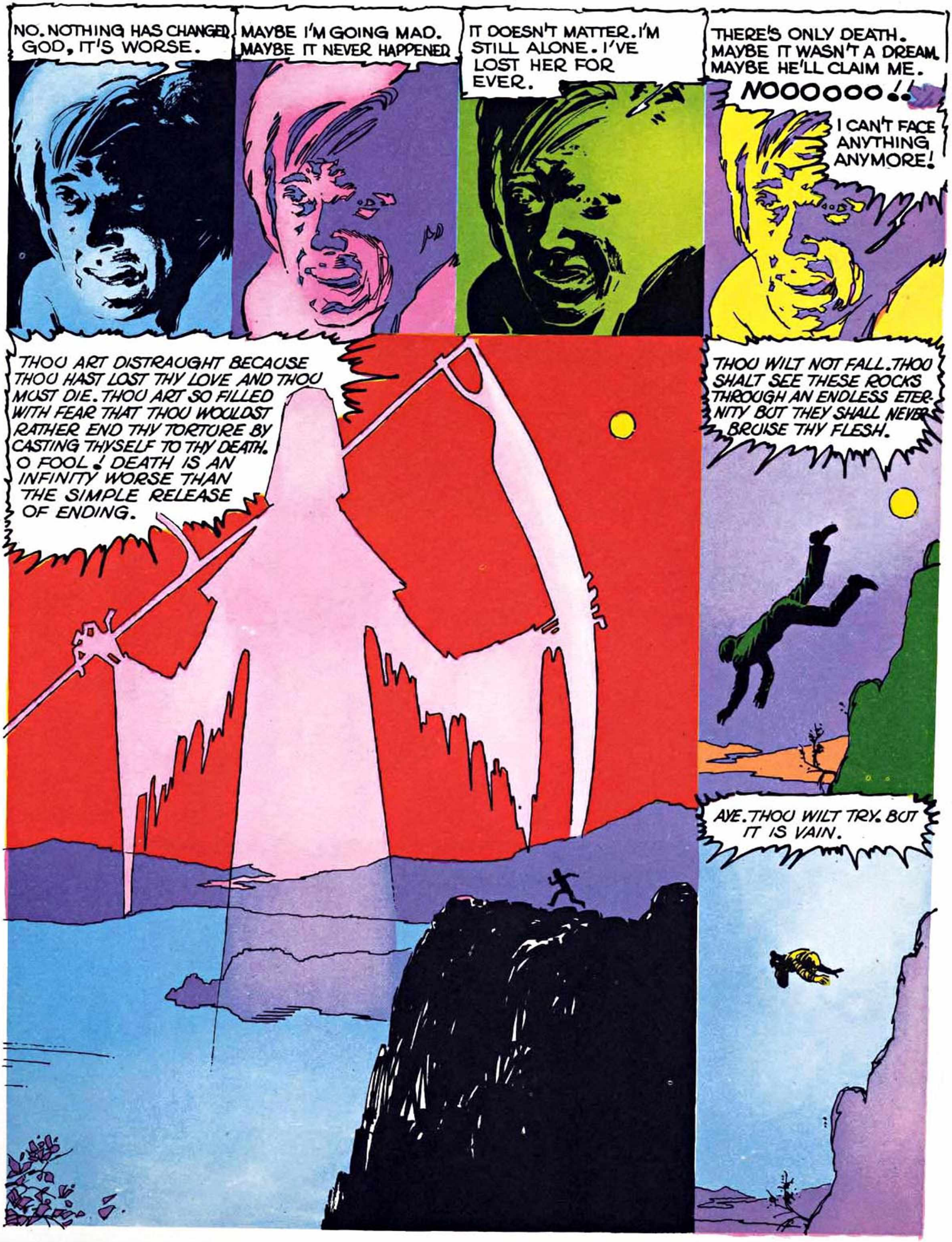
I THINK HE'S FINALLY DROPPED OFF. ABOUT TIME TOO. LET'S HOPE WE NEVER HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT HIS SNAKE, EVER AGAIN.

THE FRIENDS OF JEREMY HARKNETT WERE, OF COURSE, RIGHT. THERE AREN'T ANY SNAKES IN LONDON FLATS. THE ROOMS ARE TOTALLY INNOCUOUS EVEN DULL. SAME OLD CHAIRS, BEDS, WARDROBES, PICTURES, CARPETS AND... CURTAINS. YOU ONLY FIND SNAKES IN MALAYA, OR AFRICA, PERHAPS IN THE DARK VALLEYS OF THE AMAZON. BUT, NOT IN LONDON. NOT IN THE CHINTZY CHEERINESS OF MRS. NEWMAN'S DEAN STREET APARTMENT. NEVER. ALL HIS FRIENDS SAID SO: CECIL, TONY, ROGER AND CHRISTOPHER: THEY ALL SAID SO. AND THEY WERE NEVER WRONG!! NOT IN MRS. NEWMAN'S. SHE WAS TOO HOUSE-PROUD. TOO CAREFUL OF HER ROOMS: THE FURNITURE, THE CARPETS, THE CURTAINS. SLEEP WELL JEREMY HARKNETT. NOW YOUR FRIENDS HAVE SOMETHING TO EXPIATE - A PETTINESS.

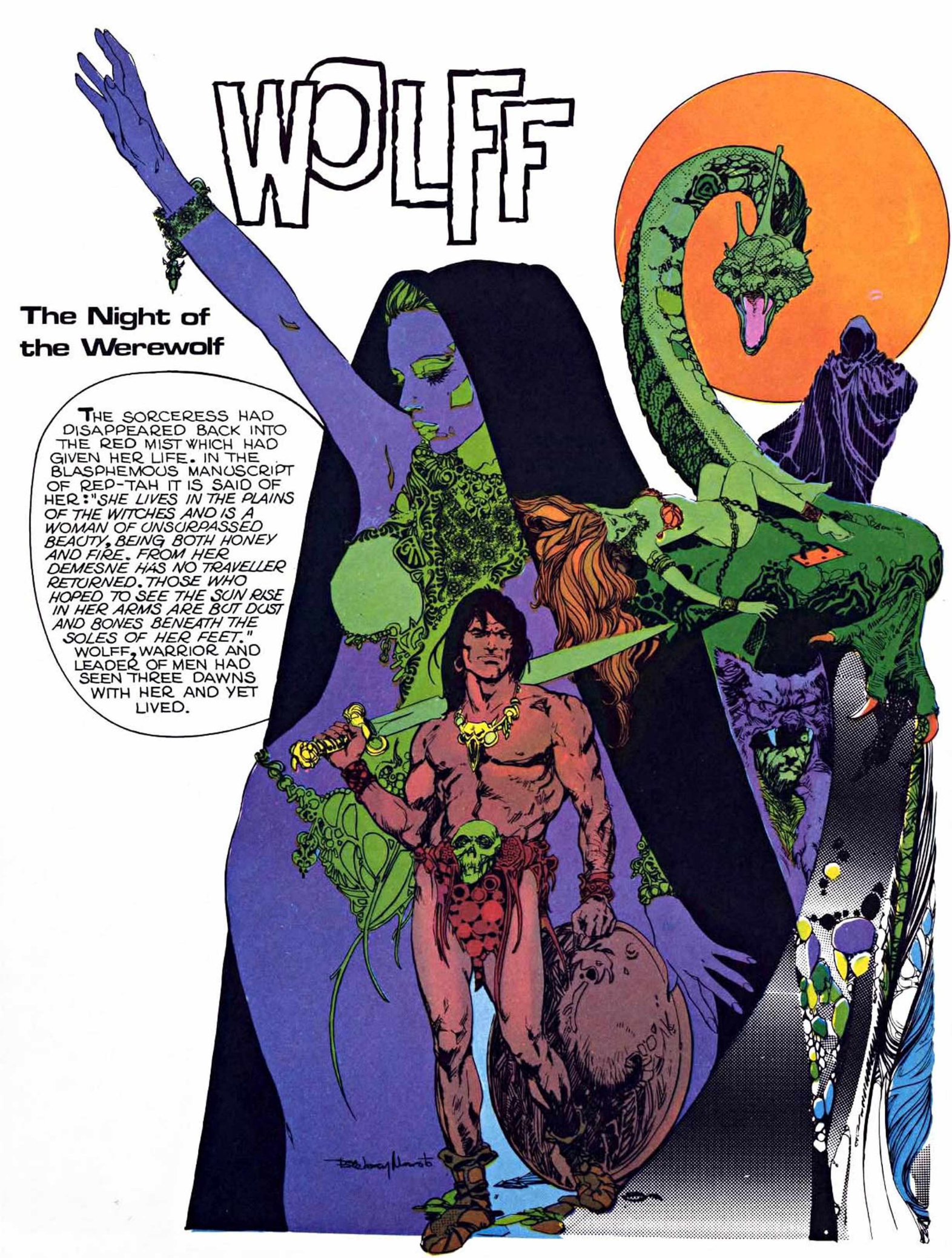

Eloise
SIX MONTHS, MY DARLING. THEY LIED WHEN THEY SAID TIME WOULD EASE MY PAIN.
ELOISE
6-V-1949
I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING WITHOUT YOU
ELOISE, MY LOVE...
I WOULD GIVE MY LIFE TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN.
AN HOUR. THAT'S ALL. ONE HOUR. LIKE IT WAS.
AS THY WILL, SO MOTE IT BE. THOU SHALT LIVE WITH THY BELOVED FOR THE SPACE OF ONE HOUR.
IN RETURN... THY LIFE SHALL BE FORFEIT.


PETER! MY DARLING.
ELOISE! IT'S TOO MUCH. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
DON'T EVEN TRY TO TALK, MY DEAREST. TO SEE YOU AND HOLD YOU. YOUR HAIR, YOUR EYES, YOUR BODY. OH, MY SWEETEST LOVE.

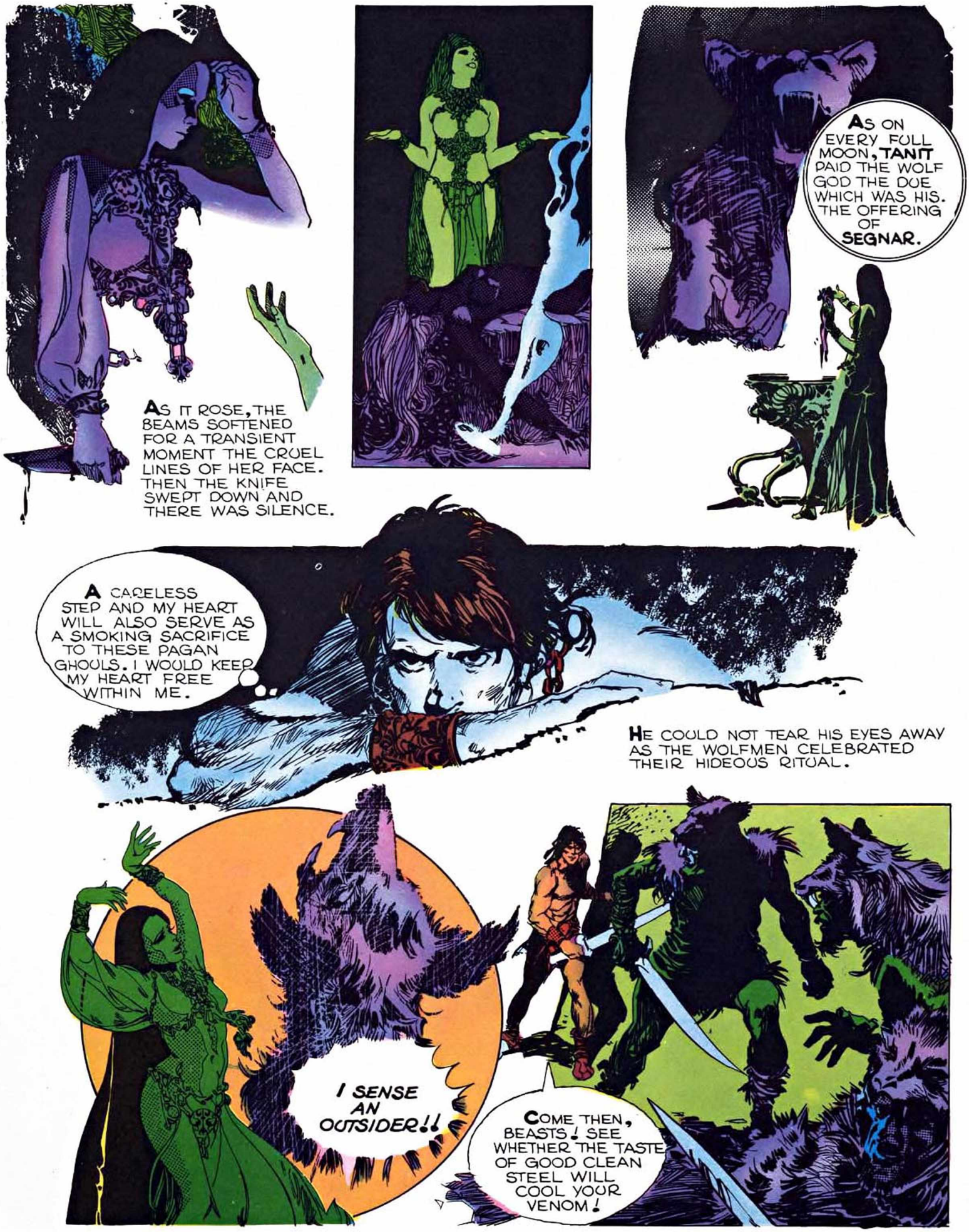

MY LOVE. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!
ELOISE! ELOISE!! IT CAN'T BE. ALREADY. AN HOUR.
ENRIC SIÓ


NO. NOTHING HAS CHANGED. GOD, IT'S WORSE.
MAYBE I'M GOING MAD. MAYBE IT NEVER HAPPENED.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. I'M STILL ALONE. I'VE LOST HER FOR EVER.
THERE'S ONLY DEATH. MAYBE IT WASN'T A DREAM. MAYBE HE'LL CLAIM ME.
NOOOOOO!!
I CAN'T FACE ANYTHING ANYMORE!
THOU ART DISTRAUGHT BECAUSE THOU HAST LOST THY LOVE AND THOU MUST DIE. THOU ART SO FILLED WITH FEAR THAT THOU WOULDST RATHER END THY TORTURE BY CASTING THYSELF TO THY DEATH. O FOOL! DEATH IS AN INFINITY WORSE THAN THE SIMPLE RELEASE OF ENDING.
THOU WILT NOT FALL. THOU SHALT SEE THESE ROCKS THROUGH AN ENDLESS ETERNITY BUT THEY SHALL NEVER BRUISE THY FLESH.
AYE. THOU WILT TRY. BUT IT IS VAIN.

THOU WILT TRY TO SHUT OUT THIS LANDSCAPE THAT SURROUNDS THEE. THOU CANST NOT. FOR EVER. THERE WILL BE NO CHANGE IN THESE ROCKS OR IN THEE. THE TIME WILL COME TO THEE WHEN IT WILL ALL BECOME NECESSARY. AT THAT MOMENT, THOU WILT COMPREHEND THE MAJESTY OF ETERNITY.
THEN THERE WILL BE DARK. THOU WILT WISH TO LOSE ALL THY SENSES RATHER THAN ENDURE. BUT, THOU WILT ENDURE. FOR THERE WILL BE NO CHOICE.
FOR EVER, THOU WILT FEEL DESOLATION. THOU WILT BE ALONE. ONE LAST THOUGHT. I WILL NOT EVEN GIVE THEE THE PLEASURE OF GOING MAD. FARE THEE WELL.
ELOOOIIIIISEEEEE!!


WOLFF
The Night of the Werewolf
THE SORCERESS HAD DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE RED MIST WHICH HAD GIVEN HER LIFE. IN THE BLASPHEMOUS MANUSCRIPT OF REP-TAH IT IS SAID OF HER: "SHE LIVES IN THE PLAINS OF THE WITCHES AND IS A WOMAN OF UNSURPASSED BEAUTY, BEING BOTH HONEY AND FIRE. FROM HER DEMESNE HAS NO TRAVELLER RETURNED. THOSE WHO HOPED TO SEE THE SUN RISE IN HER ARMS ARE BUT DUST AND BONES BENEATH THE SOLES OF HER FEET." WOLFF, WARRIOR AND LEADER OF MEN HAD SEEN THREE DAWNS WITH HER AND YET LIVED.

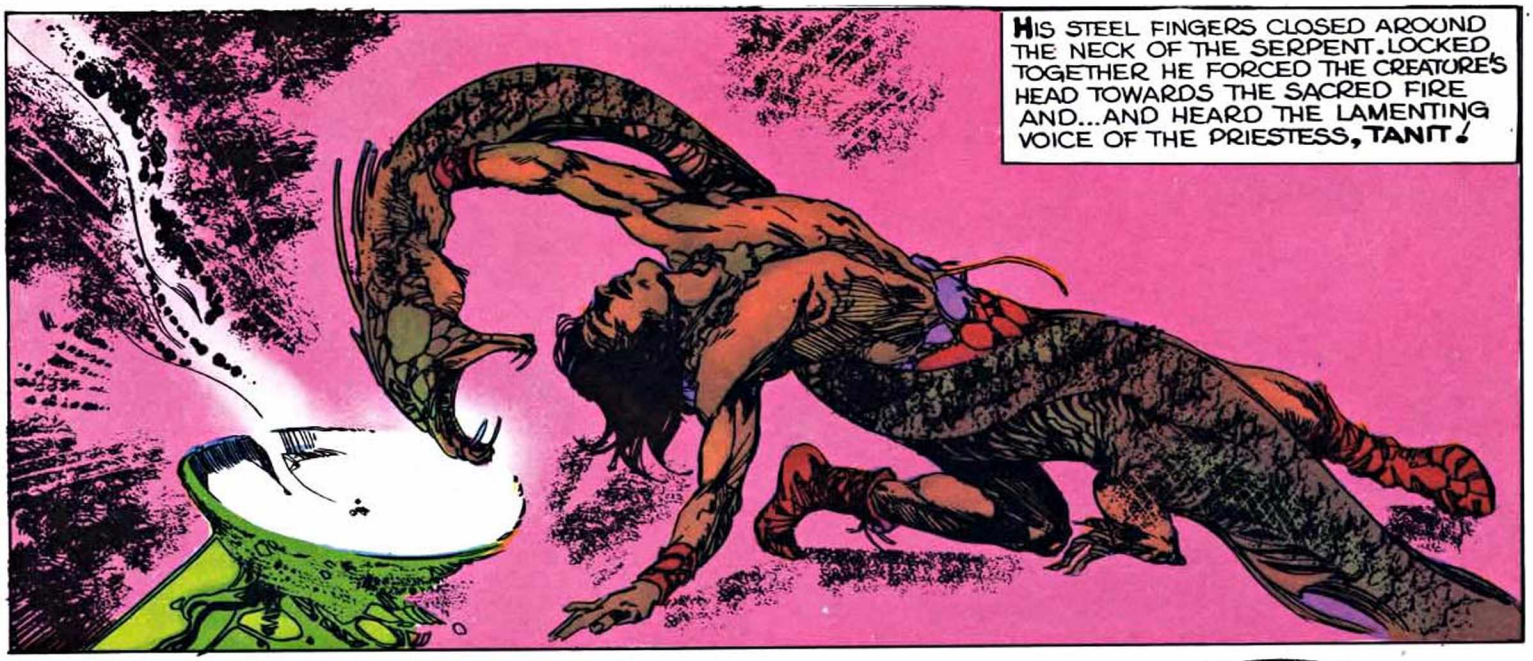
NOW IT WAS COLD NIGHT AND THE WARMTH OF HER EMBRACES LAY FAR BEHIND HIM. A CHILL WIND WHISPERED THROUGH THE TREES.
DRUMS! IN THIS PLACE! BLOOD OF CROM, IT MUST BE THE WOLF CULT.
THE BOOK OF LONG-DEAD REP-TAH MENTIONED THE FOUL CULT OF WOLVES AS AN ABERRATION OF A DISTANT PEOPLE, AWFUL BEYOND HUMAN THOUGHT.
A SCREAM! I HEARD THE CRY OF A WOUNDED DEER; NOW THERE IS NOTHING.
TANIT, HIGH-PRIESTESS OF THE COLT, RAISED THE DAGGER HIGH AND WAITED FOR THE MOON TO UNVEIL HERSELF.

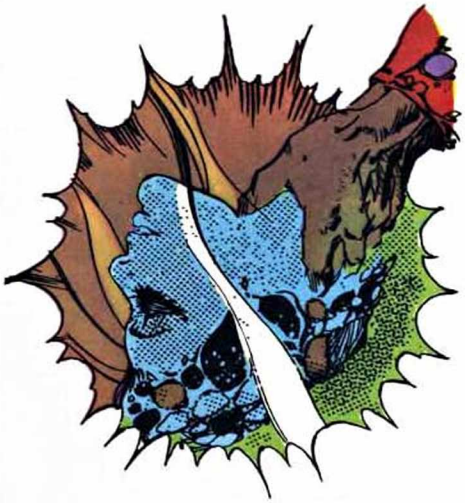

AS IT ROSE, THE BEAMS SOFTENED FOR A TRANSIENT MOMENT THE CRUEL LINES OF HER FACE. THEN THE KNIFE SWEPT DOWN AND THERE WAS SILENCE.
AS ON EVERY FULL MOON, TANIT PAID THE WOLF GOD THE DUE WHICH WAS HIS. THE OFFERING OF SEGNAR.
A CARELESS STEP AND MY HEART WILL ALSO SERVE AS A SMOKING SACRIFICE TO THESE PAGAN GHOULS. I WOULD KEEP MY HEART FREE WITHIN ME.
HE COULD NOT TEAR HIS EYES AWAY AS THE WOLFMEN CELEBRATED THEIR HIDEOUS RITUAL.
I SENSE AN OUTSIDER!!
COME THEN, BEASTS! SEE WHETHER THE TASTE OF GOOD CLEAN STEEL WILL COOL YOUR VENOM!

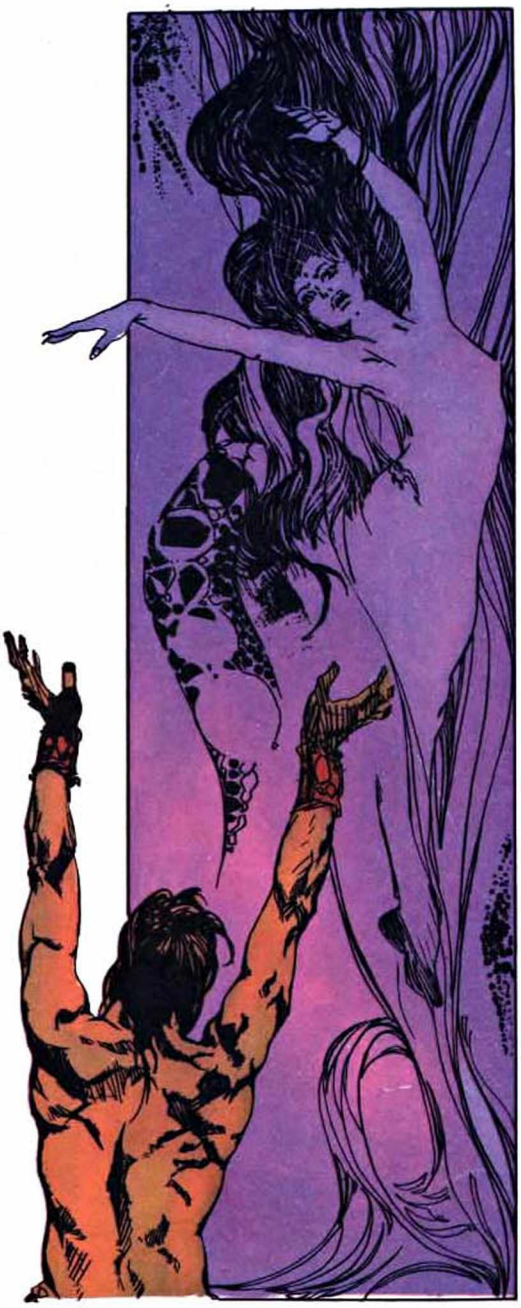
MY BLADE WILL SEEK OUT YOUR ENTRAILS.

AGAIN AND AGAIN WOLFF PLUNGED HIS SMOKING SWORD INTO THE CONVULSING BODIES OF THE WOLFMEN

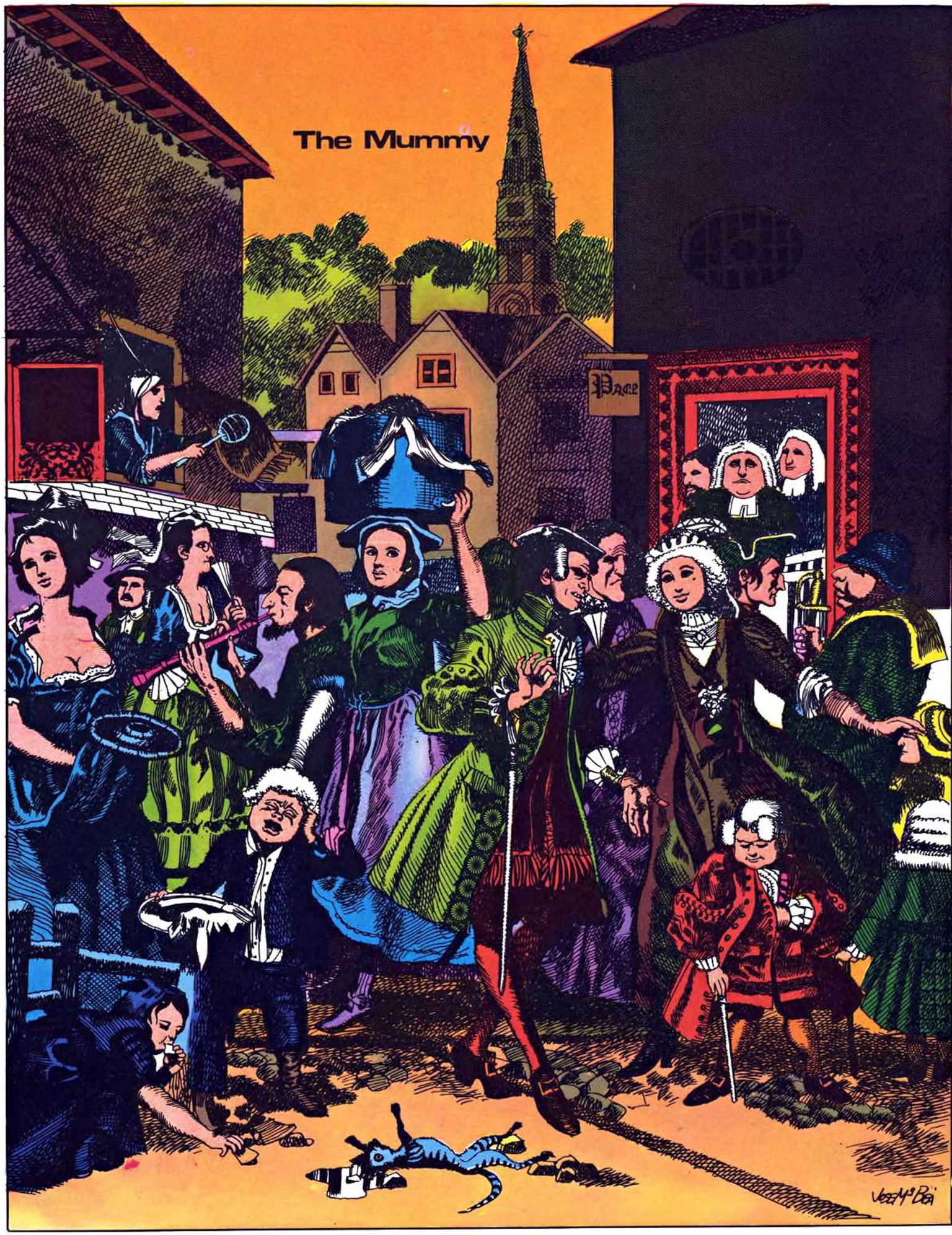
BATTLING THROUGH THEIR CORPSES, WOLFF CAME AT LAST TO THE HIGH ALTAR, STAINED DARK WITH A THOUSAND EVIL SACRIFICES.
BUT, TANIT WAS READY. SHE PLUNGED HER OWN DAGGER TWICE INTO HER OWN STOMACH BEFORE HE COULD REACH HER. THEN...

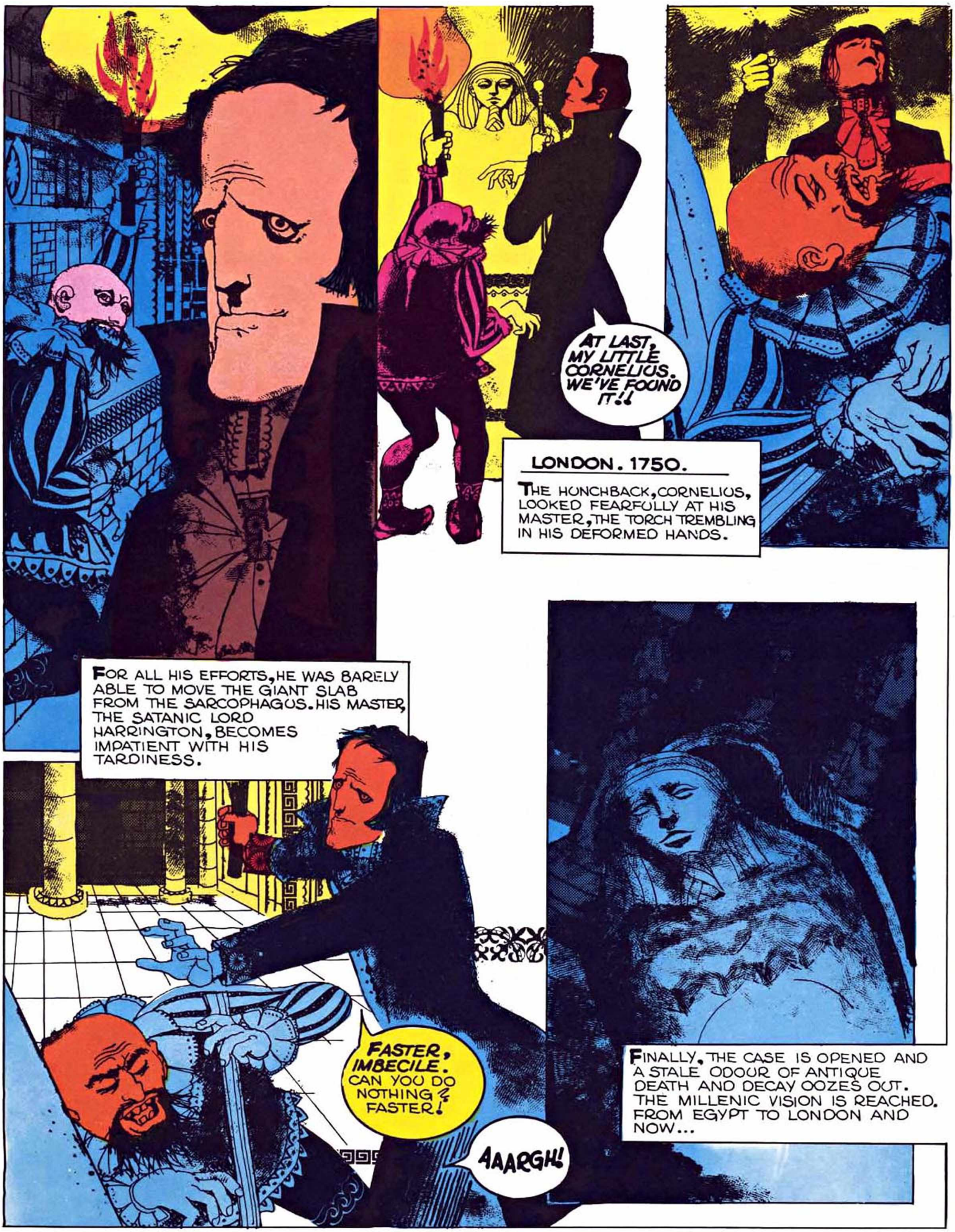




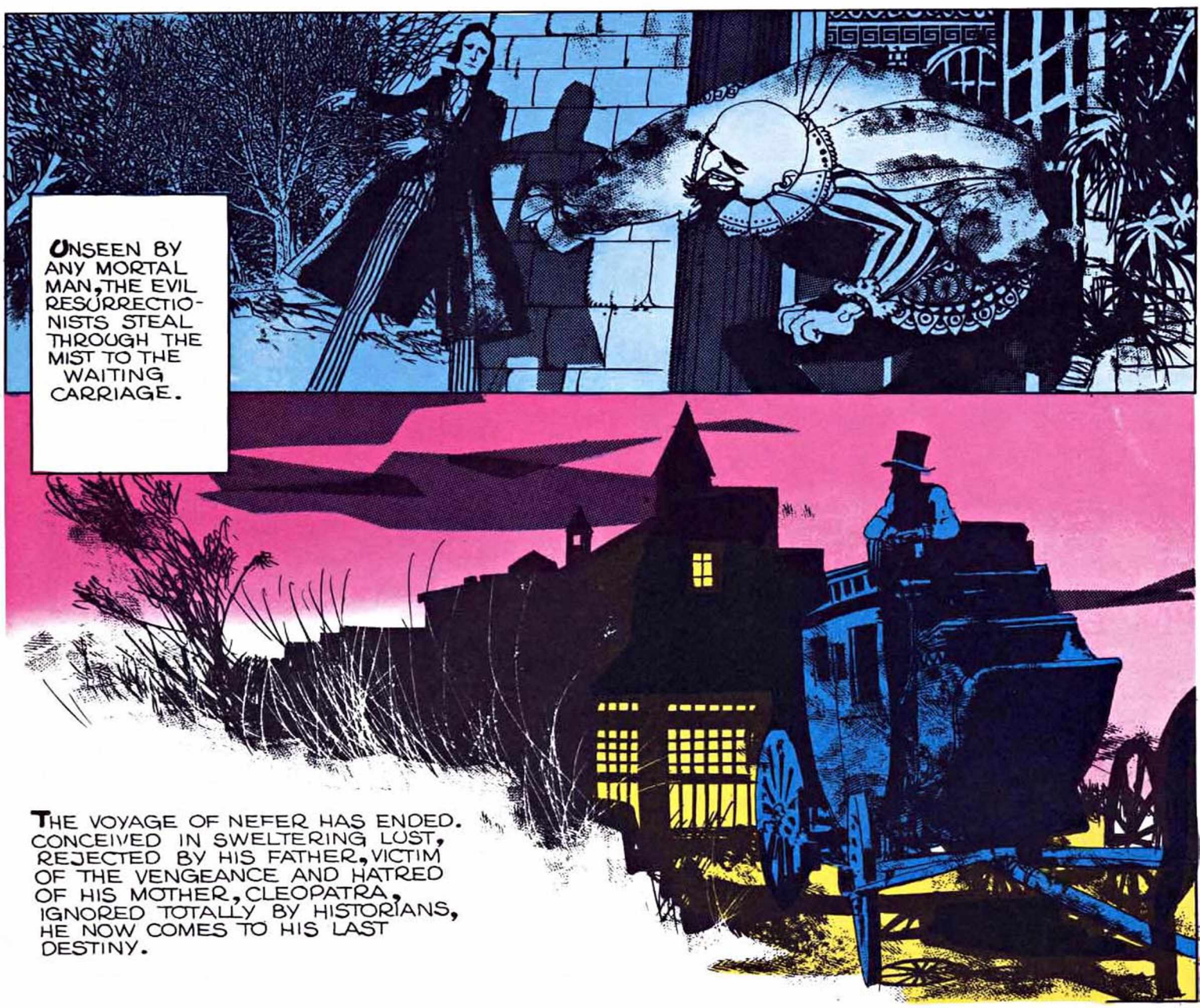


THE SECOND'S HESITATION WAS FATAL FOR **WOLFF.** HE GROWLED AS HIS ENEMY SLIPPED AWAY. HE DID NOT YET REALISE THAT **TANIT** WAS REVENGED. HE WAS A WOLFMAN!!


The Mummy

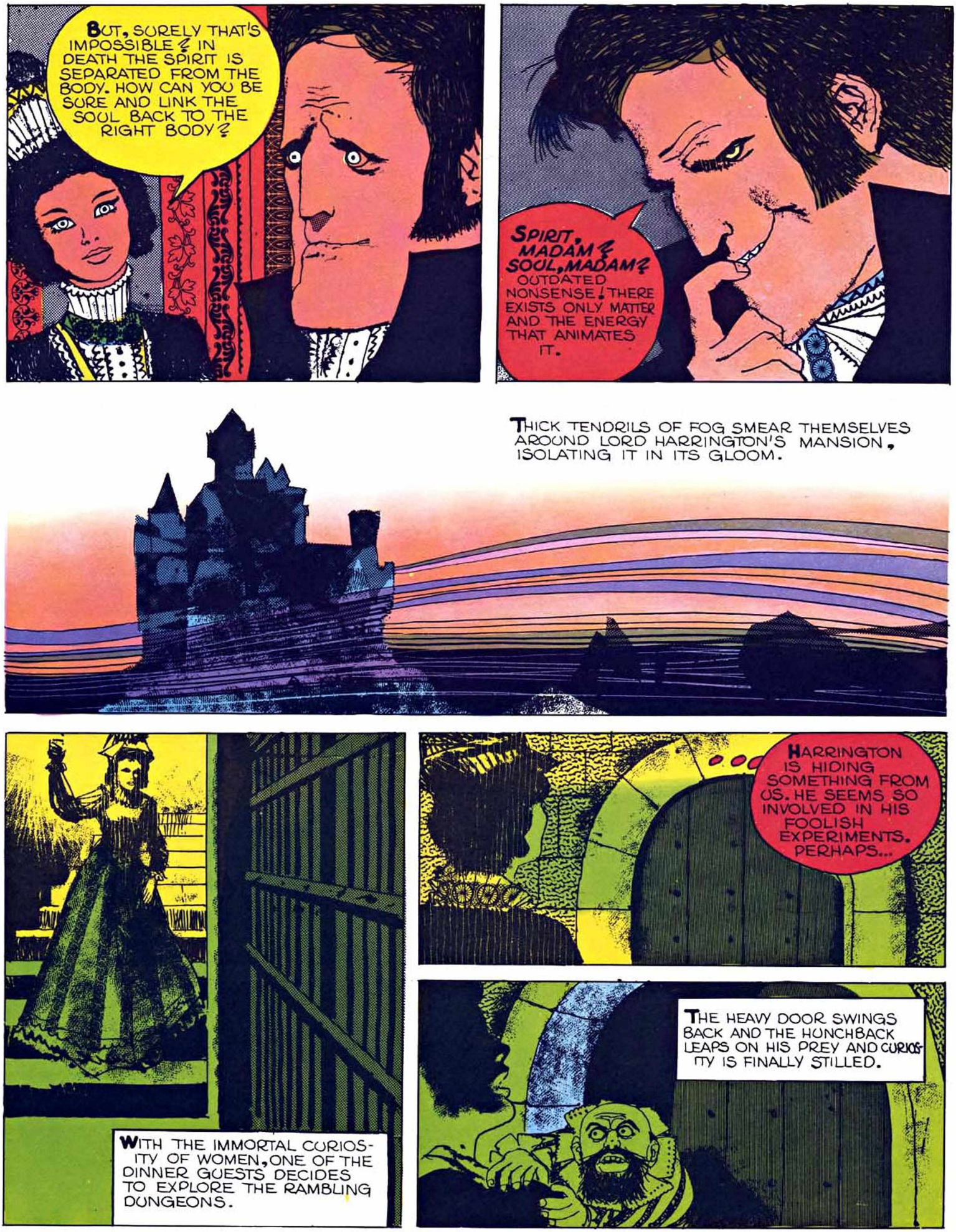

AT LAST, MY LITTLE CORNELIUS. WE'VE FOUND IT!!
LONDON. 1750.
THE HUNCHBACK, CORNELIUS, LOOKED FEARFULLY AT HIS MASTER, THE TORCH TREMBLING IN HIS DEFORMED HANDS.
FOR ALL HIS EFFORTS, HE WAS BARELY ABLE TO MOVE THE GIANT SLAB FROM THE SARCOPHAGUS. HIS MASTER, THE SATANIC LORD HARRINGTON, BECOMES IMPATIENT WITH HIS TARDINESS.
FASTER, IMBECILE. CAN YOU DO NOTHING FASTER!
AAARGH!
FINALLY, THE CASE IS OPENED AND A STALE ODOUR OF ANTIQUE DEATH AND DECAY OOZES OUT. THE MILLENIC VISION IS REACHED. FROM EGYPT TO LONDON AND NOW...

THE EONS OF TIME DO NOT SEEM TO HAVE AFFECTED THE MUMMY OF NEFER, NATURAL SON OF CLEOPATRA AND MARK ANTONY.
QUICKLY, FOOL. ON YOUR SHOULDER WITH IT AND LET'S AWAY FROM THIS ACCURSED PLACE
THE FADED CEREMENTS ARE STILL INTACT!


UNSEEN BY ANY MORTAL MAN, THE EVIL RESURRECTIONISTS STEAL THROUGH THE MIST TO THE WAITING CARRIAGE.
THE VOYAGE OF NEFER HAS ENDED. CONCEIVED IN SWELTERING LUST, REJECTED BY HIS FATHER, VICTIM OF THE VENGEANCE AND HATRED OF HIS MOTHER, CLEOPATRA, IGNORED TOTALLY BY HISTORIANS, HE NOW COMES TO HIS LAST DESTINY.

THE NEXT DAY, LONDON IS ABUZZ WITH TALK OF THE MACABRE ROBBERY.
BUT, MY DEAR LADY FAWBERT, HOW CAN THEY POSSIBLY BE INTERESTED IN A ROTTING OLD BODY OF SOME EGYPTIAN PRINCELING. THEY LEFT THE GOLD SARCOPHAGUS BEHIND!
TRULY, LORD VICTOR, I CAN THINK OF MANY USES WHICH I MIGHT FIND FOR A LIVING BODY, BUT, A DEAD ONE! UGH!
WHEN A BODY HAS BEEN EMBALMED BY THE EGYPTIANS, IT IS PERFECTLY PRESERVED. CERTAIN ORGANIC SUBSTANCES ACTUALLY CONTROLLED THE CHEMICAL PROCESSES OF DEATH.

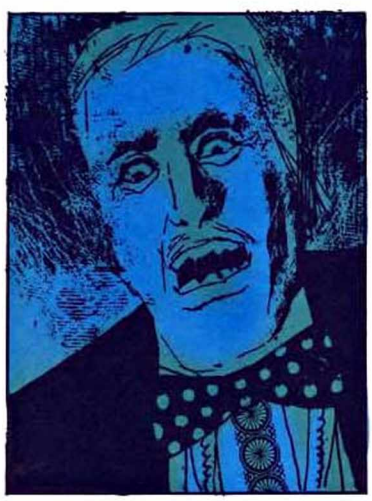
LORD HARRINGTON, YOU SEEM TO KNOW MUCH OF DEATH.
MADAM; I KNOW MORE THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE.
AS A SPECIALIST IN AFFAIRS OF MEDICINE, I HAVE BEEN LED TO CERTAIN DEDUCTIONS ON THE VERY NATURE OF DEATH ITSELF. I AM CONVINCED THAT ACTION AT THE RIGHT TIME AND IN THE RIGHT WAY CAN ACTUALLY HALT THE PROCESS OF DECOMPOSITION.
AT FIRST I INJECTED DRUGS INTO THE BLOOD TO TRY AND INDUCE A FORM OF NATURAL HIBERNATION. ALTHOUGH THE TISSUE WAS KEPT ALIVE, THE BODY DIED.
THEN I DISCOVERED THAT THE EGYPTIANS, THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, HAD POSSESSED THE SECRET WHICH I WAS SEEKING. NOW I AM READY FOR THE SECOND STEP- REANIMATION!

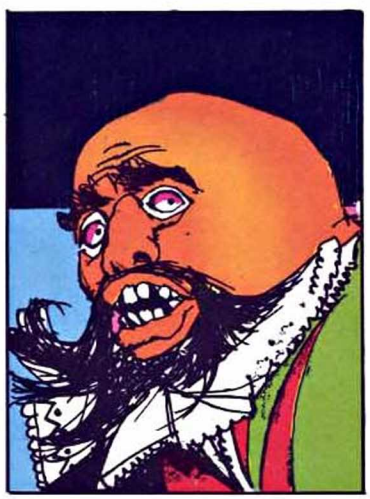

BUT, SURELY THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE? IN DEATH THE SPIRIT IS SEPARATED FROM THE BODY. HOW CAN YOU BE SURE AND LINK THE SOUL BACK TO THE RIGHT BODY?
SPIRIT, MADAM? SOUL, MADAM? OUTDATED NONSENSE! THERE EXISTS ONLY MATTER AND THE ENERGY THAT ANIMATES IT.
THICK TENDRILS OF FOG SMEAR THEMSELVES AROUND LORD HARRINGTON'S MANSION, ISOLATING IT IN ITS GLOOM.
WITH THE IMMORTAL CURIOSITY OF WOMEN, ONE OF THE DINNER GUESTS DECIDES TO EXPLORE THE RAMBLING DUNGEONS.
HARRINGTON IS HIDING SOMETHING FROM US. HE SEEMS SO INVOLVED IN HIS FOOLISH EXPERIMENTS. PERHAPS...
THE HEAVY DOOR SWINGS BACK AND THE HUNCHBACK LEAPS ON HIS PREY AND CURIOSITY IS FINALLY STILLED.

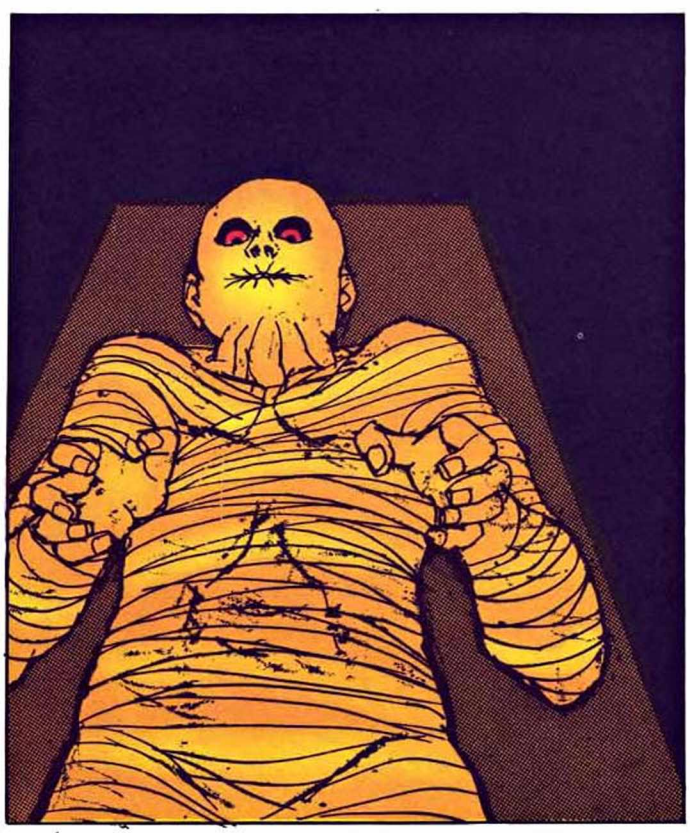
WELL DONE, CORNELIUS. THE FATES ARE INDEED ON OUR SIDE. NOW WE HAVE FRESH MATERIAL TO AID US.
WE WILL INJECT THE LIFE-FORCE FROM THE INQUISITIVE SLUT INTO THE PRECIOUS MUMMY.
KEEP HER BODY SAFE. IF THIS EXPERIMENT WORKS, THEN I MAY BE ABLE TO ATTEMPT THE REVERSE PROCESS.
THEN WE WILL SEE IF IT SHOWS ANY SIGN OF THE LIFE THAT WAS BEING WASTED IN THAT PRETTY, MINDLESS BODY.

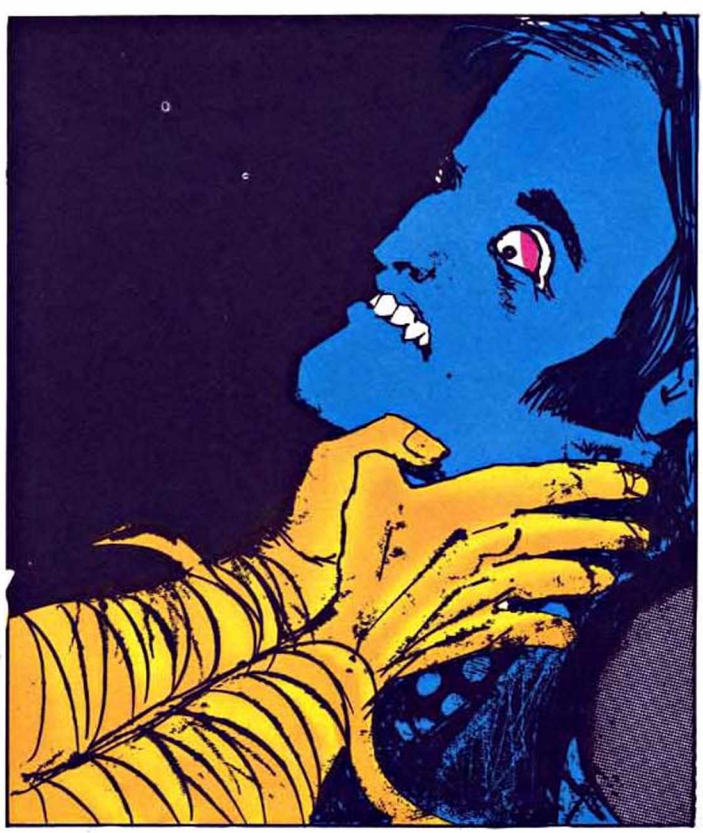
SOON MY CREATURES WILL WALK ABROAD THROUGH THE WORLD AND ALL MEN WILL SEE AND ACKNOWLEDGE MY GENIUS. I WILL BE MASTER OF BOTH THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.
I WILL BE CAREFOL WHO I CHOOSE FOR MY SERVANTS. ONLY THE MOST WORTHY WILL BE ALLOWED THE HONOUR OF SERVING ME THROUGH ETERNITY.
IF I WISHED, I... I COULD EVEN CONQUER THE WORLD. HOW COULD THEY STAND AGAINST MY ARMY? AN ARMY THAT COULD NOT BE KILLED!

WATCH, CROOKBACK DOG AND SEE THE POWER OF YOUR MASTER! SEE HOW A BODY THAT HAS SLEPT FOR CENTURIES CAN NOW BE AWOKEN.



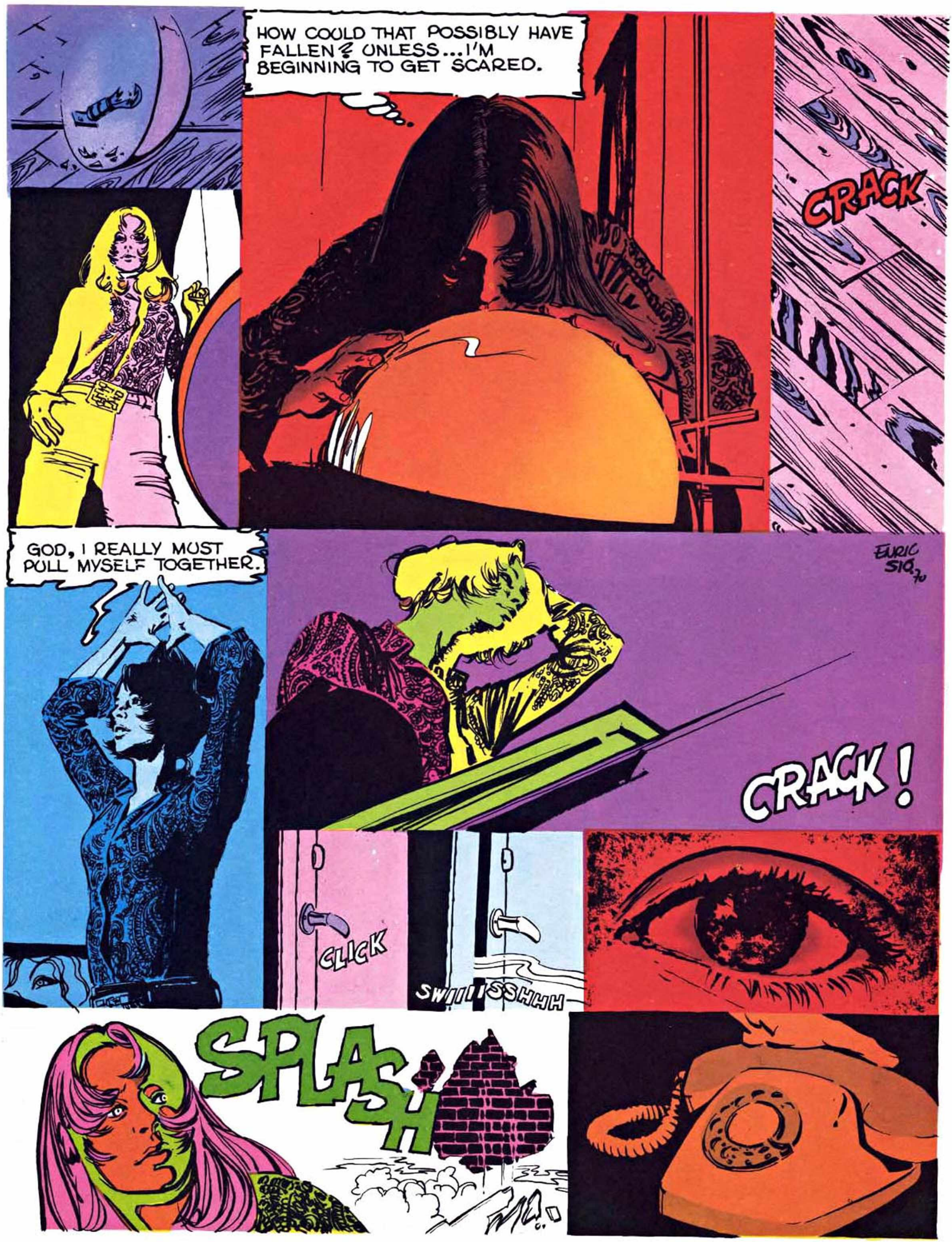


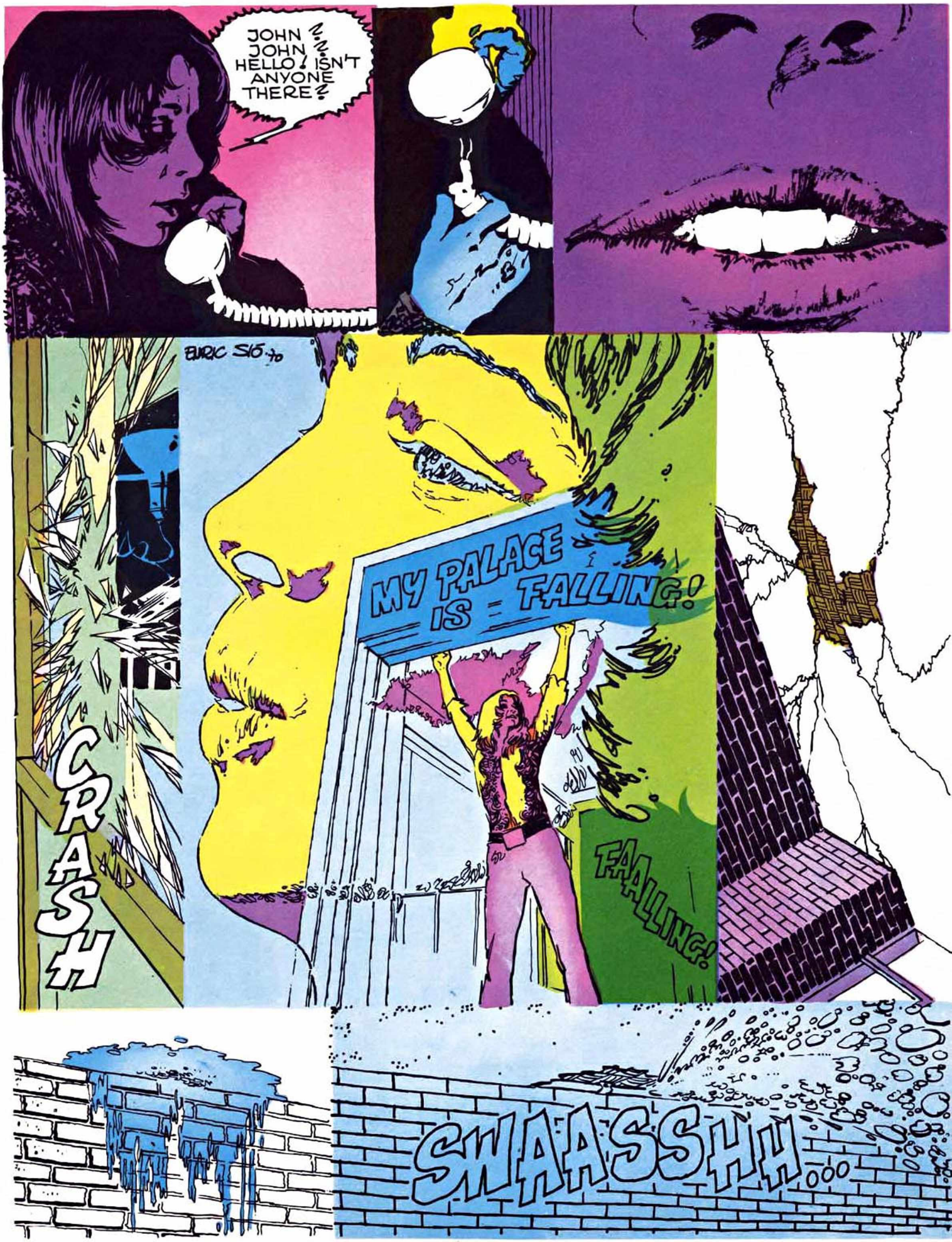




LORD HARRINGTON HAD SUCCEEDED IN RETURNING LIFE TO THE MUMMY, AND NOW HE WAS FINDING THE REWARD. NO MORTAL FORCE COULD NOW PREVENT WHAT HE HAD BEGUN. SO SAD THAT HE COULD ENJOY HIS TRIUMPH FOR SO BRIEF A TIME!
JOE McBEA

ENRIC SIÓ
ALICE
DAMN THAT FLOOR! ALWAYS CRACKING AND CREAKING.
CRACK
CRACK
WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHING FALLING.
CRACK!
CRACK
SSSWISSHHH
GUSTAV KLIMT
CRACK
CRACK!
CRASH!


HOW COULD THAT POSSIBLY HAVE FALLEN? UNLESS... I'M BEGINNING TO GET SCARED.
CRACK
GOD, I REALLY MUST PULL MYSELF TOGETHER.
EURIC SIO. 70
CRACK!
CLICK
SWIIIISSHHH
SPLASH


JOHN ? JOHN ? HELLO ! ISN'T ANYONE THERE ?
ERIC SIÓ 70
MY PALACE IS FALLING!
FAALLING!
CRASH
SWAASSHH...

MMMMM...
OUR SECRET PALACE, JEAN.
JEAN, MY LOVE. ALICE IS AFRAID.
JEAN, ALICE LIKES BEING AFRAID. LIKES IT.
SNIFF

KLUNK!
THE FIREPLACE!
I'LL BE SAFE IN HERE!!
CRAAAASH!

WOLFF

The Lady of the Wolves

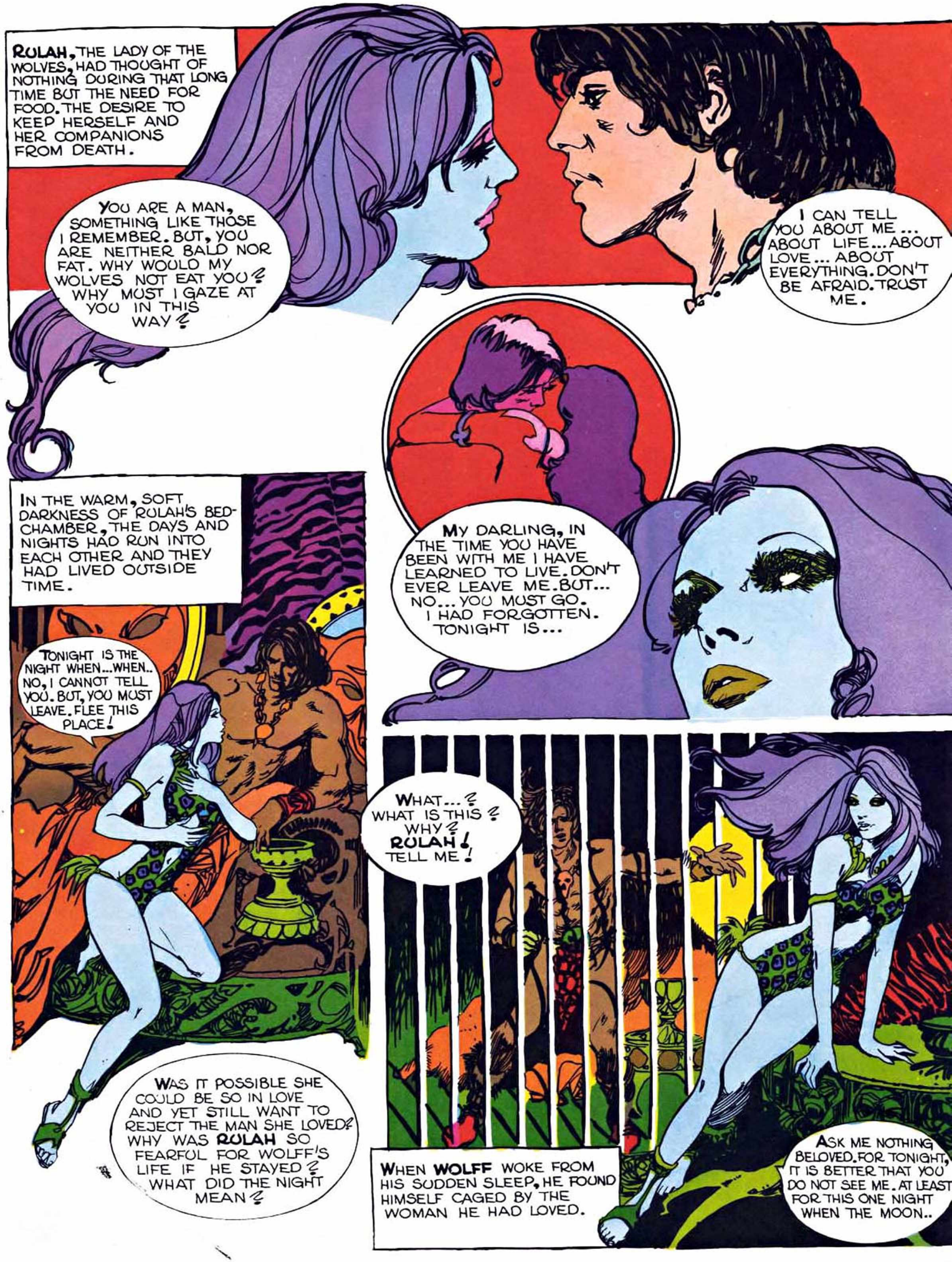
LIKE A PUPPET WITH BROKEN STRINGS, THE MAN WANDERED HELPLESSLY IN THE WILDERNESS ONLY THE BASIC INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL KEPT HIM MOVING.

THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON WAS OVER. SLOWLY, THE FEATURES OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN BECAME HUMAN AGAIN. FREED FROM THE SPELL OF THE MISTRESS OF NIGHT, WOLFF WAS NO LONGER A LYCANTHROPE - A WEREWOLF. BUT, FOR HOW LONG?

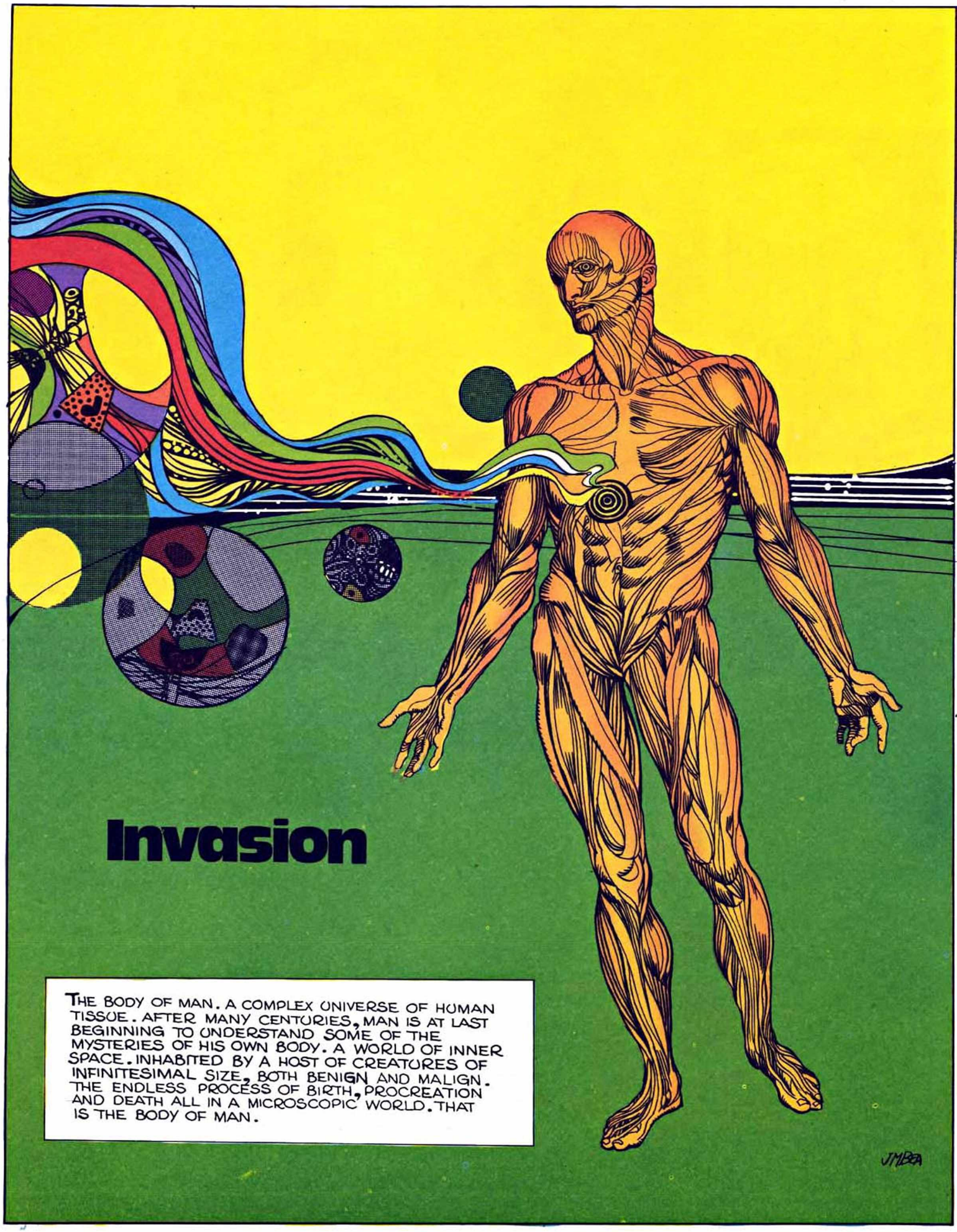
ESTEBAN MAROTO

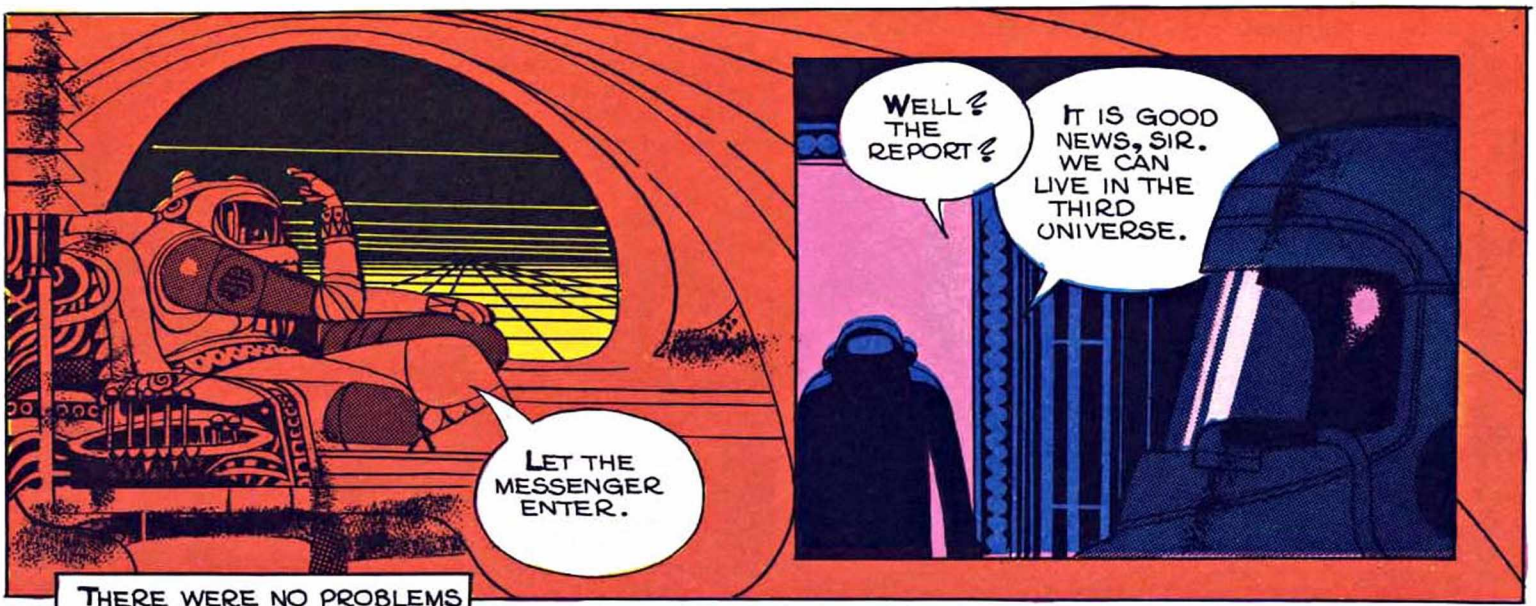
IN ONE OF THE MOST AMBIGUOUS PASSAGES OF THE LOST MANUSCRIPT OF THE DAMNED NECROMANCER, REP-TAH, IT IS WRITTEN: "SEGNAR, FATHER OF ALL WOLVES, WHOSE FOLLOWERS OFFER SMOKING HUMAN HEARTS AS TOKEN OF FEALTY, HAD A DAUGHTER BORN OF HIS UNHOLY UNION WITH THE SHEWOLF LAMIA. THE CHILD DISAPPEARED ON THE FIRST DAY AFTER THE "DAY OF DOOM" AND HAS SINCE BEEN BELIEVED TO BE DEAD. THE NAME OF THE GIRL WAS RULAH."
RULAH!!
THE LONG-LOST DAUGHTER OF SEGNAR. WOLFF SHUDDERED AS HIS MIND REALISED HE HAD SEEN A LEGEND BECOME INCARNATE.
ESTEBAN MAROTO

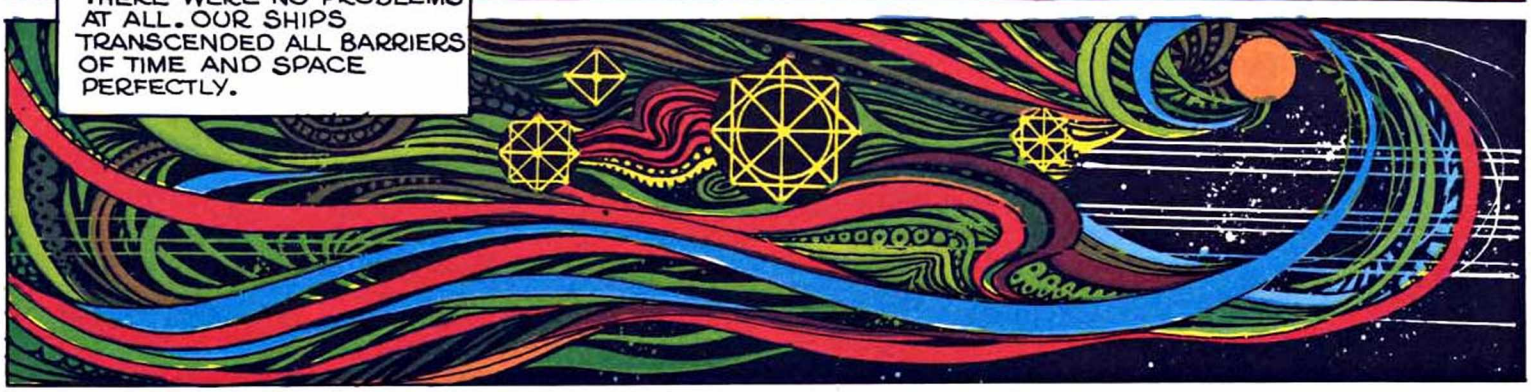
NONE OF THE WOLVES WOULD TOUCH THE BODY. INTRIGUED BY THIS UNPRECEDENTED ACTION, RULAH BORE HIM TO HER DEN.

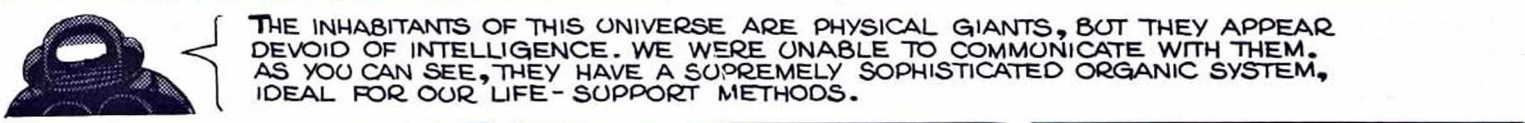

RULAH, THE LADY OF THE WOLVES, HAD THOUGHT OF NOTHING DURING THAT LONG TIME BUT THE NEED FOR FOOD. THE DESIRE TO KEEP HERSELF AND HER COMPANIONS FROM DEATH.
YOU ARE A MAN, SOMETHING LIKE THOSE I REMEMBER. BUT, YOU ARE NEITHER BALD NOR FAT. WHY WOULD MY WOLVES NOT EAT YOU? WHY MUST I GAZE AT YOU IN THIS WAY?
I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT ME... ABOUT LIFE... ABOUT LOVE... ABOUT EVERYTHING. DON'T BE AFRAID. TRUST ME.
IN THE WARM, SOFT DARKNESS OF RULAH'S BED-CHAMBER, THE DAYS AND NIGHTS HAD RUN INTO EACH OTHER AND THEY HAD LIVED OUTSIDE TIME.
MY DARLING, IN THE TIME YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME I HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE. DON'T EVER LEAVE ME. BUT... NO... YOU MUST GO. I HAD FORGOTTEN. TONIGHT IS...
TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT WHEN... WHEN.. NO, I CANNOT TELL YOU. BUT, YOU MUST LEAVE. FLEE THIS PLACE!
WHAT...? WHAT IS THIS? WHY? RULAH! TELL ME!
WAS IT POSSIBLE SHE COULD BE SO IN LOVE AND YET STILL WANT TO REJECT THE MAN SHE LOVED? WHY WAS RULAH SO FEARFUL FOR WOLFF'S LIFE IF HE STAYED? WHAT DID THE NIGHT MEAN?
WHEN WOLFF WOKE FROM HIS SUDDEN SLEEP, HE FOUND HIMSELF CAGED BY THE WOMAN HE HAD LOVED.
ASK ME NOTHING BELOVED. FOR TONIGHT, IT IS BETTER THAT YOU DO NOT SEE ME. AT LEAST FOR THIS ONE NIGHT WHEN THE MOON..

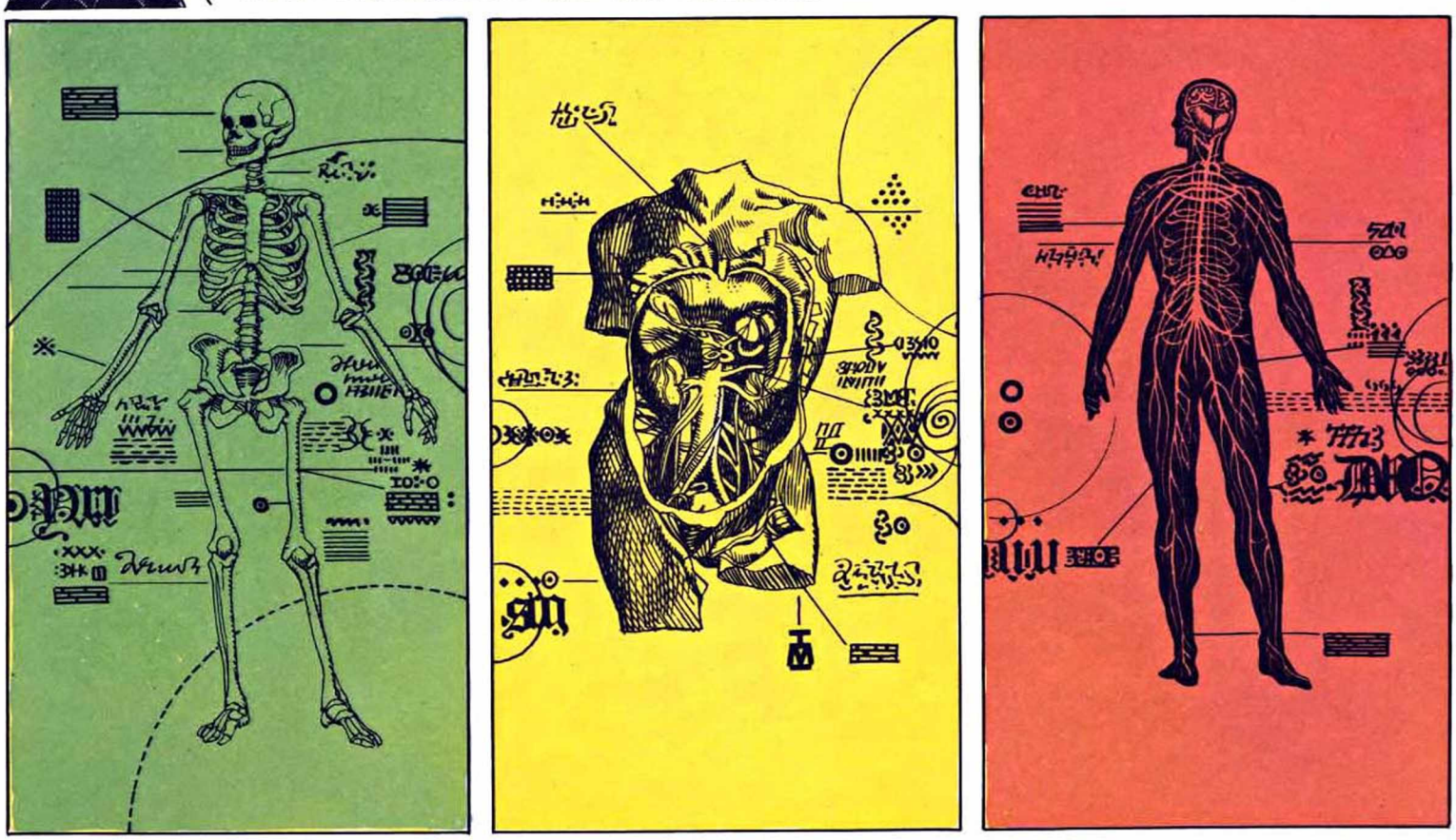
IGNORING THE CRIES OF THE IMPRISONED WARRIOR, THE WEEPING RULAH WENT WITH HER BEASTS INTO THE COLD LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.
RULAH!! I'LL FOLLOW YOU. I'LL SNAP THESE BARS! WAIT!!
RULAH HAD TRIED DESPERATELY TO HIDE HER SECRET FROM THE MAN SHE HAD COME TO LOVE. SHE WAS A SHAPE-CHANGER, A WEREWOLF, AND FOR ANY MAN TO COME NEAR HER AT SUCH A TIME MEANT A HIDEOUS RENDING DEATH. AS SHE LOPED WITH HER PACK SHE WAS BROUGHT UP SHORT, HACKLES RISING, BY A MAN. A WOLFMAN!!
THE FIGHT WAS SAVAGE AND BLOODY. SUDDENLY, RULAH REALISED THAT HER ANTAGONIST WAS WOLFF, HIMSELF CHANGED BY THE MOON INTO A CRUEL, VULPINE FIGURE. IT MATTERED NOT. THE RITUAL OF THE FIGHT MERGED INTO THE RITUAL OF LOVEMAKING. THE PACK OF WOLVES WATCHED SILENTLY AS THEIR MISTRESS JOINED HERSELF TO THE MAN SHE LOVED. THE NIGHT WAS ENDLESS!


Invasion
THE BODY OF MAN. A COMPLEX UNIVERSE OF HUMAN TISSUE. AFTER MANY CENTURIES, MAN IS AT LAST BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND SOME OF THE MYSTERIES OF HIS OWN BODY. A WORLD OF INNER SPACE. INHABITED BY A HOST OF CREATURES OF INFINITESIMAL SIZE, BOTH BENIGN AND MALIGN. THE ENDLESS PROCESS OF BIRTH, PROCREATION AND DEATH ALL IN A MICROSCOPIC WORLD. THAT IS THE BODY OF MAN.
JMBEA


LET THE MESSENGER ENTER.
WELL? THE REPORT?
IT IS GOOD NEWS, SIR. WE CAN LIVE IN THE THIRD UNIVERSE.


THERE WERE NO PROBLEMS AT ALL. OUR SHIPS TRANSCENDED ALL BARRIERS OF TIME AND SPACE PERFECTLY.


THE INHABITANTS OF THIS UNIVERSE ARE PHYSICAL GIANTS, BUT THEY APPEAR DEVOID OF INTELLIGENCE. WE WERE UNABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEM. AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY HAVE A SUPREMELY SOPHISTICATED ORGANIC SYSTEM, IDEAL FOR OUR LIFE-SUPPORT METHODS.



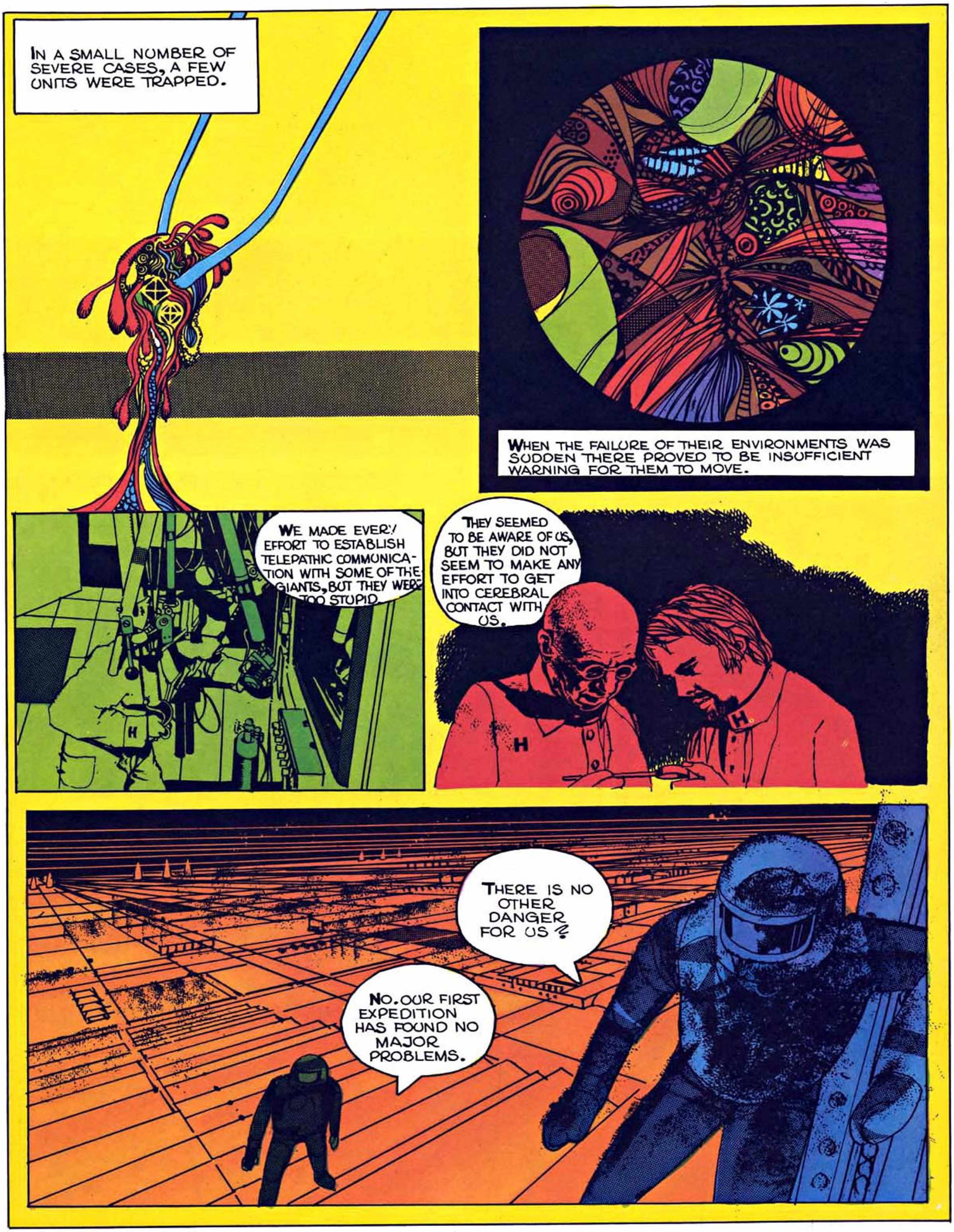
I ORDERED SOME OF OUR SCOUT UNITS TO PENETRATE INTO THEIR UNIVERSE.

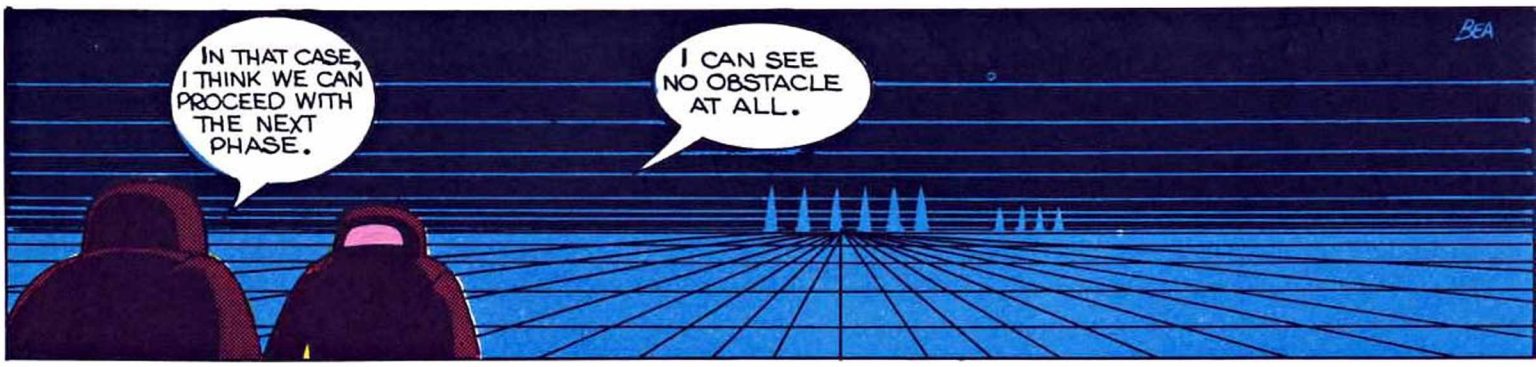
THERE WAS BUT LITTLE RESISTANCE FROM THE INHABITANTS. SOME SMALL CELLS OF PRIMARY VALUE OPPOSED OUR ATTACK. THEY WERE EASY TO DEAL WITH.

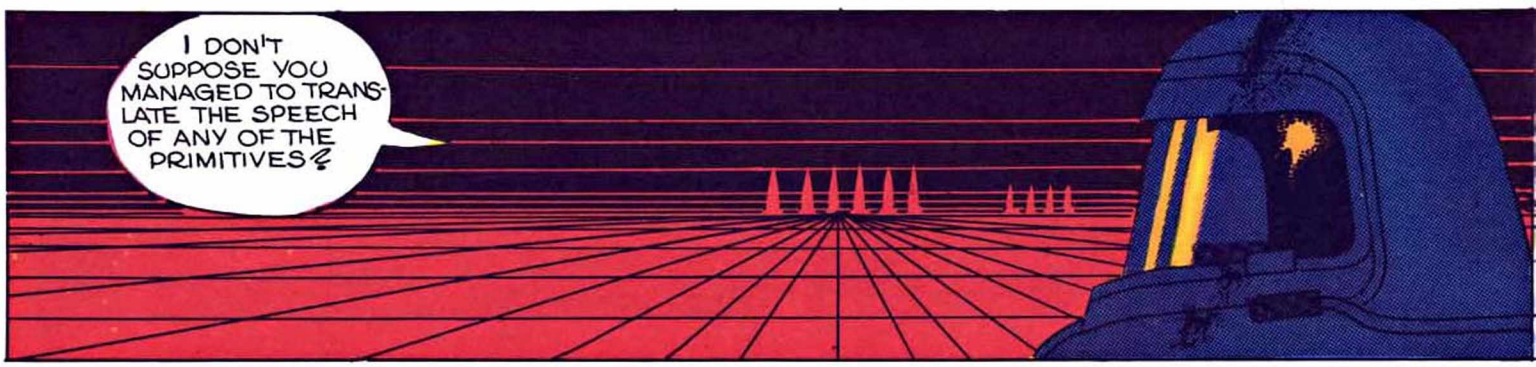
ONCE WE HAD DISPOSED OF OUR ENEMIES, I GAVE THE ORDERS FOR THE REST OF OUR SHIPS TO BE ABANDONED AND THE EXPEDITION TO BEGIN TO SPREAD OUR CULTURE THROUGH THE NEW UNIVERSE.

NEVERTHELESS, WE NOTICED SOME DECREASE IN THE EXISTENTIAL COEFFICIENTS OF SOME INDIVIDUALS.

EVERY NOW AND THEN SOME OF OUR PEOPLE HAD TO CHANGE THEIR POSITION.

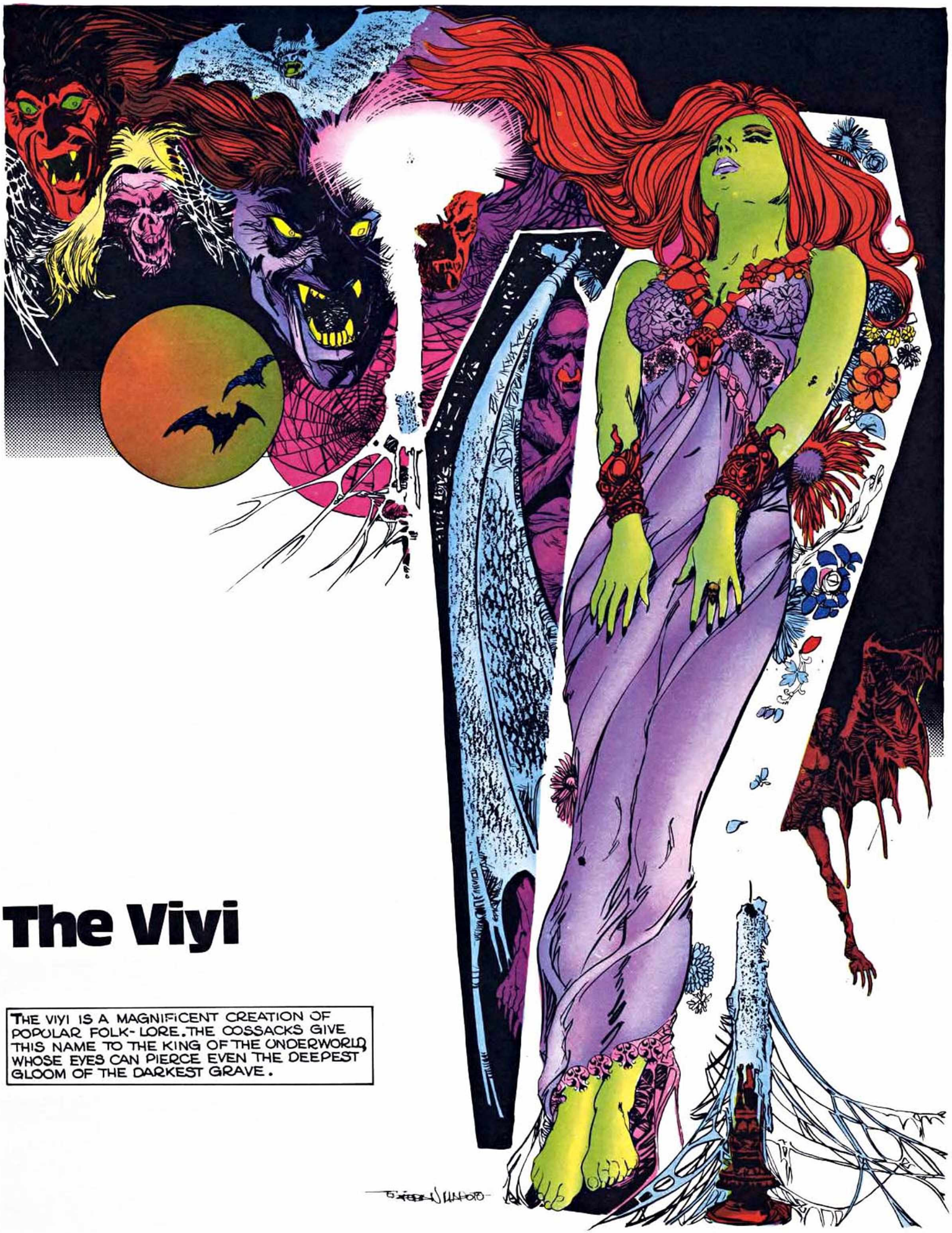

IN A SMALL NUMBER OF SEVERE CASES, A FEW UNITS WERE TRAPPED.
WHEN THE FAILURE OF THEIR ENVIRONMENTS WAS SUDDEN THERE PROVED TO BE INSUFFICIENT WARNING FOR THEM TO MOVE.
WE MADE EVERY EFFORT TO ESTABLISH TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION WITH SOME OF THE GIANTS, BUT THEY WERE TOO STUPID.
THEY SEEMED TO BE AWARE OF US, BUT THEY DID NOT SEEM TO MAKE ANY EFFORT TO GET INTO CEREBRAL CONTACT WITH US.
THERE IS NO OTHER DANGER FOR US?
NO. OUR FIRST EXPEDITION HAS FOUND NO MAJOR PROBLEMS.


IN THAT CASE, I THINK WE CAN PROCEED WITH THE NEXT PHASE.
I CAN SEE NO OBSTACLE AT ALL.
BEA


I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU MANAGED TO TRANSLATE THE SPEECH OF ANY OF THE PRIMITIVES?

FOR A MOMENT, THE QUESTION HANGS LIMPIDLY IN THE CABIN OF THE ALIEN SHIP.

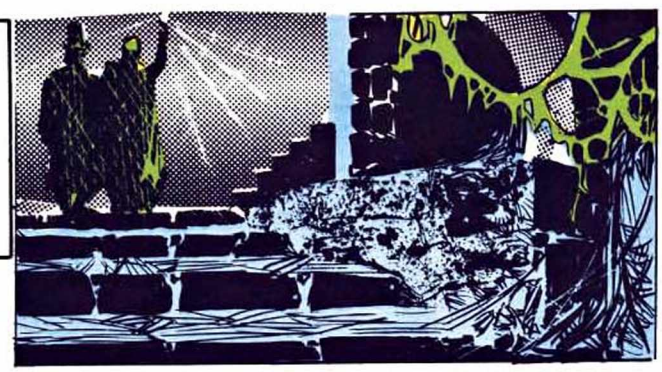
YEEES...THERE IS ONE THING. IT APPEARS THAT THEY HAVE A NAME FOR US. THEY CALL US CANCER!



The Viyi

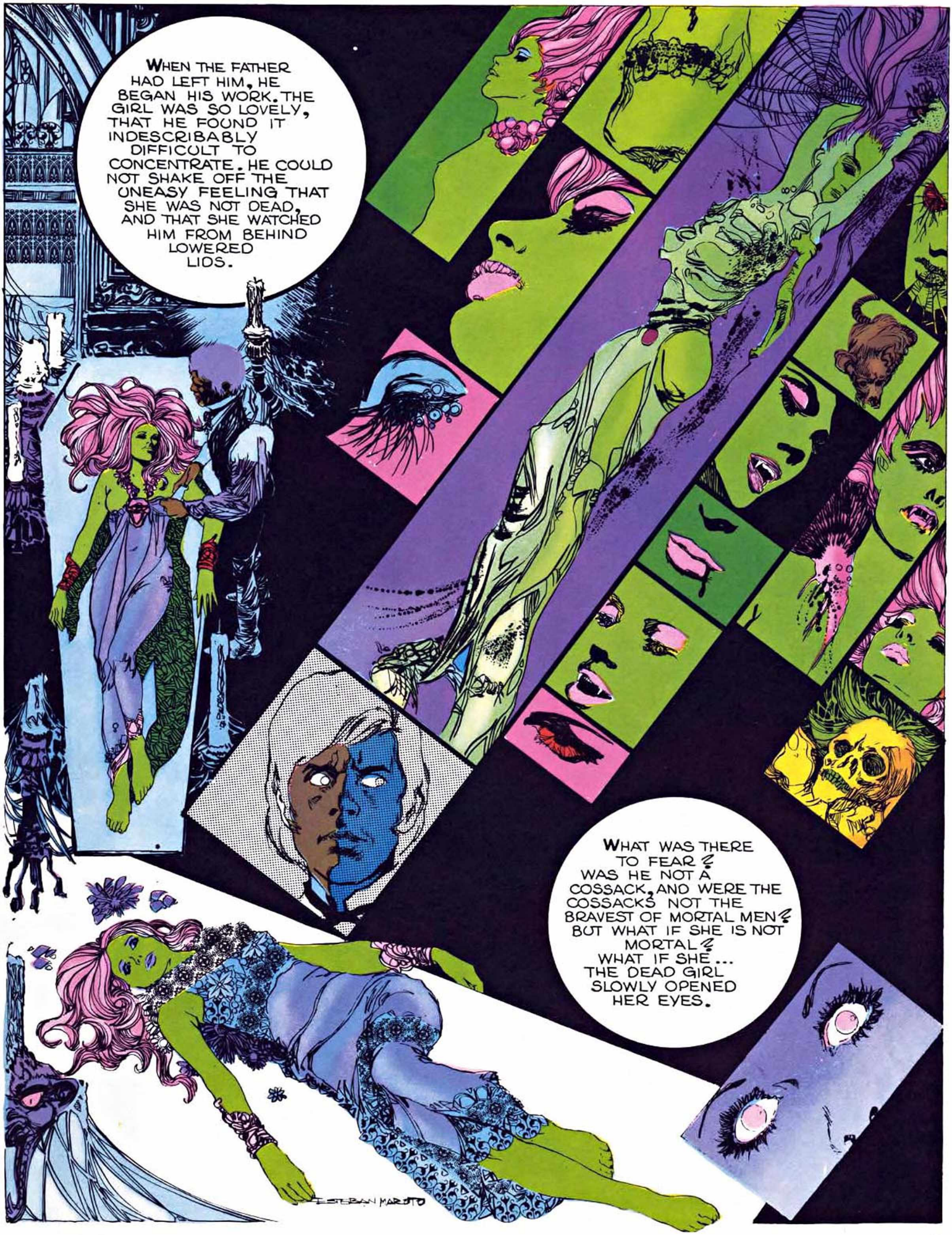
THE VIYI IS A MAGNIFICENT CREATION OF POPULAR FOLK-LORE. THE COSSACKS GIVE THIS NAME TO THE KING OF THE UNDERWORLD WHOSE EYES CAN PIERCE EVEN THE DEEPEST GLOOM OF THE DARKEST GRAVE.

WRAPPED IN A MUSTY SILENCE, THE TWO MEN CONTINUE TO THE PLACE OF DEATH.



THE WORDS HUNG LIMPLY IN THE AIR. SOMETHING SLUMBERED IN THE CRYPT, WHILE THE RATS DREAMED OF A FEAST OF ROTTING FLESH.

A SHUDDER RAN THROUGH HIS VEINS. THE BODY BEFORE HIM WAS THAT OF A WOMAN OF UNEARTHLY BEAUTY. SHE RESTED AS IF SHE WERE STILL ALIVE BUT, SOMETHING IN HER FACE WAS OUT OF PLACE, AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD GIGGLED AT A FUNERAL.


WHEN THE FATHER HAD LEFT HIM, HE BEGAN HIS WORK. THE GIRL WAS SO LOVELY, THAT HE FOUND IT INDESCRIBABLY DIFFICULT TO CONCENTRATE. HE COULD NOT SHAKE OFF THE UNEASY FEELING THAT SHE WAS NOT DEAD, AND THAT SHE WATCHED HIM FROM BEHIND LOWERED LIDS.
WHAT WAS THERE TO FEAR? WAS HE NOT A COSSACK, AND WERE THE COSSACKS NOT THE BRAVEST OF MORTAL MEN? BUT WHAT IF SHE IS NOT MORTAL? WHAT IF SHE... THE DEAD GIRL SLOWLY OPENED HER EYES.
ESTEBAN MARISTO

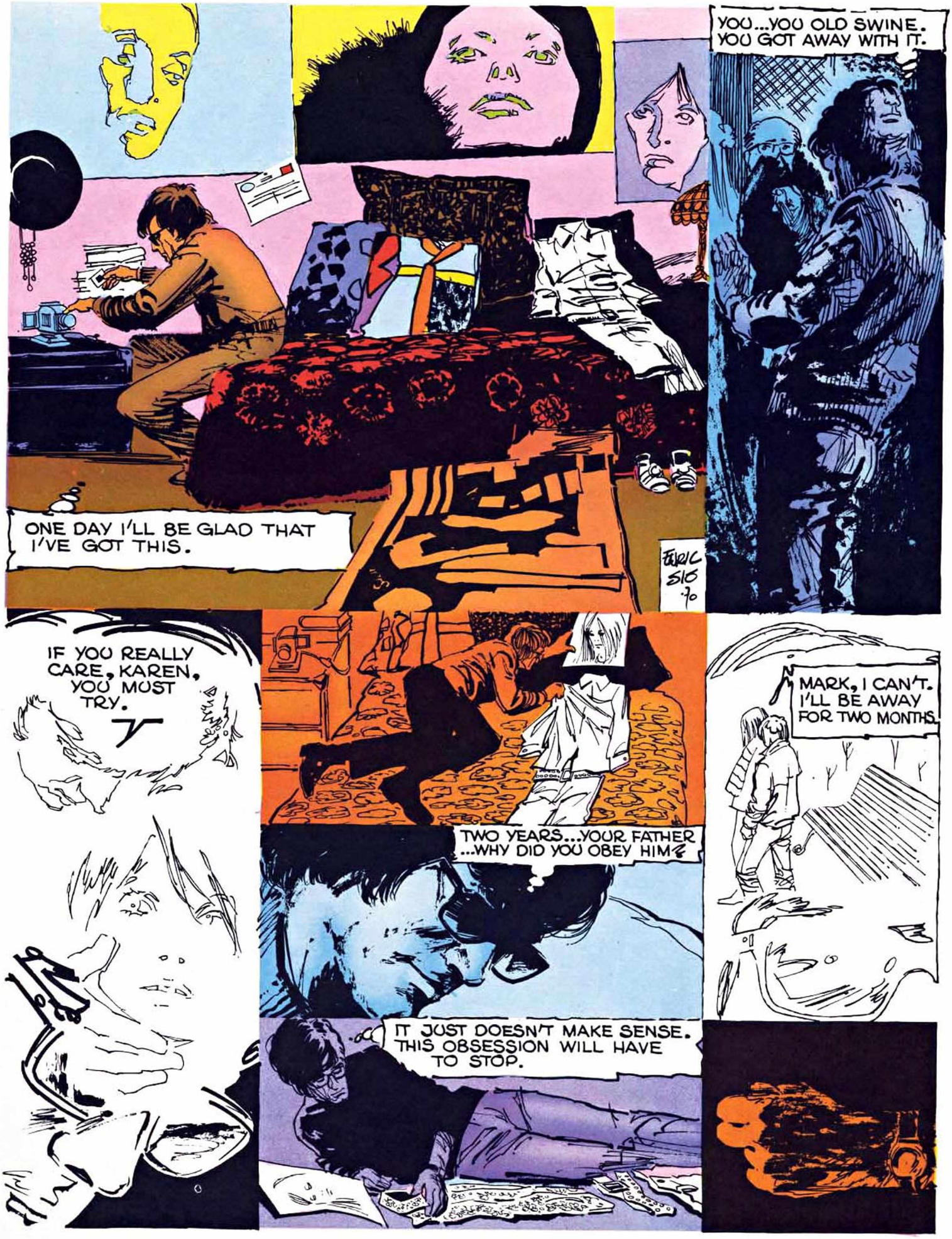
TERRIFIED, THE YOUNG EMBALMER DREW A HASTY PENTAGRAM AROUND THE LIVING CORPSE AND WITH A HALTING VOICE HE MUMBLED HIS EXORCISMS.
SHE ROSE TO HER FEET AND BEGAN TO WALK ABOUT THE CHAMBER OF DEATH AS THOUGH SHE SOUGHT SOMETHING, OR SOMEBODY! ALTHOUGH HER FOOT BRUSHED THE LINE OF HIS PENTAGRAM, SHE COULD NOT CROSS IT.
IN A VOICE CROAKING WITH THE SOUNDS OF THE PIT, THE CORPSE BEGAN TO TALK. HORROR-STRUCK, THE YOUNG MAN REALISED IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF AN INCANTATION.
THE WINDOW OF THE CRYPT WAS BUFFETED BY LEATHERY WINGS. A LEGION OF FOUL CREATURES FROM THE MAW OF HELL SCRATCHED THEIR TALONS AT THE MAGIC CIRCLE, STRIVING TO BREAK IT.

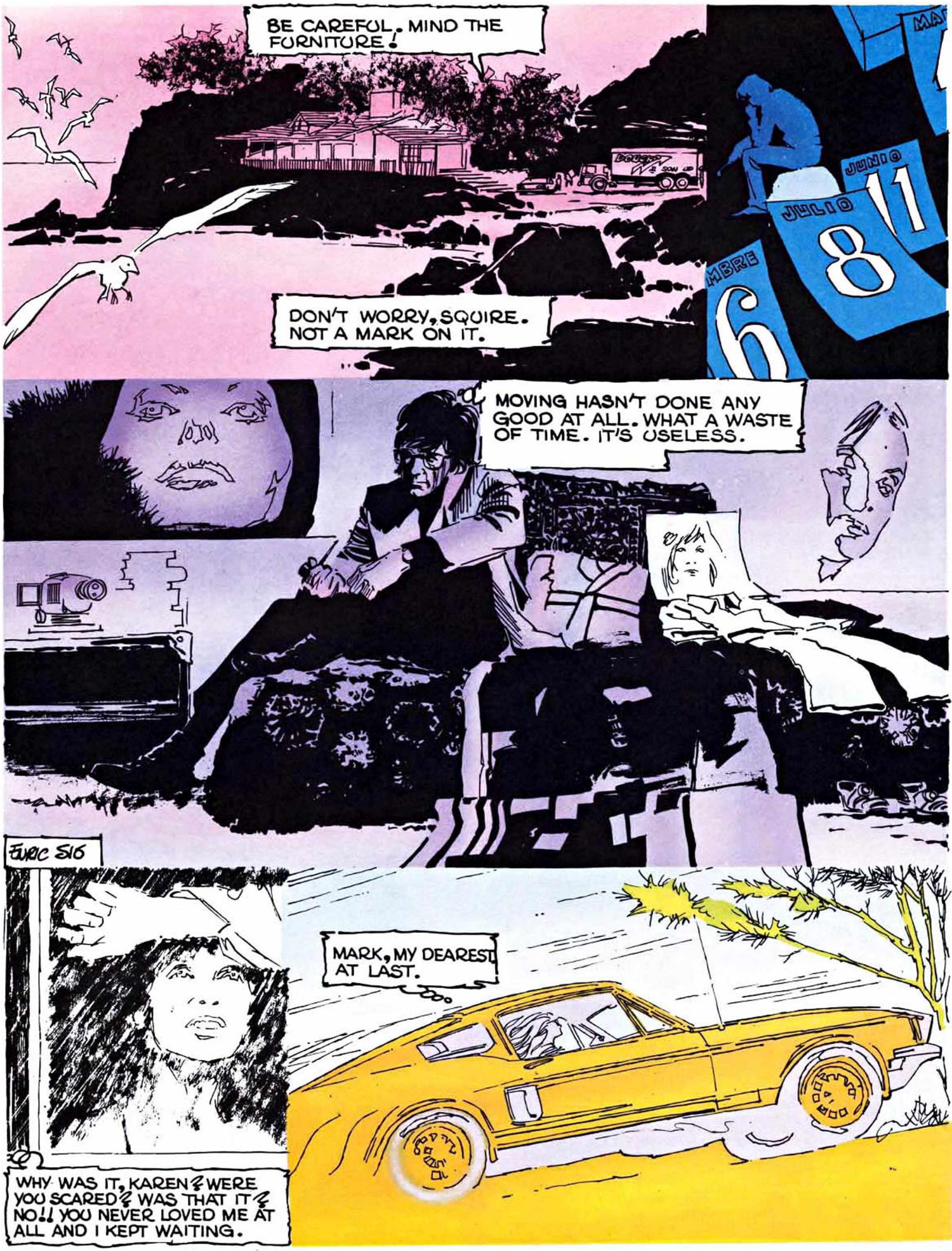
THE DEMONS CHEEPED AND MUTTERED AS THEY SOUGHT THEIR VICTIM. THEN THE STARE OF THE SHROUDED GIRL BECAME MORE FIERCE. SHE RAISED HER ARMS. BRING ME VIYI. GO, BRING VIYI!

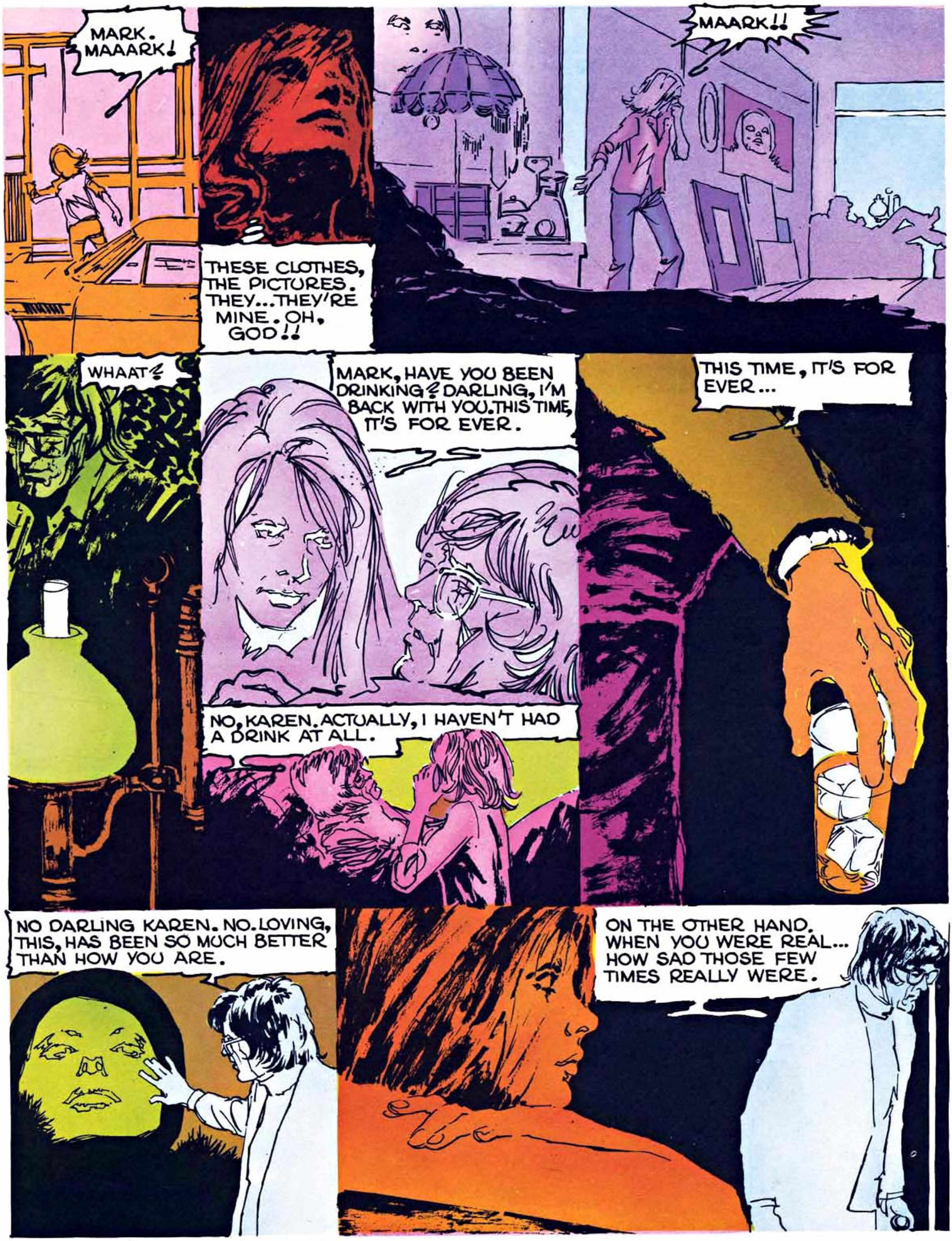
THEN SHE ROSE ABOVE THE DARKNESS, OVER THE HASTILY-DRAWN DEFENCE AND PLUNGED DOWN UPON THE MAN, WHO STOOD DUMB AND HELPLESS. AWAITING HIS FATE. HE WAITED BUT A LITTLE TIME!!

ESTEBAN MAROTO

karen
ENRIC SIO
LOOK, A BRIDE.
WHAT A BEAUTY!
NO, MARK, NO.
MARK, YOU MUST STOP WRITING TO ME. MY FATHER...
MARK...
CLICK!
CLICK


ONE DAY I'LL BE GLAD THAT I'VE GOT THIS.
YOU...YOU OLD SWINE. YOU GOT AWAY WITH IT.
IF YOU REALLY CARE, KAREN, YOU MUST TRY.
TWO YEARS...YOUR FATHER ...WHY DID YOU OBEY HIM?
MARK, I CAN'T. I'LL BE AWAY FOR TWO MONTHS.
IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. THIS OBSESSION WILL HAVE TO STOP.

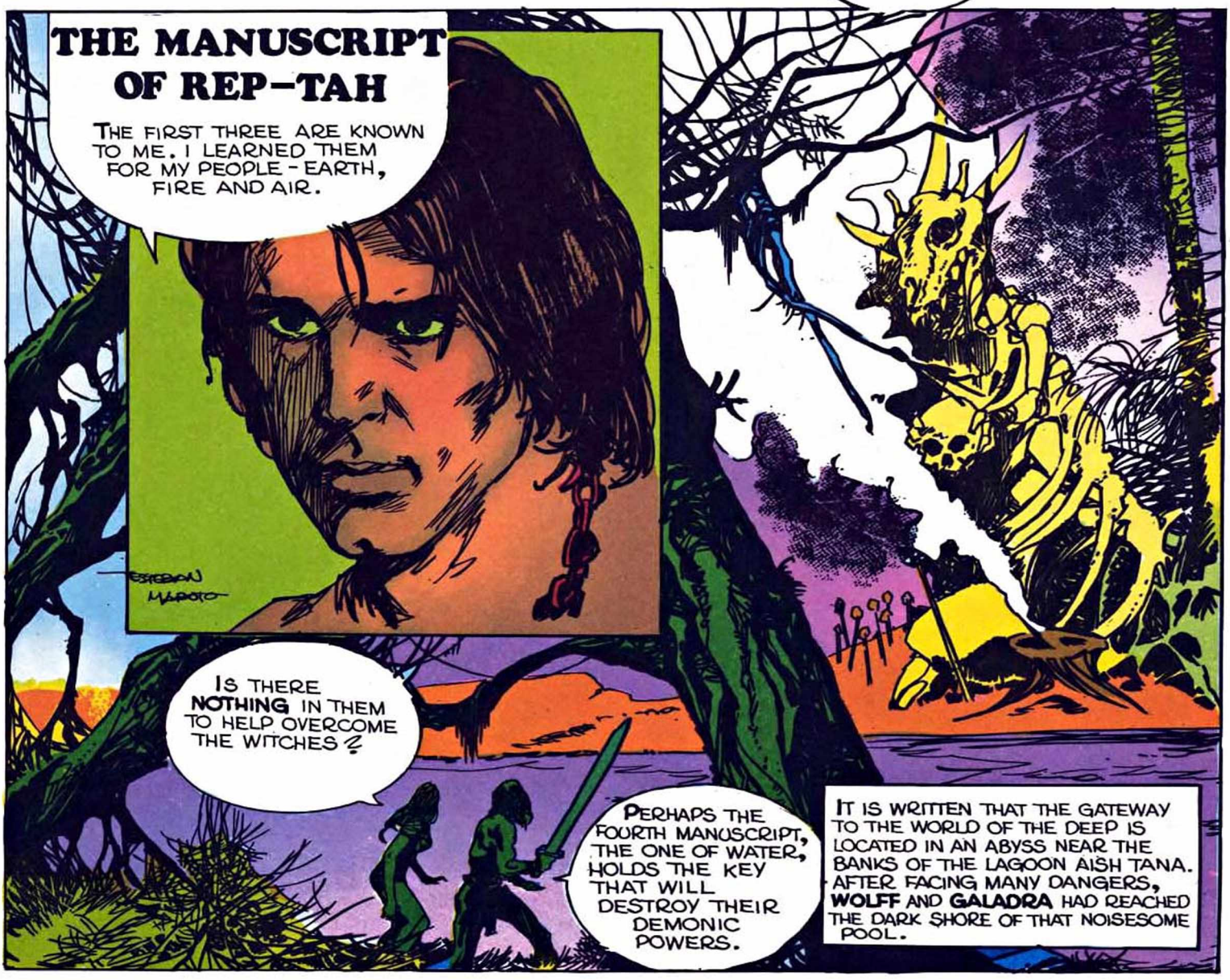

BE CAREFUL. MIND THE FURNITURE!
DON'T WORRY, SQUIRE. NOT A MARK ON IT.
JUNIO
JULIO
11
8
6
MOVING HASN'T DONE ANY GOOD AT ALL. WHAT A WASTE OF TIME. IT'S USELESS.
FURIC SIG
MARK, MY DEAREST AT LAST.
WHY WAS IT, KAREN? WERE YOU SCARED? WAS THAT IT? NO!! YOU NEVER LOVED ME AT ALL AND I KEPT WAITING.


MARK. MAAARK!
THESE CLOTHES, THE PICTURES. THEY...THEY'RE MINE. OH, GOD!!
MAARK!!
WHAAT?
MARK, HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING? DARLING, I'M BACK WITH YOU. THIS TIME, IT'S FOR EVER.
NO, KAREN. ACTUALLY, I HAVEN'T HAD A DRINK AT ALL.
THIS TIME, IT'S FOR EVER...
NO DARLING KAREN. NO. LOVING, THIS, HAS BEEN SO MUCH BETTER THAN HOW YOU ARE.
ON THE OTHER HAND. WHEN YOU WERE REAL... HOW SAD THOSE FEW TIMES REALLY WERE.

MARK, DON'T BE SILLY. WE LOVE EACH OTHER.
YOU DON'T COUNT ANY MORE. I WANT TO STAY IN LOVE WITH MY DREAM.
AND THIS GAME, KAREN, HAS ONLY GOT ONE PLAYER. ME!
MARK!!
NO MORE!! NO MORE!!
STOP!!!
NO. NOOO!
SCREECHING!
NOW, MARK. NOW!
YOU DON'T DESERVE IT... KAREN!
KAREN!
MY LOVE! FOR EVER
EVRIC SIO

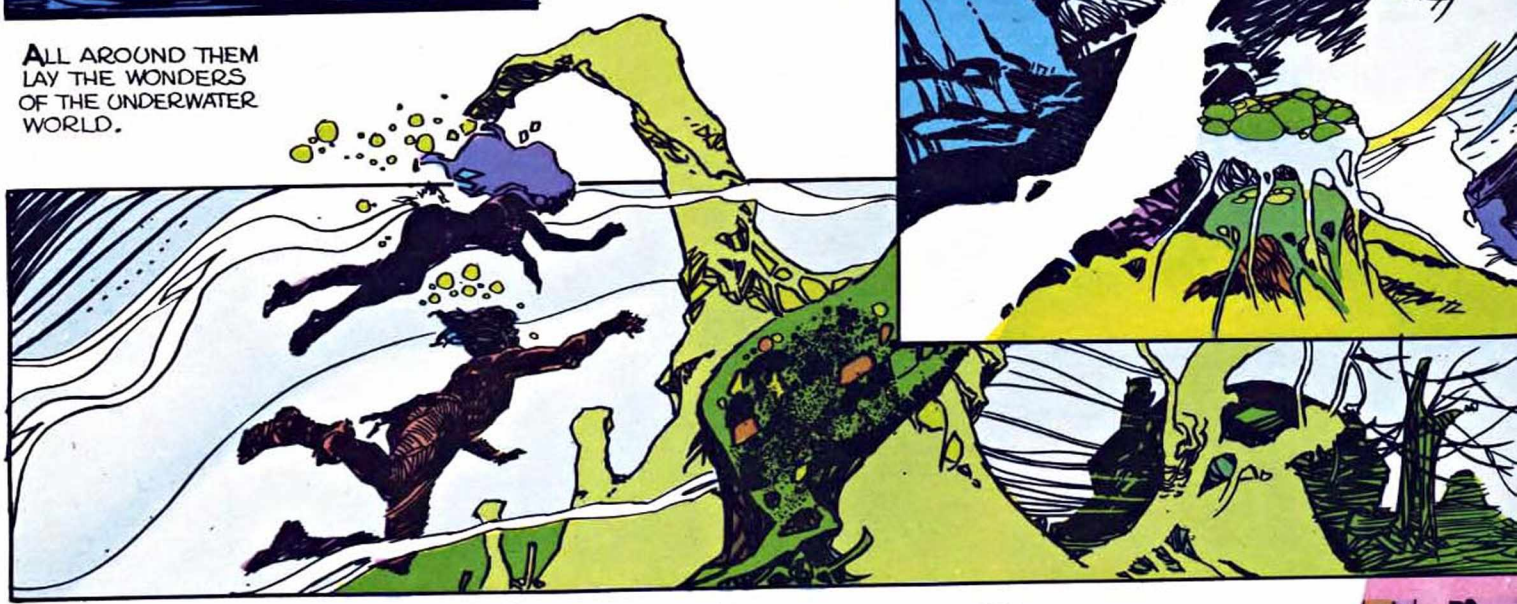
WOLFF

AT FIRST LIGHT, THE MALIGN SPELL WAS BROKEN.
I FOUND YOU, TORN AND BLEEDING, SURROUNDED BY A PACK OF WOLVES, LYING ACROSS THE MUTILATED BODY OF A LOVELY GIRL. WHO ARE YOU?
I WAS HUNGRY AND I FED AND NOW I WISH ONLY TO FORGET. WHO ARE YOU?
I AM CALLED GALADRA OF THE MOON AND I MUST LIVE FOR EVER HIDDEN FROM THE WITCHES, FOR MY FLESH HAS ONCE KNOW THEIR POWER. I HAVE KNOWN THEM ONCE AND, SO, I KNOW FEAR.
I ESCAPED FROM THEM, MITRA KNOWS HOW, AND MY LIFE HAS BECOME A HUNT WITH ME THE QUARRY. HELP ME!
I FEAR NO MAN LIVING, NOR NO THING OF FLESH. MY SWORD WILL SLICE THROUGH ANY WITCH OR WIZARD.
FOOLISH MAN. YOUR PRIDE AND VANITY WILL BRING YOU LOW BEFORE THEM. YOU DO NOT EVEN HAVE THE MANUSCRIPT!

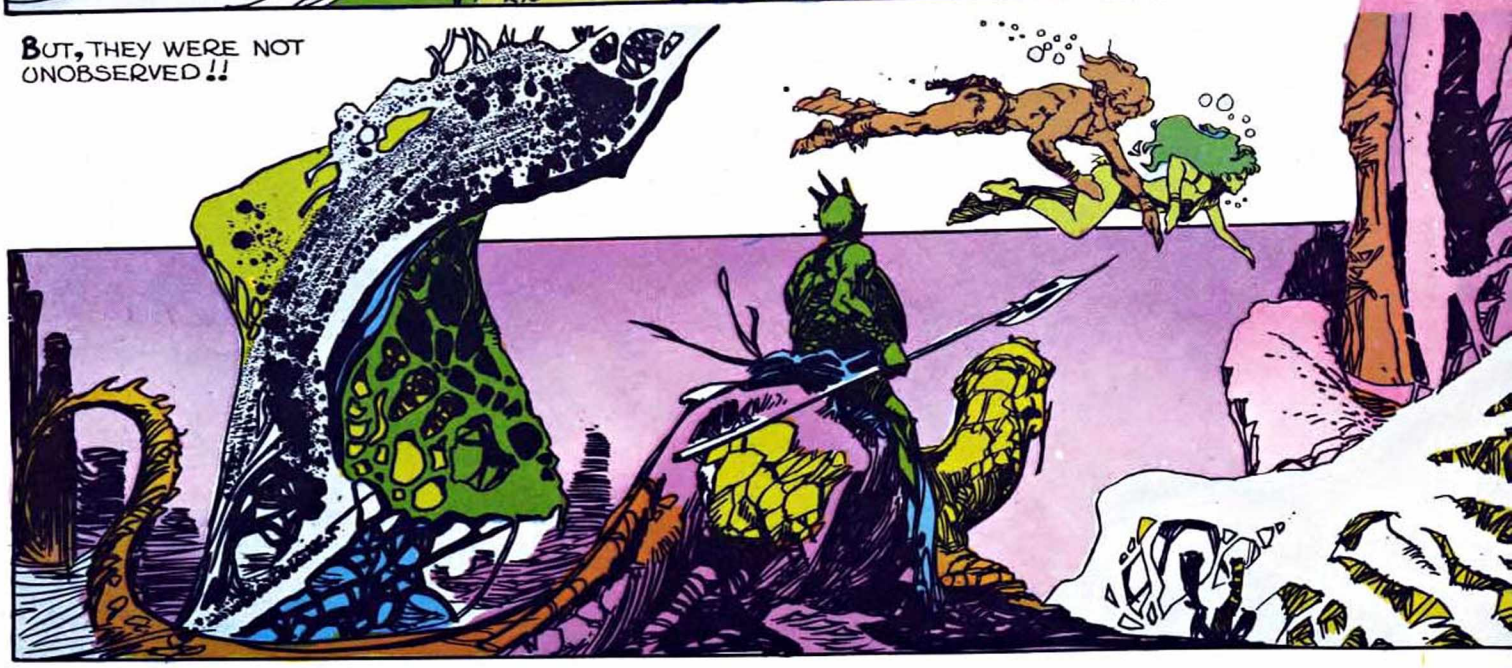

THE MANUSCRIPT OF REP-TAH
THE FIRST THREE ARE KNOWN TO ME. I LEARNED THEM FOR MY PEOPLE - EARTH, FIRE AND AIR.
ESTEBAN MAROTO
IS THERE NOTHING IN THEM TO HELP OVERCOME THE WITCHES?
PERHAPS THE FOURTH MANUSCRIPT, THE ONE OF WATER, HOLDS THE KEY THAT WILL DESTROY THEIR DEMONIC POWERS.
IT IS WRITTEN THAT THE GATEWAY TO THE WORLD OF THE DEEP IS LOCATED IN AN ABYSS NEAR THE BANKS OF THE LAGOON AISH TANA. AFTER FACING MANY DANGERS, WOLFF AND GALADRA HAD REACHED THE DARK SHORE OF THAT NOISESOME POOL.

GALADRA AND WOLFF PLUNGED INTO THE UNKNOWN DEPTHS OF THE LAKE.

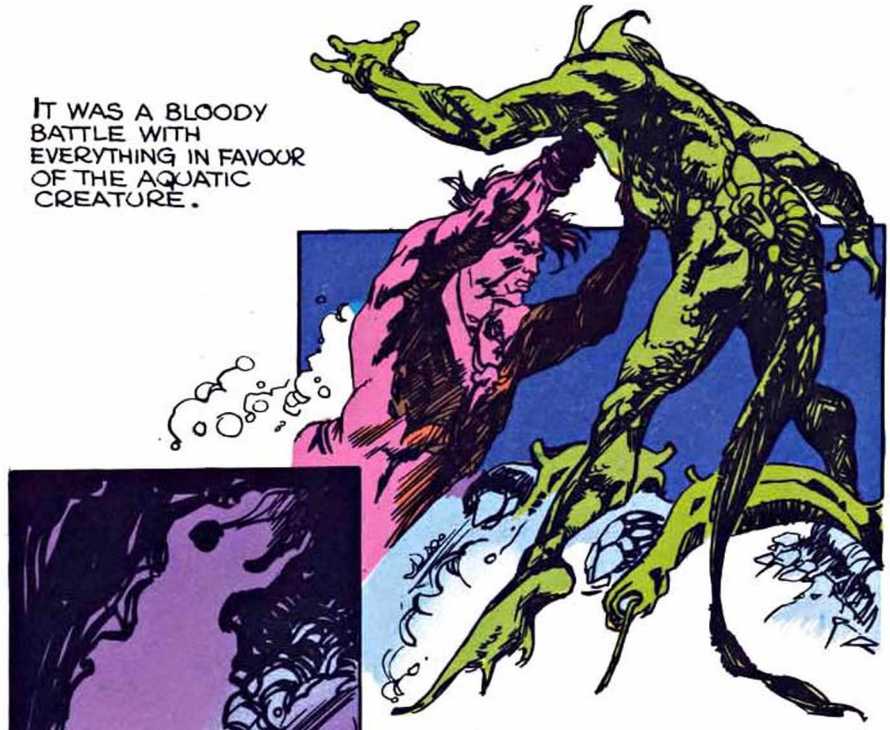
ALL AROUND THEM LAY THE WONDERS OF THE UNDERWATER WORLD.



BUT, THEY WERE NOT UNOBSERVED!!

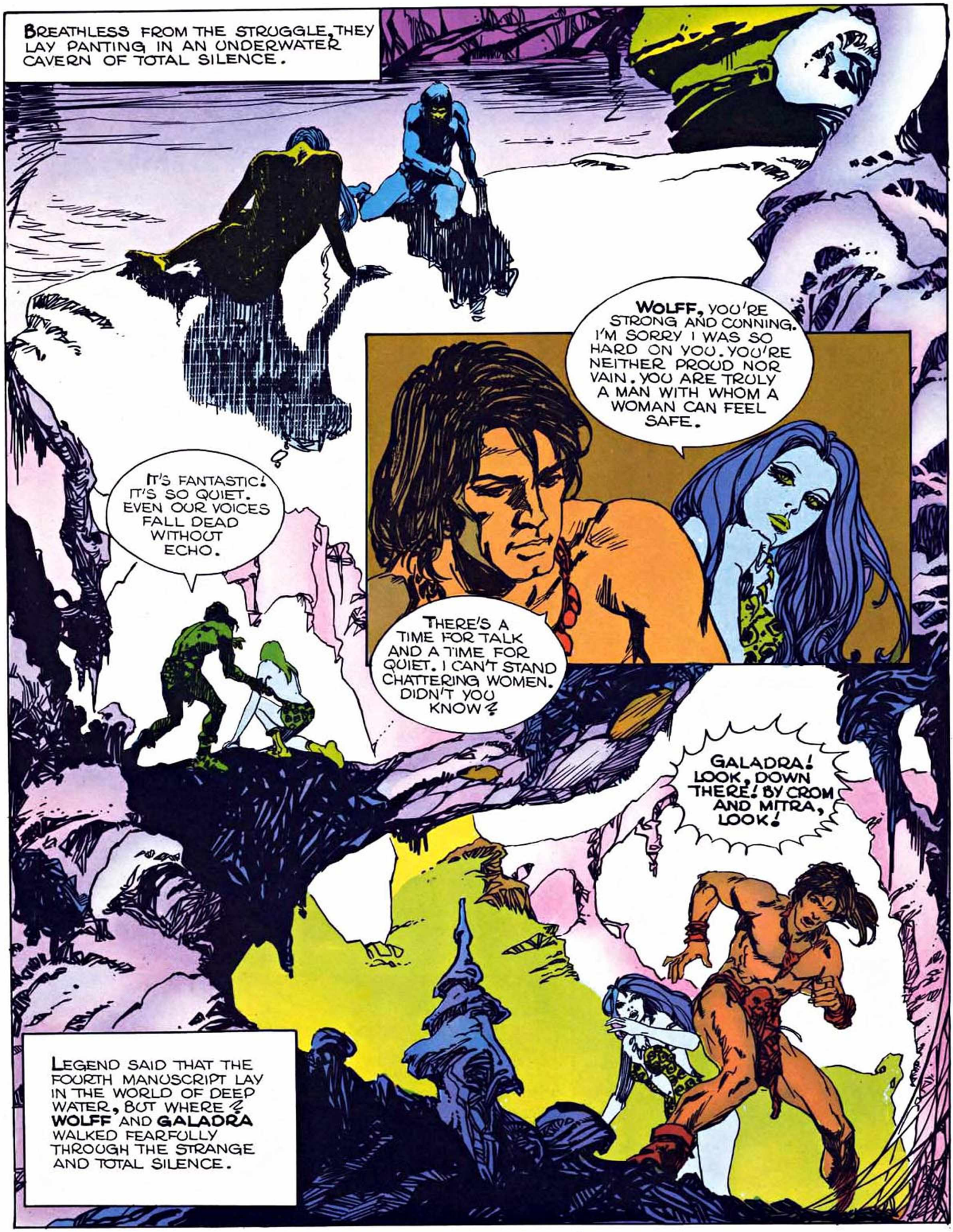


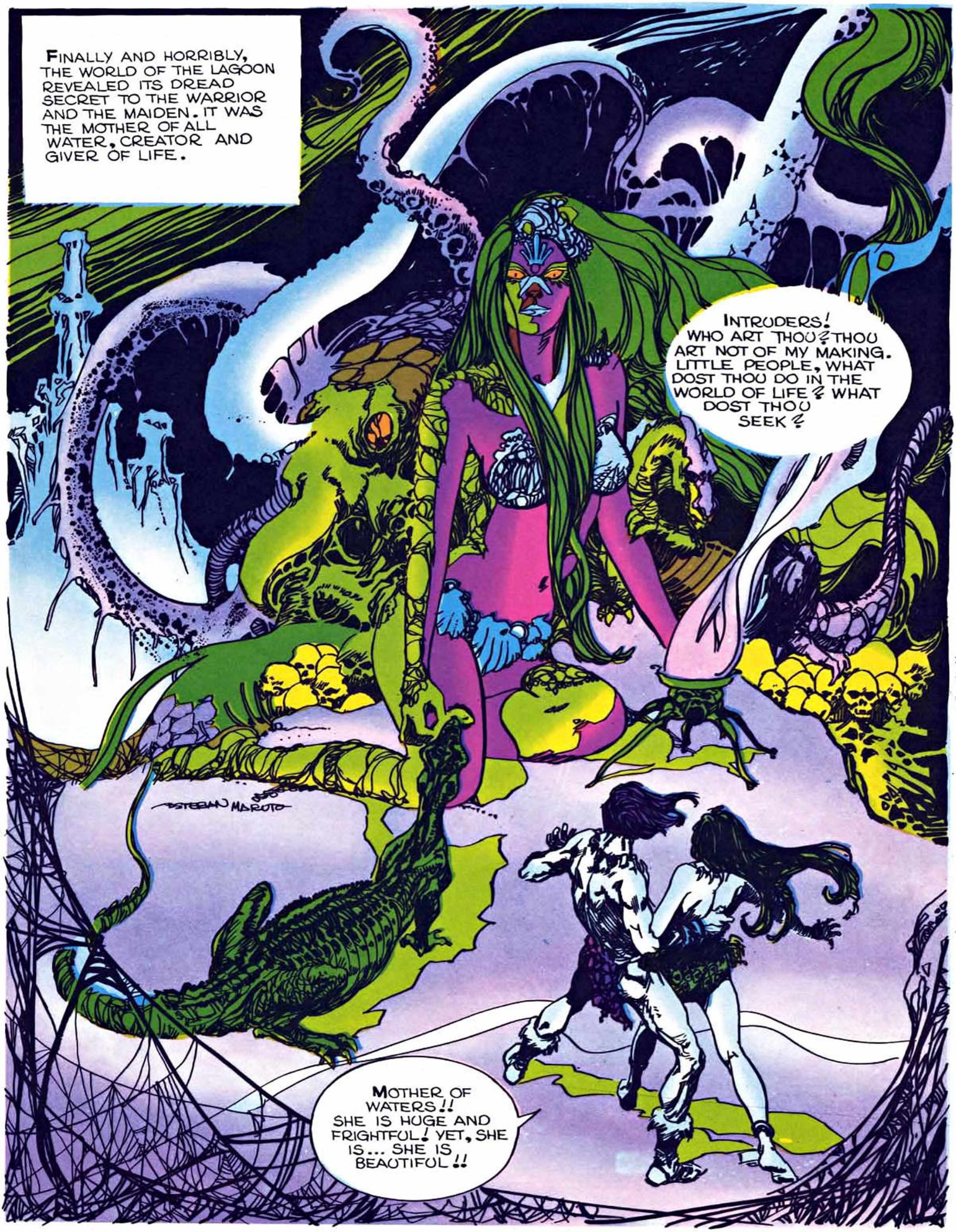
HIS SWORD LEFT ON THE EDGE OF THE LAGOON, **WOLFF** MUST FACE HIS ENEMY WITH HIS BARE HANDS.
ESTEBAN MAROTO


IT WAS A BLOODY BATTLE WITH EVERYTHING IN FAVOUR OF THE AQUATIC CREATURE.

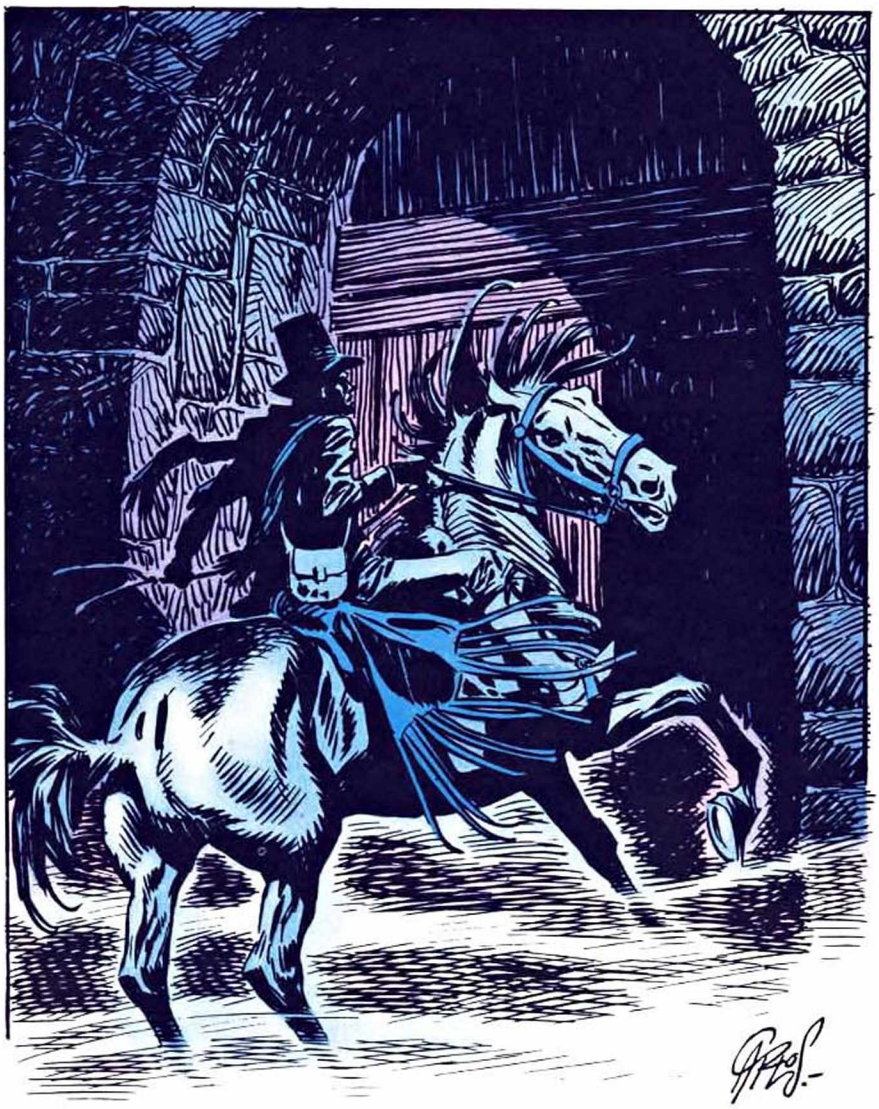
AS THE MONSTER SANK TO THE SLIME, **WOLFF** AND **GALADRA** SWAM FOR THE SURFACE, LUNGS BURSTING.

ALTHOUGH HIS FINGERS SLIPPED ON THE WET SCALES OF HIS ADVERSARY, THE BARBARIAN NEVER SLACKENED HIS HOLD FOR A MOMENT.


BREATHLESS FROM THE STRUGGLE, THEY LAY PANTING IN AN UNDERWATER CAVERN OF TOTAL SILENCE.
WOLFF, YOU'RE STRONG AND CONNING. I'M SORRY I WAS SO HARD ON YOU. YOU'RE NEITHER PROUD NOR VAIN. YOU ARE TRULY A MAN WITH WHOM A WOMAN CAN FEEL SAFE.
IT'S FANTASTIC! IT'S SO QUIET. EVEN OUR VOICES FALL DEAD WITHOUT ECHO.
THERE'S A TIME FOR TALK AND A TIME FOR QUIET. I CAN'T STAND CHATTERING WOMEN. DIDN'T YOU KNOW?
GALADRA! LOOK, DOWN THERE! BY CROM AND MITRA, LOOK!
LEGEND SAID THAT THE FOURTH MANUSCRIPT LAY IN THE WORLD OF DEEP WATER, BUT WHERE? WOLFF AND GALADRA WALKED FEARFULLY THROUGH THE STRANGE AND TOTAL SILENCE.


FINALLY AND HORRIBLY, THE WORLD OF THE LAGOON REVEALED ITS DREAD SECRET TO THE WARRIOR AND THE MAIDEN. IT WAS THE MOTHER OF ALL WATER, CREATOR AND GIVER OF LIFE.
INTRUDERS! WHO ART THOU? THOU ART NOT OF MY MAKING. LITTLE PEOPLE, WHAT DOST THOU DO IN THE WORLD OF LIFE? WHAT DOST THOU SEEK?
ESTEBAN MAROTO
MOTHER OF WATERS!! SHE IS HUGE AND FRIGHTFUL! YET, SHE IS... SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!!

Greetings Excellency:
Due to the strange and inexplicable disappearance of my envoys, my best mail beast this to you.
The Messenger
As you know, my lord, the honour of myself and my department is based on our proud boast that we always deliver letters entrusted to us. Whatever the hazard, whatever the danger. We never fail!!



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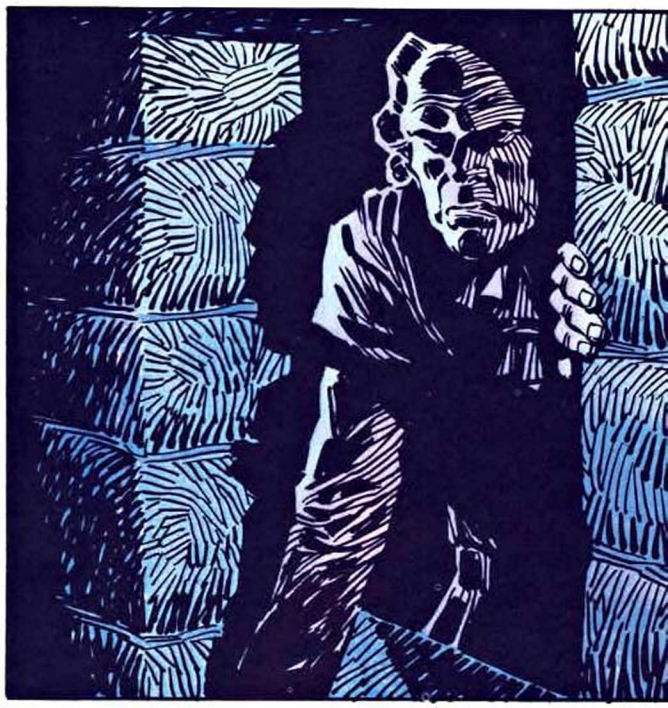
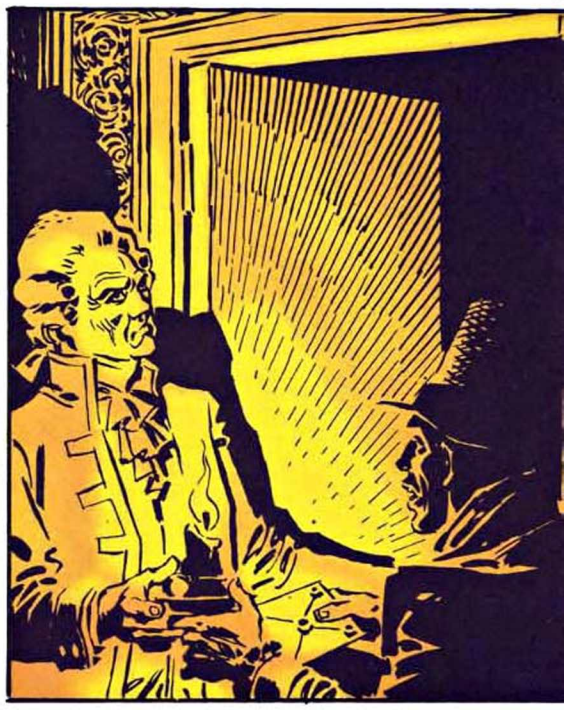
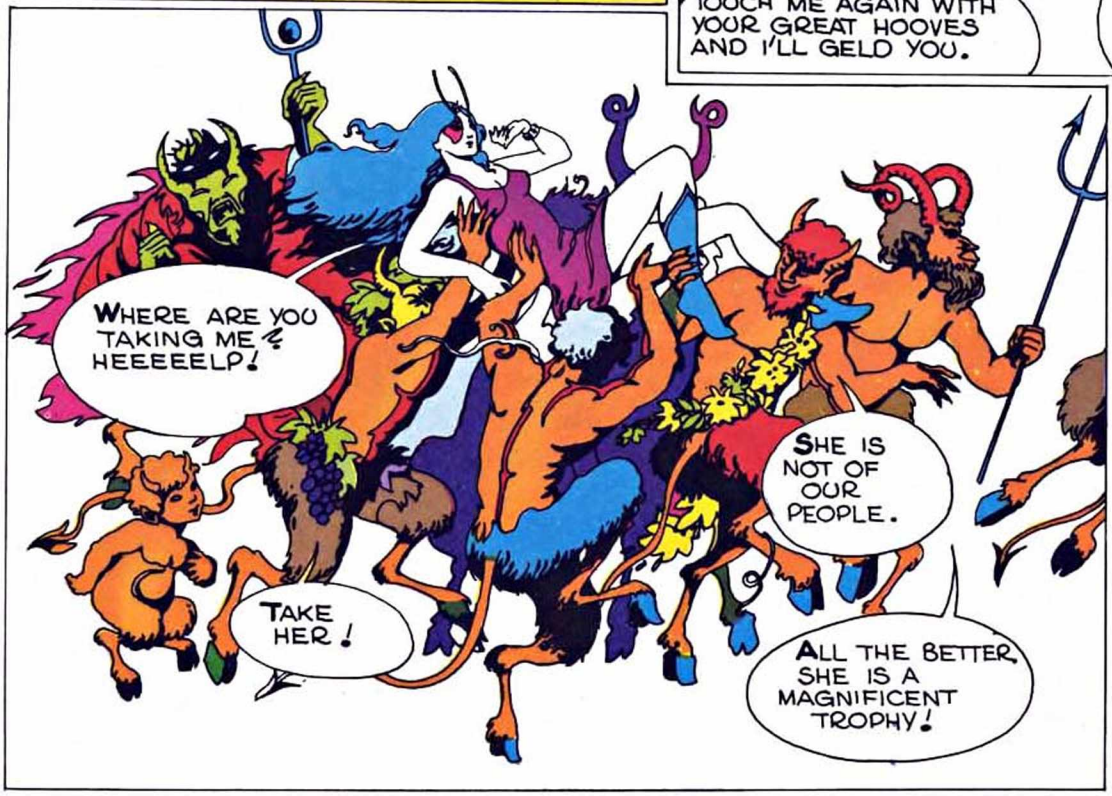
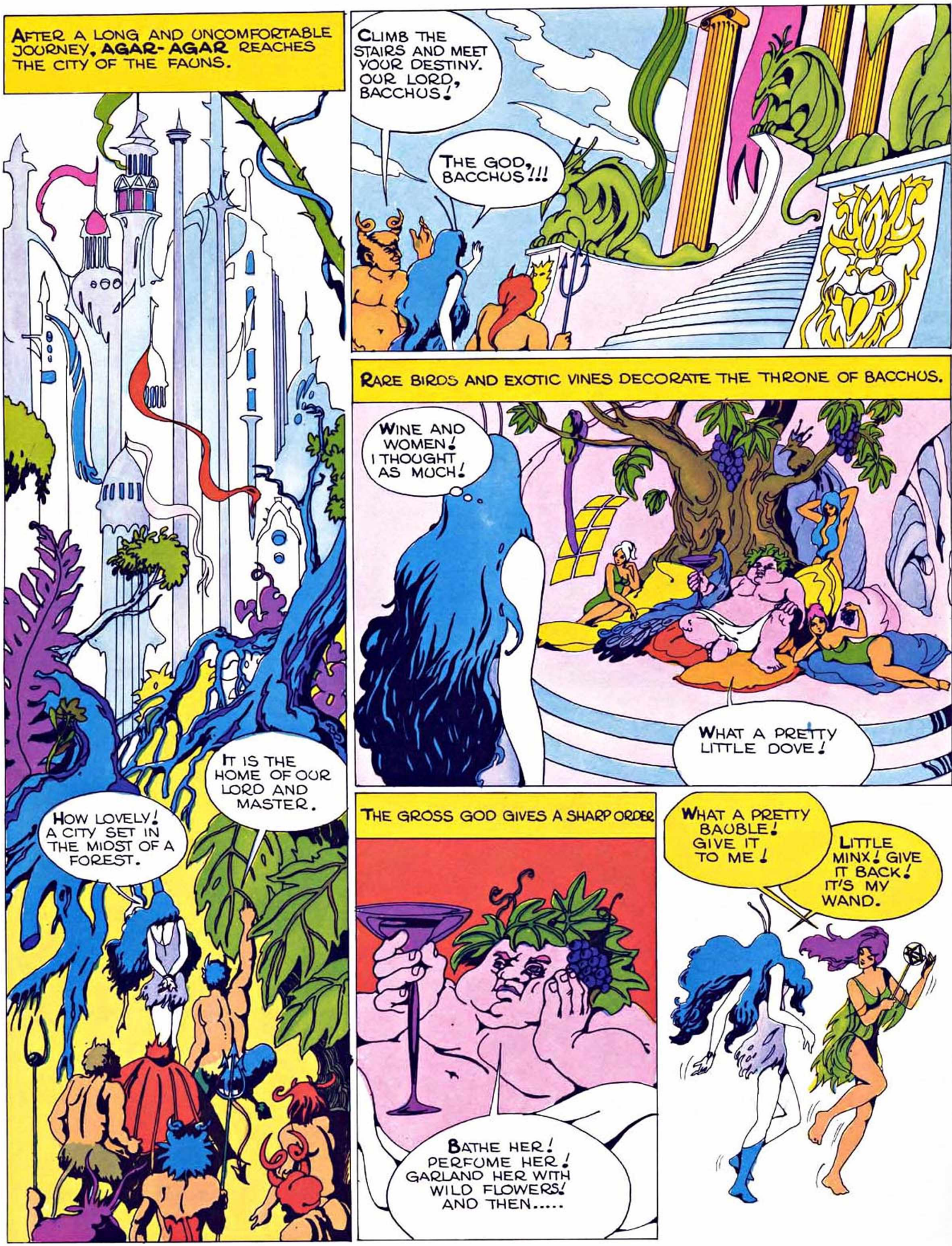




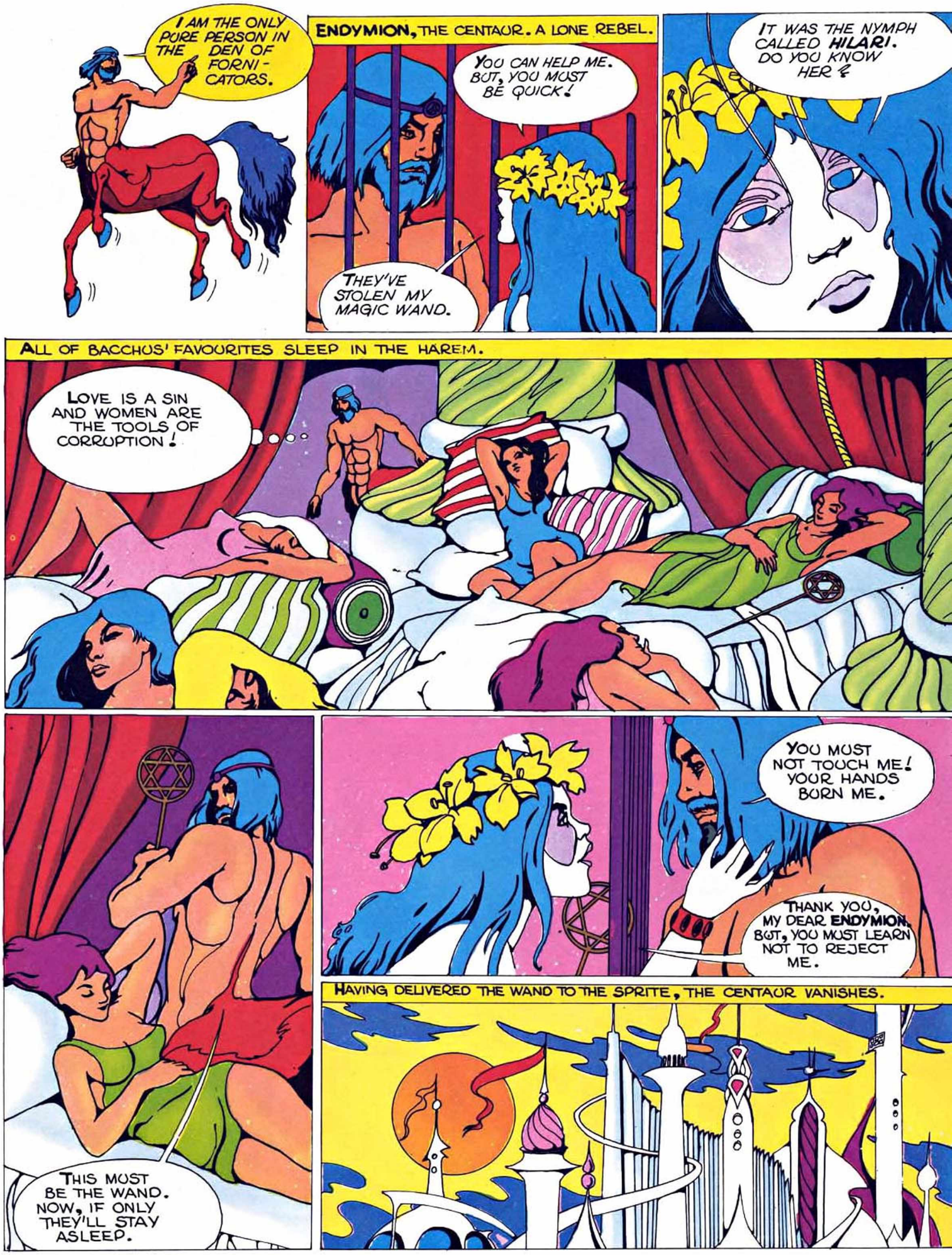
HIS EXCELLENCY
THE COUNT
DRACULA

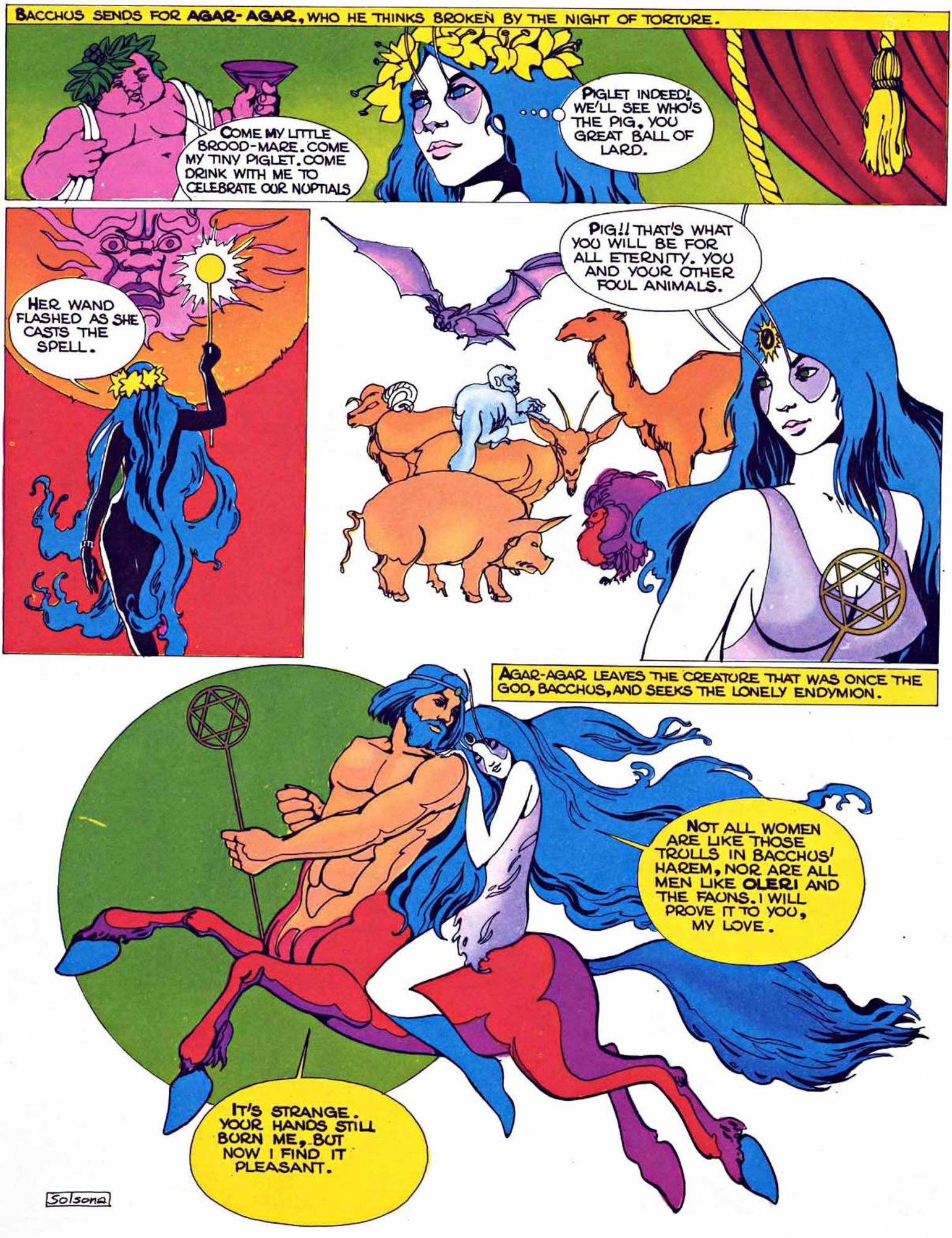
AGAR-AGAR The Harem of Bacchus




AFTER A LONG AND UNCOMFORTABLE JOURNEY, AGAR-AGAR REACHES THE CITY OF THE FAUNS.
HOW LOVELY! A CITY SET IN THE MIDST OF A FOREST.
IT IS THE HOME OF OUR LORD AND MASTER.
CLIMB THE STAIRS AND MEET YOUR DESTINY. OUR LORD, BACCHUS!
THE GOD, BACCHUS!!!
RARE BIRDS AND EXOTIC VINES DECORATE THE THRONE OF BACCHUS.
WINE AND WOMEN! I THOUGHT AS MUCH!
WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE DOVE!
THE GROSS GOD GIVES A SHARP ORDER.
BATHE HER! PERFUME HER! GARLAND HER WITH WILD FLOWERS! AND THEN.....
WHAT A PRETTY BAUBLE! GIVE IT TO ME!
LITTLE MINX! GIVE IT BACK! IT'S MY WAND.

THEY'VE STOLEN MY WAND AWAY!
KEEP QUIET! DON'T MAKE TROUBLE. YOU HAVEN'T YET MET OLERI.
WHO CAN OLERI BE? WELL, I SUPPOSE A PERFUMED BATH MIGHT RID ME OF THE STINK OF SALT.
THE HANDMAIDENS ADORN AGAR-AGAR WITH FINE FLOWERS AND CLOTHES OF SPUN SILK. AS THOUGH FOR A WEDDING ... OR A SACRIFICE!
OH! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
OLERI WILL TAME YOU LIKE HE TAMES ALL THE OTHERS
LUCKY MAN! HE GETS ALL THE FRESH FRUIT TO PLUCK.
MY FATE IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS. I HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.
EVERY STEP BRINGS OUR HEROINE CLOSER TO THE FOUL DOMAIN OF OLERI.
OLERI!!
LEAVE HER TO ME. GO!
A TIME OF HUMILIATION AND TORTURE BEGINS FOR THE LOVELY SPRITE.
ACCURSED SLUT! TOMORROW YOU WILL BEG FOR DEATH AS A RELEASE FROM YOUR SUFFERING.
YOU WILL NOT HEAR ME WHIMPER FOR MERCY. PERVERTED ANIMAL!
CAME THE DAWN! IN SILENCE AND PITY, SOMEONE WATCHED.
WRETCHED GIRL! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP YOU?


I AM THE ONLY PURE PERSON IN THE DEN OF FORNI-CATORS.
ENDYMION, THE CENTAUR. A LONE REBEL.
YOU CAN HELP ME. BUT, YOU MUST BE QUICK!
THEY'VE STOLEN MY MAGIC WAND.
IT WAS THE NYMPH CALLED HILARI. DO YOU KNOW HER?
ALL OF BACCHUS' FAVOURITES SLEEP IN THE HAREM.
LOVE IS A SIN AND WOMEN ARE THE TOOLS OF CORRUPTION!
THIS MUST BE THE WAND. NOW, IF ONLY THEY'LL STAY ASLEEP.
YOU MUST NOT TOUCH ME! YOUR HANDS BORN ME.
THANK YOU, MY DEAR ENDYMION. BUT, YOU MUST LEARN NOT TO REJECT ME.
HAVING DELIVERED THE WAND TO THE SPRITE, THE CENTAUR VANISHES.

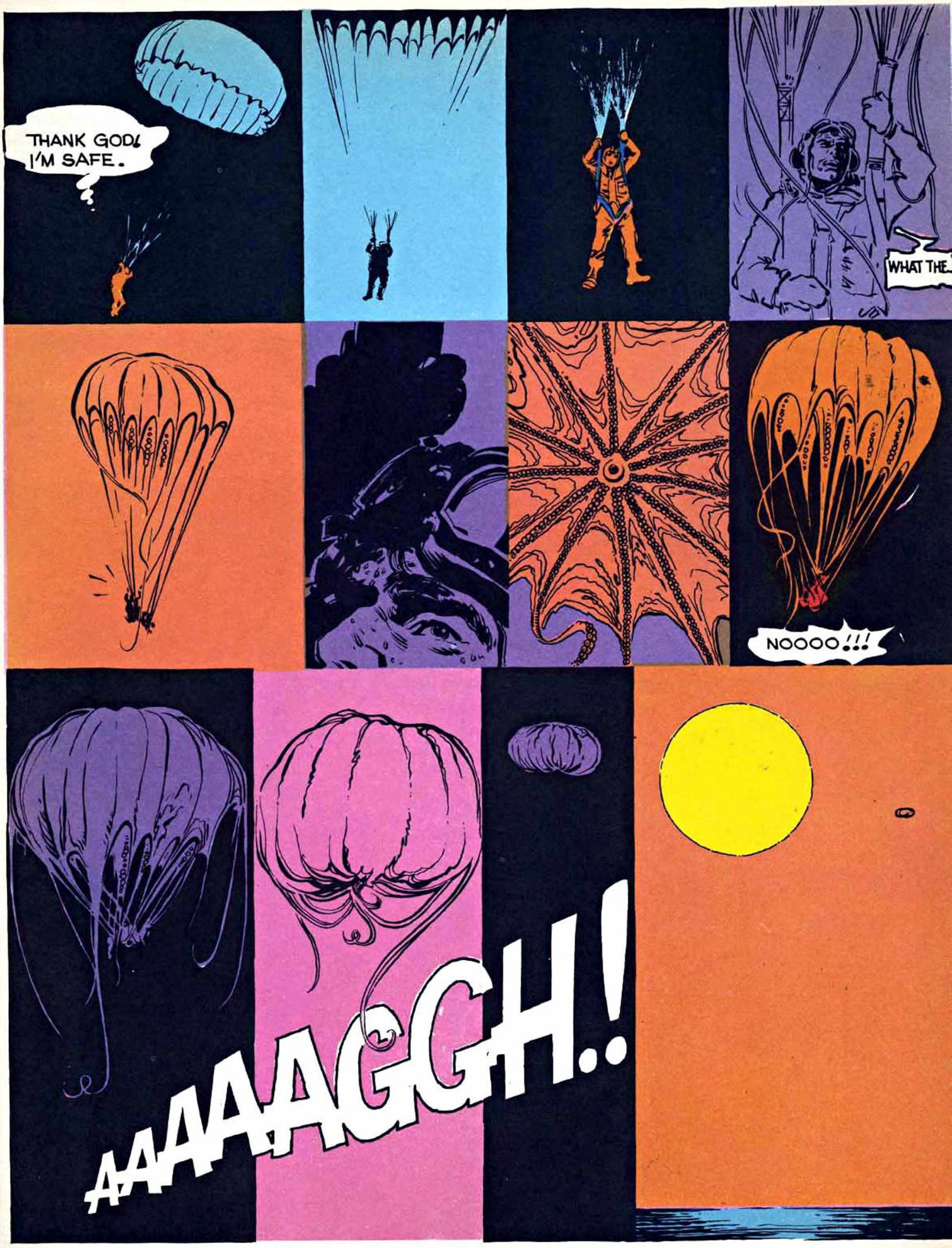

BACCHUS SENDS FOR AGAR-AGAR, WHO HE THINKS BROKEN BY THE NIGHT OF TORTURE.
COME MY LITTLE BROOD-MARE. COME MY TINY PIGLET. COME DRINK WITH ME TO CELEBRATE OUR NUPTIALS
PIGLET INDEED! WE'LL SEE WHO'S THE PIG, YOU GREAT BALL OF LARD.
HER WAND FLASHED AS SHE CASTS THE SPELL.
PIG!! THAT'S WHAT YOU WILL BE FOR ALL ETERNITY. YOU AND YOUR OTHER FOUL ANIMALS.
AGAR-AGAR LEAVES THE CREATURE THAT WAS ONCE THE GOD, BACCHUS, AND SEEKS THE LONELY ENDYMION.
NOT ALL WOMEN ARE LIKE THOSE TROLLS IN BACCHUS' HAREM, NOR ARE ALL MEN LIKE OLERI AND THE FAUNS. I WILL PROVE IT TO YOU, MY LOVE.
IT'S STRANGE. YOUR HANDS STILL BURN ME, BUT NOW I FIND IT PLEASANT.
Solsona

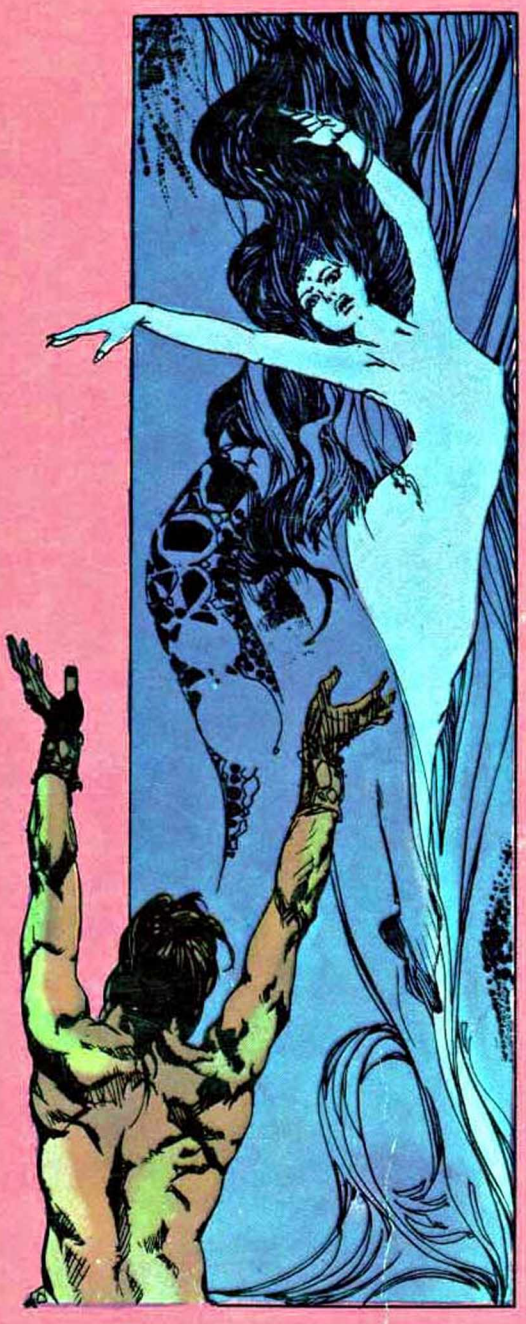
HIMMEL!
49421
ACHTUNG!! SPITFIRES!!
ENRIC SIÓ
Squadron –Leader Braddock
THAT'S A FEW LESS BOCHES. NOW FOR HOME.
THIS IS RED LEADER. THIS RED LEADER. BACK HOME BOYS.
CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL IS THIS LIQUID?
QJ
EH!!

THE CONTROLS ARE MELTING!
IT CAN'T BE. I'M GOING MAD!!
FURIC 516
RED LEADER TO BASE!
IT'S A NIGHTMARE. IT MUST BE!!
ALL THE METAL IS GOING SOFT!
RED LEADER TO BASE. RED LEADER TO BASE. DO YOU READ ME?
RED LEADER!

CAN'T ANYONE HEAR ME? CAN'T YOU SEE ME? JOHNNY! PETE!!
MUSTN'T PANIC. HAD IT IF I DO.
142
ENRIC SIO
GOD! THIS LIQUID BURNS!
SOFT... MELTING... BURNING... NOOO!!
IT'S...IT'S LIKE FLESH!!

MY FEET ARE BURNING UP!!
MY PARACHUTE. THAT'S MY ONLY CHANCE. NOW!
JUMP! GOT TO JUMP! GET AWAY. JUUUMP!
AAAAAHHH...!
EURIC SIÓ


THANK GOD! I'M SAFE.
WHAT THE...
NOOOO!!!
AAAAAGGGH..!



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